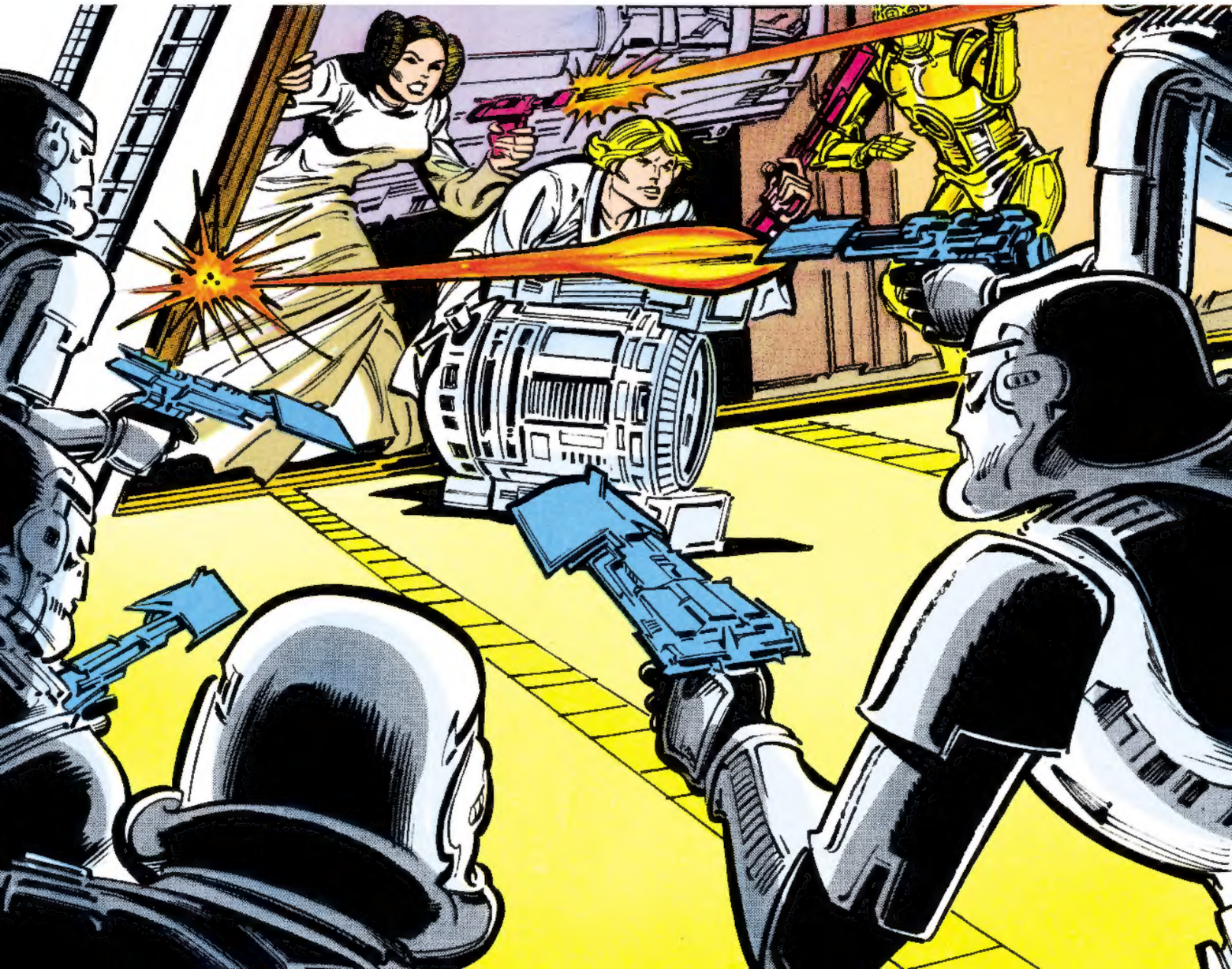
STAR WARS®

OMNIBUS

WILD SPACE

VOLUME 1



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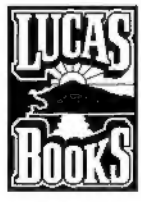

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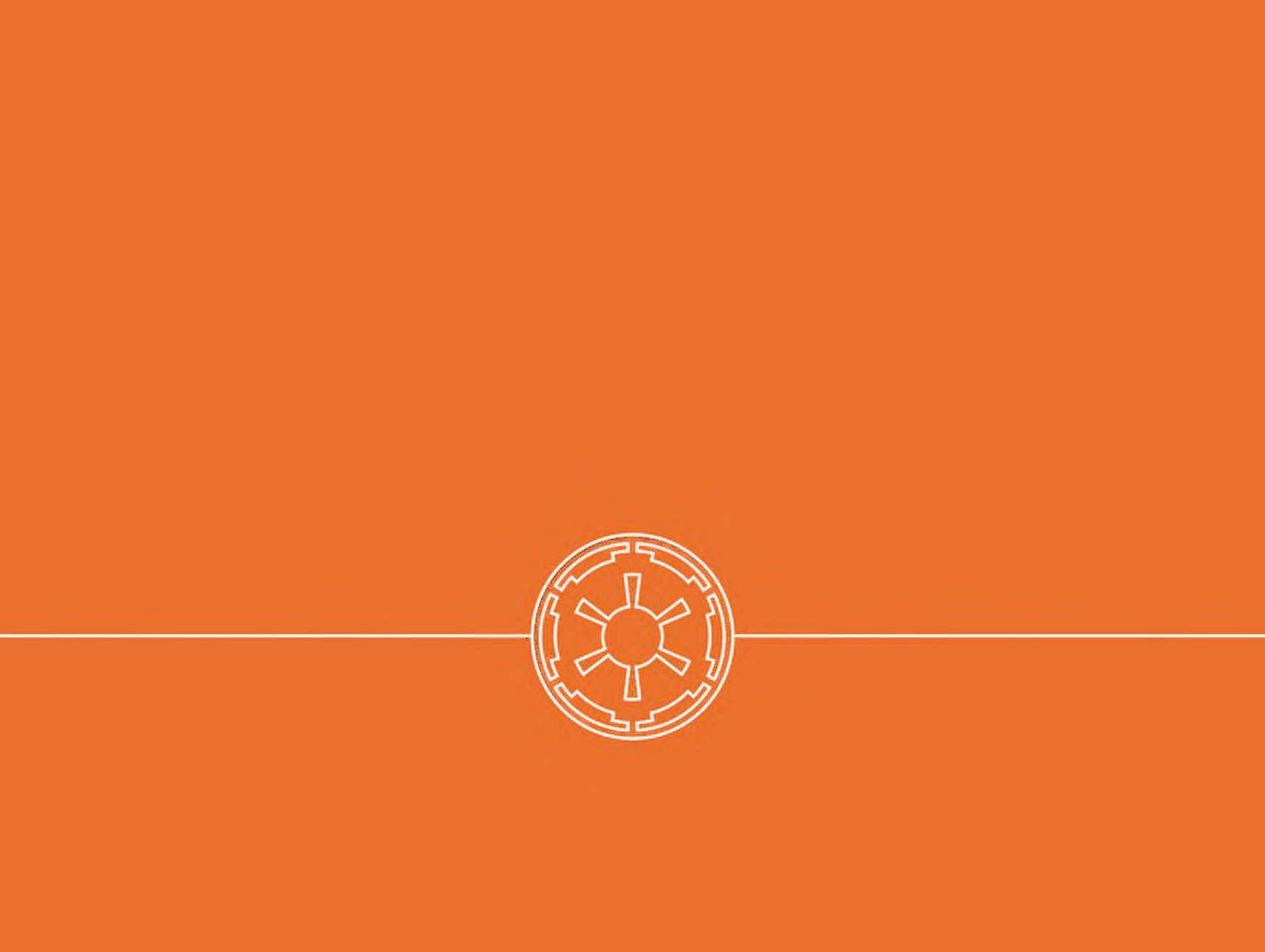


Star Wars #0: The Keepers's World
Illustration by Brian Stelfreeze

STAR WARS

CONTINUING THE ADVENTURES OF CHARACTERS FROM THE SCIENCE-FANTASY FILM BY GEORGE LUCAS, RELEASED BY TWENTIETH CENTURY-FOX.

AFTER THE MAIN REBEL BASE ON THE FOURTH MOON OF YAVIN HAS BEATEN OFF DARTH VADER'S IMPERIAL FORCES, LUKE SKYWALKER AND PRINCESS LEIA FIND THAT THEY HAVE ANOTHER MISSION TO BEGIN...

ARTOO-DETOO! HURRY ABOARD! YOU, TOO, SEE-THREEPIO!

YES! WE CAN'T AFFORD TO LOSE ANY MORE PRECIOUS TIME!

I'M READY, MASTER LUKE... AND YOUR HIGHNESS! BUT, LITTLE ARTOO HERE--!

SCRIPT: ROY THOMAS
ART: HOWARD CHAYKIN & TONY DEZUNIGA

BEEP!

THOSE TWO! THEY ARGUE BACK AND FORTH AT EACH OTHER CONSTANTLY--

--BUT THEY'RE REALLY THE BEST OF FRIENDS!

BESIDES, NO ONE BUT THREEPIO CAN UNDERSTAND WHAT ARTOO IS SAYING,

THAT'S WHY WE NEED THEM WITH US.

WHEN WE REACH THE SECOND REBEL BASE IN THE STAR-SYSTEM AKURIA...

...THERE MAY BE OTHER DROIDS THERE, WHICH ONLY THEY CAN TALK TO!

WELL, STRAP YOURSELF DOWN, PRINCESS...

'CAUSE WE'RE **BLASTING OFF!**

OH **MY!** IT SEEMS AS IF, EVERY TIME I BEGIN TO FORGET HOW MUCH I **HATE** SPACE TRAVEL... **HERE WE GO AGAIN!**

BOOP-A-DOOP!

I AM NOT **EITHER** A CRY-BABY, YOU WALKING TRASH CAN!

STOP **BICKERING,** YOU TWO! THIS IS A **SERIOUS MISSION!**

THE **REBEL BASES** HAVE TO GET IN TOUCH WITH ONE ANOTHER RIGHT AWAY, SO THAT THE **GALACTIC EMPIRE** CAN'T MAKE A **SURPRISE ATTACK!**

I **ASSURE** YOU, MASTER LUKE, I DO MY **BEST**--BUT **ARTOO** HERE COULD TRY THE PATIENCE OF A **THERMO-STABLE COMPUTER.**

ALL RIGHT, ARTOO--**PLUG YOURSELF IN!**

BEEP!

PLUGGED, SIR.

GOOD! WITHOUT HIS HELP, WE COULD STILL MAKE THE JUMP TO **HYPER-SPACE,** OF COURSE.

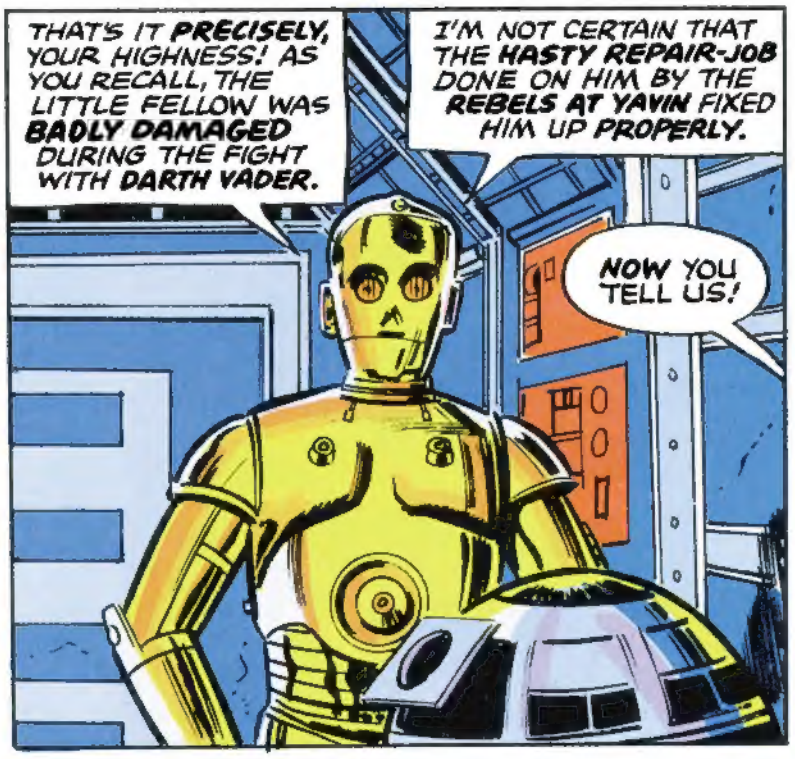
YES-- BUT WE'D BE TRAVELING **FASTER THAN THE SPEED OF LIGHT...**

--AND WE **WOULDN'T** BE ABLE TO TELL WHERE WE MIGHT **COME OUT AGAIN!**

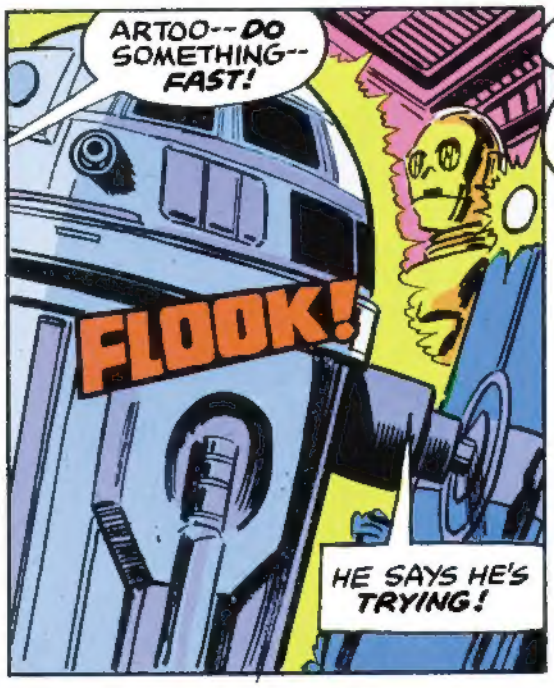
CHECK, YOUR HIGHNESS!

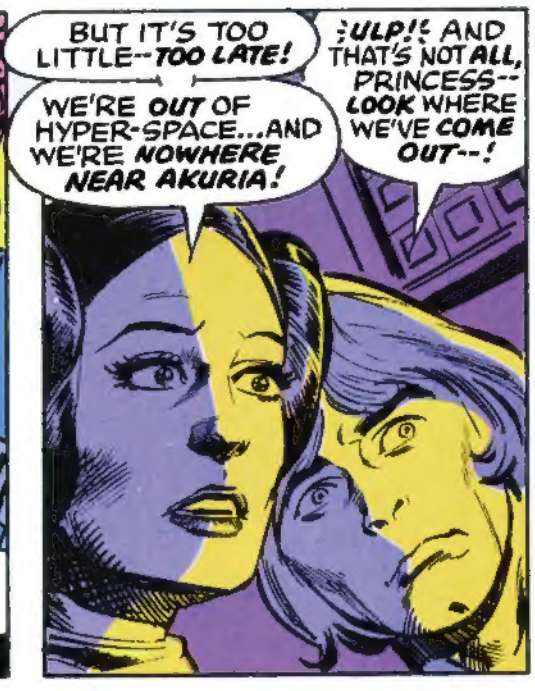
ENTERING HYPER-SPACE-- **NOW!**

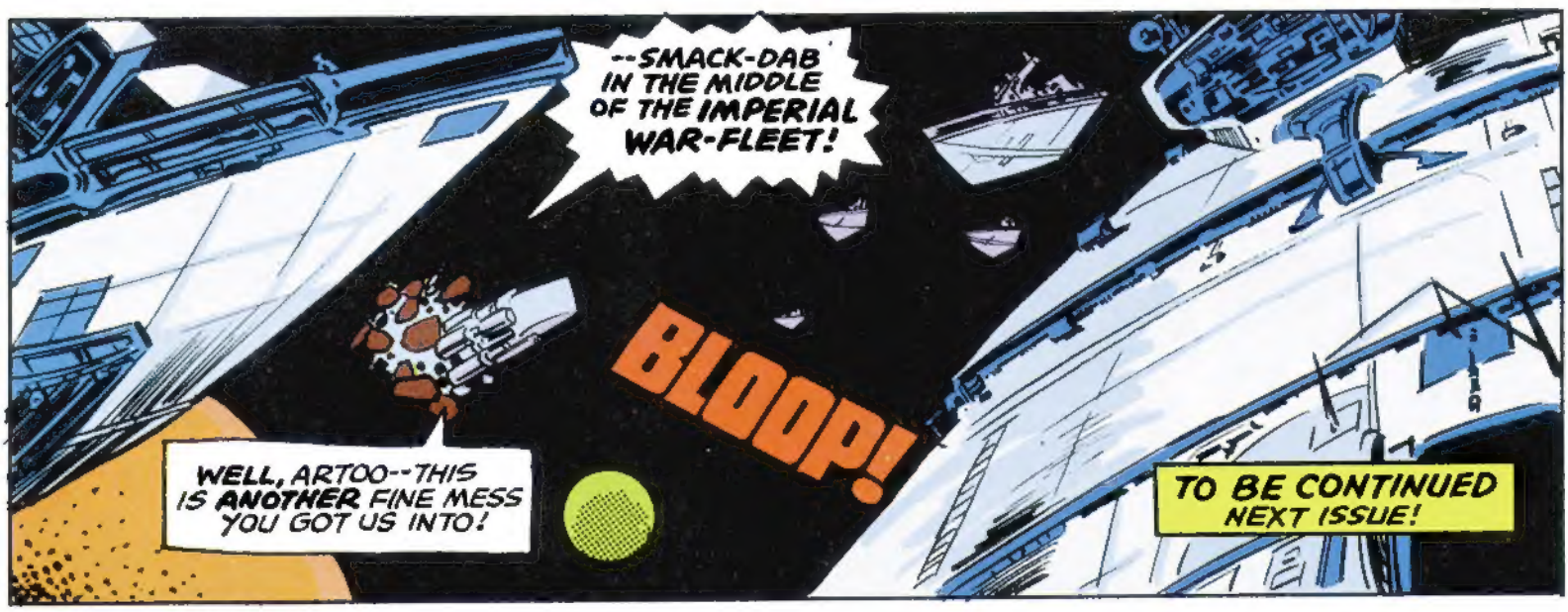
WHEW! AT LAST WE CAN RELAX FOR A FEW--NOW WHAT'S THE MATTER, THREEPIO?
I'M NOT QUITE SURE, MASTER LUKE.
BLOORP!
ARTOO SOUNDS... SO STRANGE!


THAT'S IT PRECISELY, YOUR HIGHNESS! AS YOU RECALL, THE LITTLE FELLOW WAS BADLY DAMAGED DURING THE FIGHT WITH DARTH VADER.
I'M NOT CERTAIN THAT THE HASTY REPAIR-JOB DONE ON HIM BY THE REBELS AT YAVIN FIXED HIM UP PROPERLY.
NOW YOU TELL US!

I'M TRULY SORRY, SIR. I HOPE YOU WON'T--
UH OH! NOW WHAT??
THE SHIP IS SLOWING DOWN, LUKE! WE MUST BE COMING OUT OF HYPER-SPACE TOO SOON!


ARTOO--DO SOMETHING--FAST!
FLOOK!
HE SAYS HE'S TRYING!


BUT IT'S TOO LITTLE--TOO LATE!
WE'RE OUT OF HYPER-SPACE...AND WE'RE NOWHERE NEAR AKURIA!
ULP!! AND THAT'S NOT ALL, PRINCESS--LOOK WHERE WE'VE COME OUT--!


--SMACK-DAB IN THE MIDDLE OF THE IMPERIAL WAR-FLEET!
BLOOP!
WELL, ARTOO--THIS IS ANOTHER FINE MESS YOU GOT US INTO!
TO BE CONTINUED NEXT ISSUE!

STAR WARS

CONTINUING THE ADVENTURES OF CHARACTERS FROM THE SCIENCE-FANTASY FILM BY GEORGE LUCAS, RELEASED BY TWENTIETH CENTURY-FOX.

THE STORY SO FAR: LUKE SKYWALKER, PRINCESS LEIA, AND LUKE'S TWO DROIDS HAVE SET OUT TO ESTABLISH CONTACT WITH ANOTHER GROUP OF REBELS AGAINST THE EVIL, FAR-FLUNG GALACTIC EMPIRE. BUT NOW, AS THEIR SMALL STARSHIP SLOWS DOWN TO BELOW THE SPEED OF LIGHT...

WE'RE OUT OF HYPER-SPACE... BUT WE'RE NOWHERE NEAR THE AKURIA SYSTEM, AS WE'RE SUPPOSED TO BE!

AND THAT'S NOT ALL, PRINCESS! LOOK WHERE WE'VE COME OUT--

THIS IS ALL YOUR FAULT, ARTOO!

IF YOU HAD TOLD US THE REBELS AT YAVIN HADN'T FIXED YOUR HYPER-SPACE NAVI-ROOS PROPERLY--

BLURP!

BEING SORRY DOESN'T HELP!

--SMACK-DAB IN THE MIDDLE OF THE IMPERIAL WAR-FLEET!

WHILE, ABOARD THE IMPERIAL FLAGSHIP...

THE SMALL STARSHIP REFUSES TO IDENTIFY ITSELF, COMMANDER...

AND IT HAS NO IMPERIAL MARKINGS.

THEN IT MUST BE A REBEL SHIP! BEST IF WE CAPTURE IT, RATHER THAN DESTROY IT.

PREPARE TRACTOR BEAMS!

THE SHIP'S SMALL-- ABLE TO MANEUVER BETTER THAN WE CAN.

BUT, IT WON'T ESCAPE TWIN TRACTOR BEAMS! WE'LL CATCH IT BETWEEN US!

BEEP-A-DEEP-EEP

IT SEEMS SOME OF ARTOO'S PARTS ARE FUNCTIONING PROPERLY, PRINCESS LEIA.

HE SAYS THAT, IF WE ACCELERATE AT PRECISELY THE CORRECT MOMENT, WE MAY ESCAPE.

QUICK! THREEPIO! WHAT IS THE CORRECT MOMENT??

WELL, ACTUALLY, IT'S RIGHT NOW, BUT FRANKLY, I DOUBT IF WE CAN--

LUKE! HIT THE COSMIC OVERDRIVE --NOW!

CHECK, PRINCESS! LOOK!

THEIR OWN TRACTOR BEAMS PULLED THEIR SHIPS CLOSE TOGETHER--TILL THEIR FORCE FIELDS SUDDENLY PUSHED THEM BACK APART!

THAT OUGHT TO SHAKE THEM UP!

THEY'RE NOT THE ONLY ONES, MASTER LUKE! MY INNER WORKINGS FEEL AS IF SOMEONE TOSSED A UNI-WRENCH INTO THEM.

THAT'S THE LEAST OF OUR PROBLEMS, I'M AFRAID.

THE INTERPLAY OF TRACTOR BEAM AND FORCE FIELDS DIDN'T DO OUR OWN SHIP MUCH GOOD...

WE'RE CAUGHT-- IN THE GRAVITATIONAL GRIP OF SOME NEARBY PLANET!

ONLY ONE THING TO DO-- TRY TO LAND HER ON MANUAL CONTROL, LIKE MY OLD LAND-SPEEDER BACK HOME!

CAN YOU DO IT, LUKE?

I'VE GOT TO-- OR WE'LL BE SPLATTERED FROM HERE TO TATOOINE!

ONE BRIGHT SPOT: THIS PLANET ISN'T ON ANY OF THE CHARTS, SO IT'LL TAKE THE IMPERIAL TROOPS A WHILE TO FIND US.

WHAT'S MORE, IF NOBODY'S EVEN BEEN HERE TO CHART IT, THAT PROBABLY MEANS IT'S UNINHABITED! SO IF WE'RE LUCKY--

--WE'LL BE THE ONLY LIVING CREATURES ON THE ENTIRE PLANET!

CONTINUED NEXT ISSUE!

STAR WARS

CONTINUING THE ADVENTURES OF CHARACTERS FROM THE SCIENCE-FANTASY FILM BY GEORGE LUCAS, RELEASED BY TWENTIETH CENTURY-FOX.

A DREAD DISCOVERY!

HAVING CRASH-LANDED ON A STRANGE JUNGLE PLANET WHILE TRYING TO REACH A REBEL BASE, LUKE SKYWALKER, PRINCESS LEIA AND LUKE'S TWO FAITHFUL DROIDS QUICKLY TAKE STOCK OF THE SITUATION...

THEN, WE'RE NOT ON ANY KNOWN WORLD?

PRINCESS, THIS IS THE KIND OF SECTOR LISTED ON MOST STAR-CHARTS UNDER THE HEADING, "HERE BE SPACE-DRAGONS!"

SO FAR, THOUGH, WE'VE SEEN NO SIGN OF ANY ANIMAL LIFE BIGGER THAN THREEPIO HERE.

AND I HOPE YOU DON'T MIND MY SAYING, MASTER LUKE, THAT I HOPE WE NEVER DO!

IF THE IMPERIAL FLEET IS NO LONGER NEARBY, MAYBE I CAN CONTACT THE BASE AT YAVIN.

GOOD IDEA! MEANWHILE, THE DROIDS AND I WILL HAVE A LOOK AROUND!

JUST DON'T GET LOST, LUKE...

...AND DON'T GO TOO FAR AWAY!

DON'T WORRY ABOUT US, PRINCESS!

WE CAN TAKE CARE OF OURSELVES.

SOON, SOME DISTANCE FROM THE FALLEN STARSHIP...

PERHAPS WE SHOULDN'T VENTURE ANY **FARTHER**, MASTER LUKE.

REMEMBER WHAT **PRINCESS LEIA** SAID...!

BTEEP!

SHE'S A **GREAT LADY**, THREEPIO... BUT I'M A **BIG BOY** NOW.

YOU TWO **STAY HERE** A MINUTE, WHILE I GO CHECK OUT THE **CLEARING** UP AHEAD!

THIS IS ALL **YOUR** FAULT, YOU KNOW, ARTOO.

BLIP?

YES IT **IS**! DON'T YOU **ARGUE** WITH ME! I-- **OOPS!**

NOW YOU DISTRACTED ME, SO THAT I FELL INTO THIS ODD **PIT**!

WELL, DON'T JUST **STAND** THERE! COME IN HERE AND TAKE SOME **SOIL SAMPLES**, AT LEAST...

...WHILE **I** CLIMB OUT AND TRY TO FIGURE OUT WHAT IT'S **DOING** HERE!

OH **DEAR** ME!

IT **APPEARS**, ARTOO, WE'VE FINALLY FOUND **SOMETHING** ON THIS PLANET THAT'S BIGGER THAN **I** AM!

WEET-A-WEET?

YES, EVEN BIGGER THAN A **WOOKIEE**!

OH, MASTER LUKE...

THERE'S SOMETHING HERE I THINK YOU SHOULD SEE...!

SOON, BACK AT THE STARSHIP...

WELL, I GUESS YOU WERE **RIGHT** AFTER ALL, PRINCESS!

THE **BEAST** THAT MADE THAT **FOOTPRINT** COULD MAKE A PANCAKE OUT OF **DARTH VADER** HIMSELF!

STILL, I'M GLAD IT'S **ANIMALS** WE'VE FOUND ON THIS WORLD, AND **NOT** THE LORD OF THE SITH!

YEAH. THIS WAY, EVEN THOUGH WE CAN'T **TAKE OFF** TILL WE FIND A WAY TO **REPAIR** THE SHIP...

...AT LEAST WE'RE **SAFE** ON THIS PLANET!

WHILE, MANY MILES **OUT** IN SPACE...

COMMANDER-- WE HAVE FINALLY **LOCATED** THE UNIDENTIFIED STAR-SHIP WHICH **ESCAPED** OUR TRACTOR-BEAMS BEFORE.

THEN, WE MUST **RE-CAPTURE** IT AND ITS **REBEL CREW**...

...AND TAKE THEM BACK TO HIS MAJESTY, THE **GALACTIC EMPEROR!**

OR, IF FOR SOME REASON THEY **REFUSE** TO SURRENDER...

...**THEN THEY MUST BE DESTROYED!**

NEXT: **BETWEEN THE DEVIL AND THE DEEP BLUE SPACE-SEA!**

STAR WARS

CONTINUING THE ADVENTURES OF CHARACTERS FROM THE SCIENCE-FANTASY FILM BY GEORGE LUCAS, RELEASED BY TWENTIETH CENTURY-FOX.

A MATTER OF MONSTERS!

THE STORY SO FAR: LUKE SKYWALKER, PRINCESS LEIA, AND LUKE'S TWO DROIDS ARE SPACE-WRECKED ON WHAT THEY FIRST THOUGHT WAS AN UNINHABITED PLANET.

ROY THOMAS, WRITER
HOWARD CHAYKIN & TONY DeZUNIGA } ARTISTS

GIANT FOOTPRINTS HAVE ALREADY SHOWN THEM THEY WERE WRONG...

...BUT THE REAL THING IS EVEN MORE FRIGHTENING!

ROORG!

BLEEP!

M-MASTER LUKE--!

I SEE IT, THREEPIO! I SEE IT!

LUKE! IT'S COMING STRAIGHT FOR US!

DON'T WORRY, PRINCESS! IT'S AN ANIMAL OF SOME KIND-- AND ALL ANIMALS ARE AFRAID OF FIRE!

AT LEAST-- ALL THE ONES I EVER HEARD OF!

IT'S *NOT* STOPPING!

FZIK!

FZIK!

GRARR!

COULDN'T I BE *RIGHT*-- JUST *ONCE?*

UNNHH! IT'S-- *GOT* ME--!

ONLY *ONE CHANCE*--

I'VE GOT TO HIT THE MONSTER'S *PAW* AT JUST THE RIGHT PLACE--

FZIK

YRARR

IT *DROPPED* ME ALL RIGHT-- BUT NOW IT'S *MADDER* THAN A GALAXY FULL OF *HORNETS!*

--AND HOPE IT *DROPS* YOU INSTEAD OF *SQUEEZING* YOU TO DEATH!

WE--HAVEN'T GOT A *PRAYER!*

IT'S *TOO BIG* FOR OUR BLASTERS TO *HOLD BACK* MUCH LONGER!

BIGNESS, HOWEVER, IS A *RELATIVE* THING...

...AS LITTLE *ARTOO-DETOO*, WANDERING OFF BY HIMSELF IN AN EFFORT SOMEHOW TO *HELP* HIS HUMAN FRIENDS, IS ABOUT TO *LEARN.*

BU-DEEP!

SO *THIS* IS THE CREATURE THAT MADE THE *GIGANTIC FOOT-PRINT* INTO WHICH *SEE-THREEPIO* FELL!*

*LAST ISSUE. --ROY.

FIGURING THAT THINGS CAN'T BE MUCH **WORSE** FOR LUKE AND THE PRINCESS, THE TINY DROID USES HIS **ELECTRICAL CIRCUITS--**

--TO GIVE THE SLEEPING BEAST WHAT MEN WOULD CALL... A **HOTFOOT.**

SLLLL

RARG!

IT HAS THE **USUAL** RESULT.

BUT, WHAT DOES THE SECOND MONSTER **SEE** WHEN IT RISES ANGRILY TO ITS **FULL HEIGHT?**

THE **SMALLER** BEAST, WASTING TIME CHASING CREATURES HARDLY BIG ENOUGH TO **MAKE A MEAL.**

GRARG!

CHASING AFTER THE HUNGRY MINI-MONSTER **IS SO TIRING,** BUT THEN...

GLURG?

...WHAT ELSE IS A **MOTHER** TO DO?

:WHEW!:

AND WHERE WERE YOU ALL THIS TIME, ARTOO? **HIDING,** NO DOUBT!

BLOORP!

DON'T WORRY ABOUT **ARTOO!** THE MAIN THING IS, WE'RE **SAFE** NOW. AND--

WHAT?

I'M ALMOST GLAD YOU **SAID** THAT, PRINCESS, 'CAUSE I WAS **BEGINNING** TO THINK--

--THAT **I** WAS THE ONLY ONE AROUND HERE WHO COULD BE **DEAD WRONG!**

WE'VE JUST BEEN SPOTTED --BY A **FIGHTER CRAFT** FROM THE **IMPERIAL FLEET!**

:ULP!:

CONTINUED NEXT ISSUE!

STAR WARS

CONTINUING THE ADVENTURES OF CHARACTERS FROM THE SCIENCE-FANTASY FILM BY **GEORGE LUCAS,** *RELEASED BY* **TWENTIETH CENTURY-FOX.**

PURSUIT AMONG THE RUINS!

STORM TROOPERS! STAND BY TO LAND ON THE *UNIDENTIFIED PLANET* BELOW!

WE MUST FIND THE CREW OF THE *REBEL SHIP* THAT ELUDED US--AND TAKE THEM BACK TO THE *STAR-CRUISER* FOR QUESTIONING--

--OR ELSE *DESTROY* THEM, SO THAT THEY CANNOT COMPLETE WHATEVER *MISSION* THEY'RE ON!

YES, COMMANDER

BEST STRAP YOURSELVES *DOWN*, EVERYONE...

ROY THOMAS- *Writer*
HOWARD CHAYKIN & TONY DE ZUNIGA-*Artists*
MARIE SEVERIN-*Colorist*
DENISE WOHL-*Letterer*

WE'LL BE *TOUCHING DOWN* IN PRECISELY TWO *MINUTES!*

AND AS THE *EMPIRE SHIP* SHRIEKS THRU THE SKY ABOVE A LONELY FORGOTTEN *WORLD*...

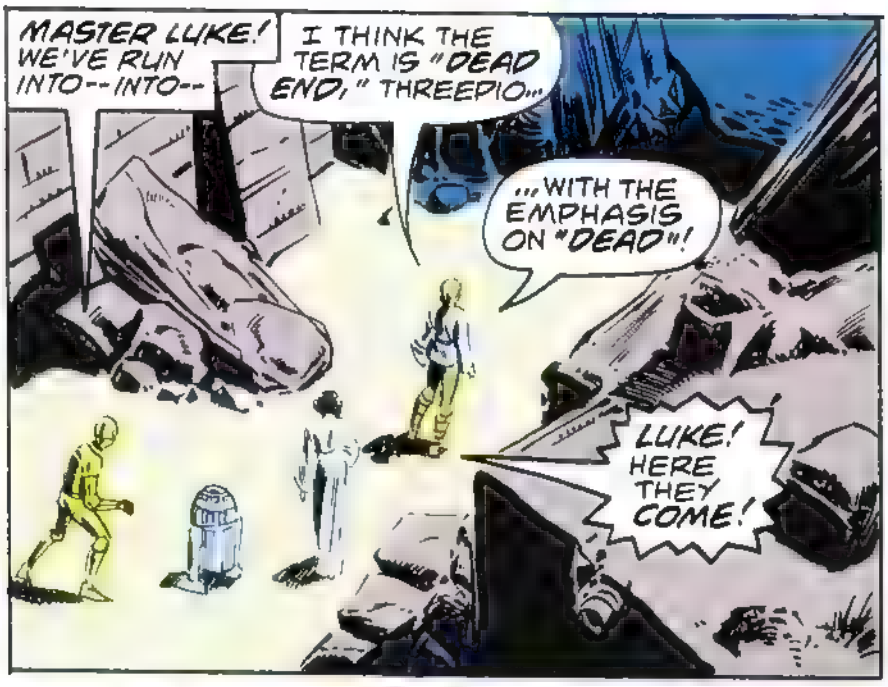
...LUKE SKYWALKER AND PRINCESS LEIA ARE WATCHING!

THE IMPERIAL SHIP'S ABOUT TO *LAND!* WE'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING.

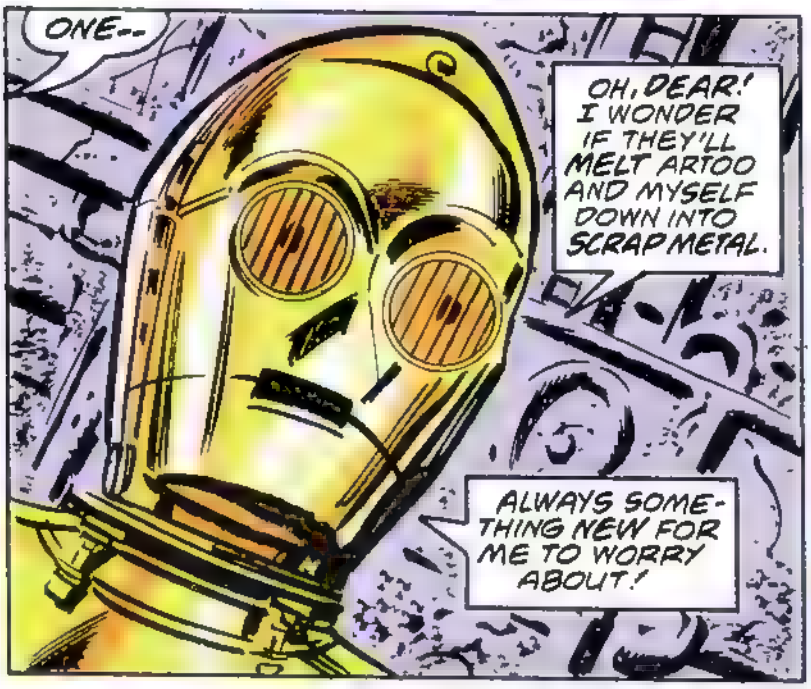
WE *ARE* GOING TO DO SOMETHING, LUKE.

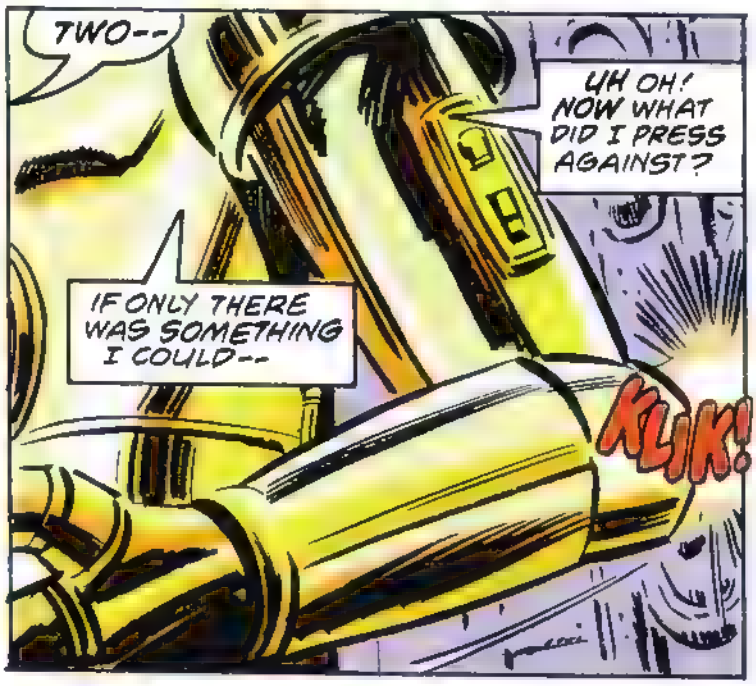
WE'RE GOING TO *RUN!*

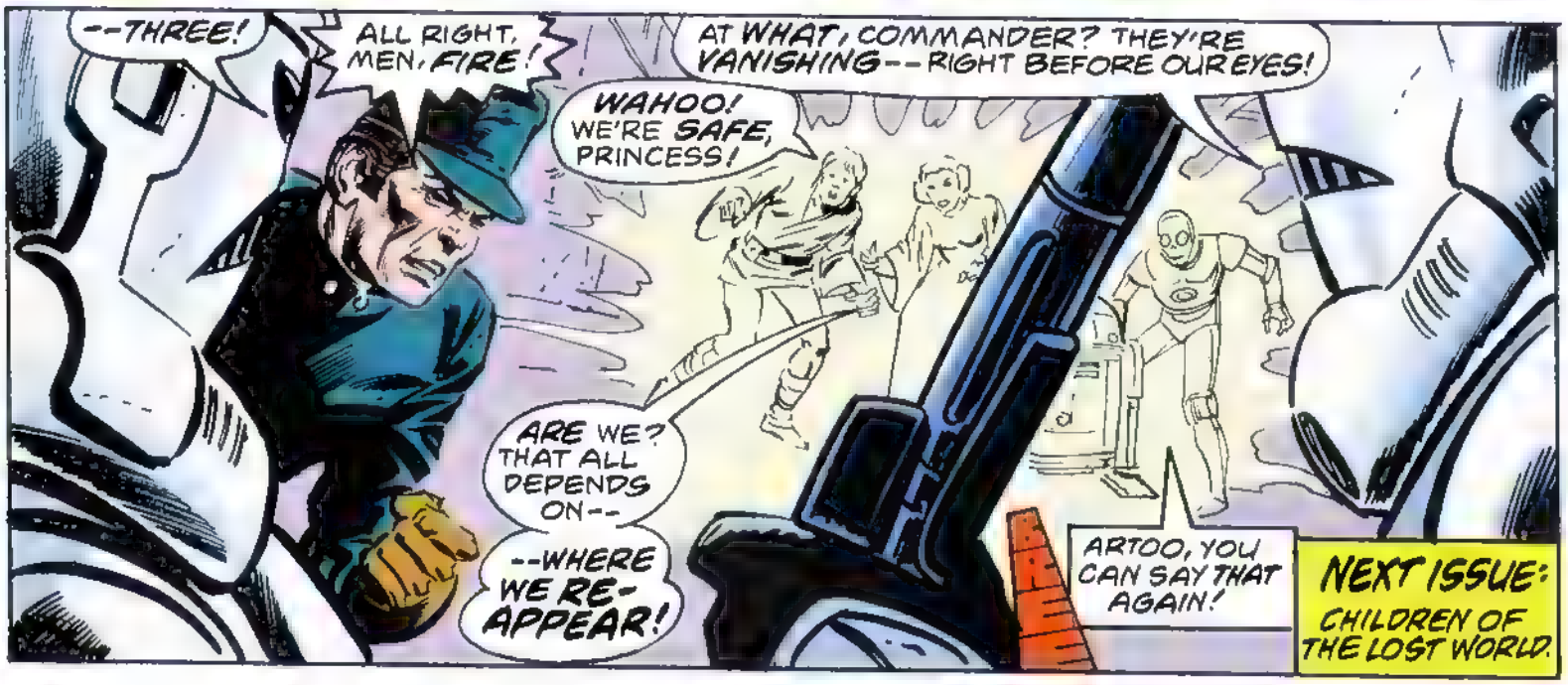
I'M GLAD YOU SAID THAT, PRINCESS! I'D PROBABLY HAVE STUCK AROUND, DONE SOMETHING BRAVE, AND GOT US ALL KILLED.
THREEPIO! ARTOO! LET'S MOVE OUT!
COMING, MASTER LUKE... BUT ARTOO AND I AREN'T REALLY MADE FOR RUNNING, YOU KNOW.
THERE THEY GO!
THEY HAD A GOOD HEAD START, BUT THEY'RE LOSING IT.
FOR SOME REASON, THEY DON'T SEEM TO WANT TO LEAVE THEIR TWO DROIDS BEHIND.
IN THAT CASE, WE SHOULD OVERTAKE THEM IN NO TIME.
REMEMBER, SHOOT TO STUN, IF YOU CAN-- BUT GET THEM--
UP HERE, PRINCESS! MAYBE WE CAN HIDE--
LUKE! DO YOU REALIZE WHAT IT IS YOU'RE CLIMBING?
LOOK, ARTOO!
BLOOP!
NO, I'M NOT QUITE SURE WHAT IT IS, EITHER.
IT'S SOME KIND OF RUIN, THREEPIO--
--RIGHT HERE IN THE MIDDLE OF THE JUNGLE!
IT LOOKS LIKE SOME SORT OF TEMPLE!
YES...
BUT, FROM THE LOOK OF THINGS...
...NOBODY'S HELD ANY RITES HERE IN A LONG, LONG TIME!


MASTER LUKE! WE'VE RUN INTO--INTO--
I THINK THE TERM IS "DEAD END," THREEPIO...
...WITH THE EMPHASIS ON "DEAD"!
LUKE! HERE THEY COME!

REBELS! THERE'LL BE NO ESCAPE FOR YOU THIS TIME.
SURRENDER BY THE COUNT OF THREE, OR YOU FORCE US TO FIRE!


ONE--
OH, DEAR! I WONDER IF THEY'LL MELT ARTOO AND MYSELF DOWN INTO SCRAP METAL.
ALWAYS SOMETHING NEW FOR ME TO WORRY ABOUT!


TWO--
UH OH! NOW WHAT DID I PRESS AGAINST?
IF ONLY THERE WAS SOMETHING I COULD--
KLIK!


--THREE!
ALL RIGHT, MEN, FIRE!
AT WHAT, COMMANDER? THEY'RE VANISHING--RIGHT BEFORE OUR EYES!
WAHOO! WE'RE SAFE, PRINCESS!
ARE WE? THAT ALL DEPENDS ON--
--WHERE WE RE-APPEAR!
ARTOO, YOU CAN SAY THAT AGAIN!
NEXT ISSUE: CHILDREN OF THE LOST WORLD.

STAR WARS

CONTINUING THE ADVENTURES OF CHARACTERS FROM THE SCIENCE-FANTASY FILM BY GEORGE LUCAS, RELEASED BY TWENTIETH CENTURY-FOX.

THE STORY SO FAR: LUKE SKYWALKER, PRINCESS LEIA, AND THE TWO DROIDS HAVE CRASH-LANDED ON A STRANGE PLANET AND ARE BEING PURSUED BY IMPERIAL STORM TROOPERS, WHEN THEY SUDDENLY VANISH FROM SIGHT...

DO YOU KNOW WHAT YOUR CHILDREN ARE?

WOW! I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU TOUCHED WITH YOUR ELBOW, THREEPIO, BUT YOU DID IT JUST IN TIME.

YES! ANOTHER SECOND, AND THOSE STORM-TROOPERS WOULD HAVE FIRED ON US.

I'M QUITE PLEASED TO HAVE BEEN OF SERVICE...

BUT I'M AFRAID IT WAS REALLY JUST AN ACCIDENT.

BDEE! BDEE!

OH, STOP COMPLAINING, ARTOO! THE MAIN THING IS THEY'LL NEVER FIND US NOW--

--BECAUSE EVEN WE DON'T KNOW WHERE WE ARE!

ROY THOMAS
WRITER
HOWARD CHAYKIN and TONY DEZUNIGA
ARTISTS

RICK PARKER, LETTERER

WHILE, IN ANOTHER PART OF THE SPRAWLING RUINS...

NO SIGN OF THEM, COMMANDER!

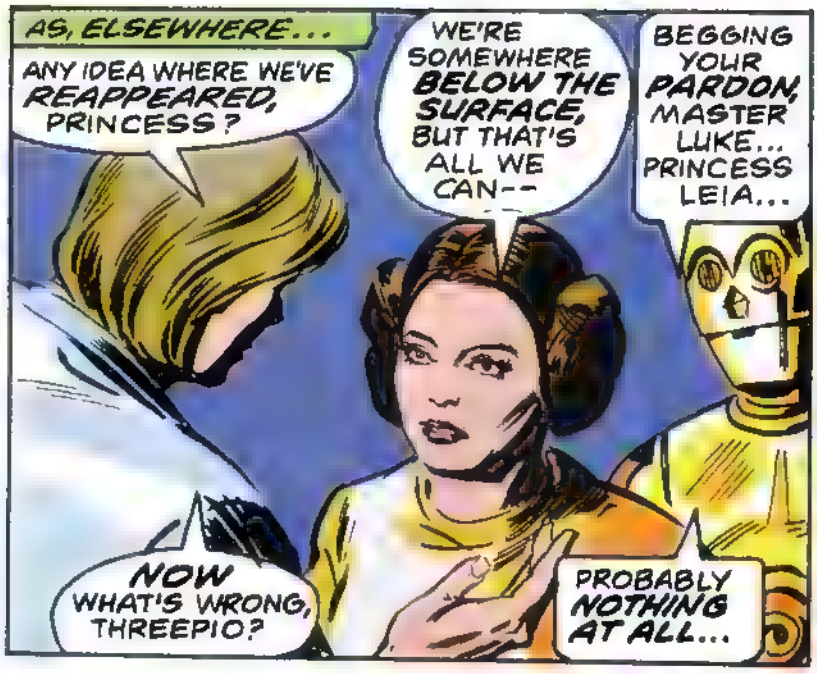
THEY JUST DISAPPEARED-- INTO THIN AIR.

I KNOW THEY DID! I SAW THEM VANISH TOO, DIDN'T I?

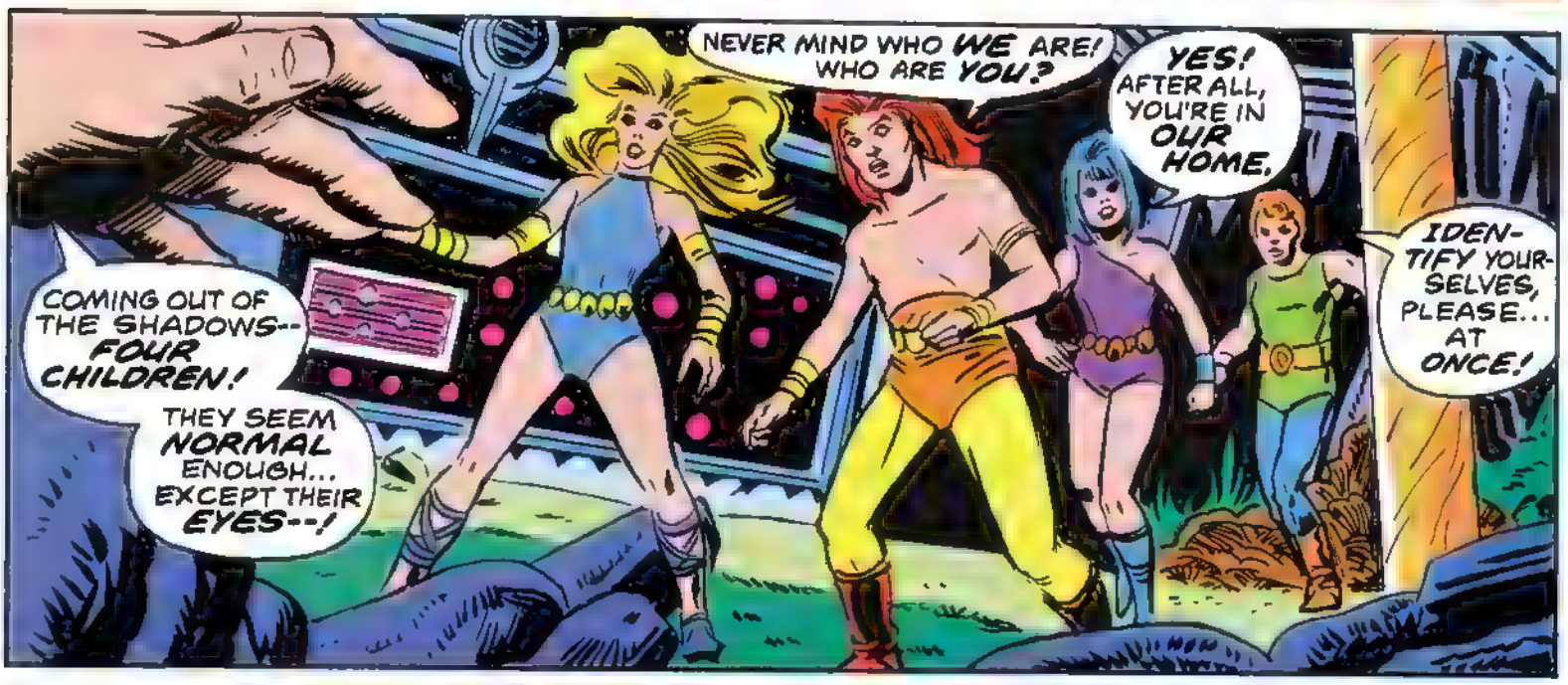
BUT THEY'RE STILL AROUND HERE SOME-PLACE--

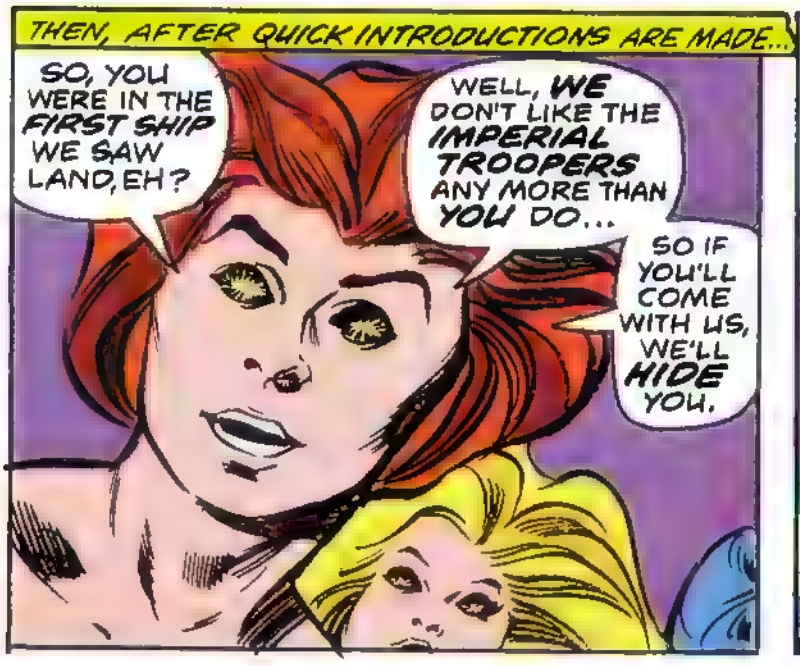
AND I'M NOT LEAVING THIS JUNGLE-INFESTED PLANET WITHOUT THEM--

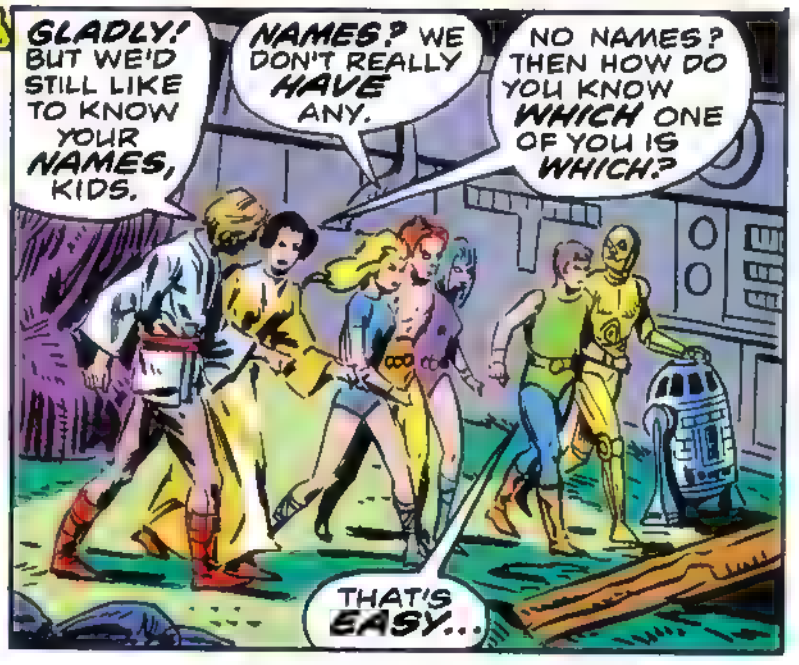
EVEN IF WE HAVE TO TO RAY-BLAST THEM!


AS, ELSEWHERE...
ANY IDEA WHERE WE'VE REAPPEARED, PRINCESS?
WE'RE SOMEWHERE BELOW THE SURFACE, BUT THAT'S ALL WE CAN--
BEGGING YOUR PARDON, MASTER LUKE... PRINCESS LEIA...
NOW WHAT'S WRONG, THREEPIO?
PROBABLY NOTHING AT ALL...

...I JUST THOUGHT YOU MIGHT WISH TO LOOK BEHIND YOU.
WHAT FOR? I DON'T-- OH NO!
IT-- IT CAN'T BE!
BUT IT IS, PRINCESS!

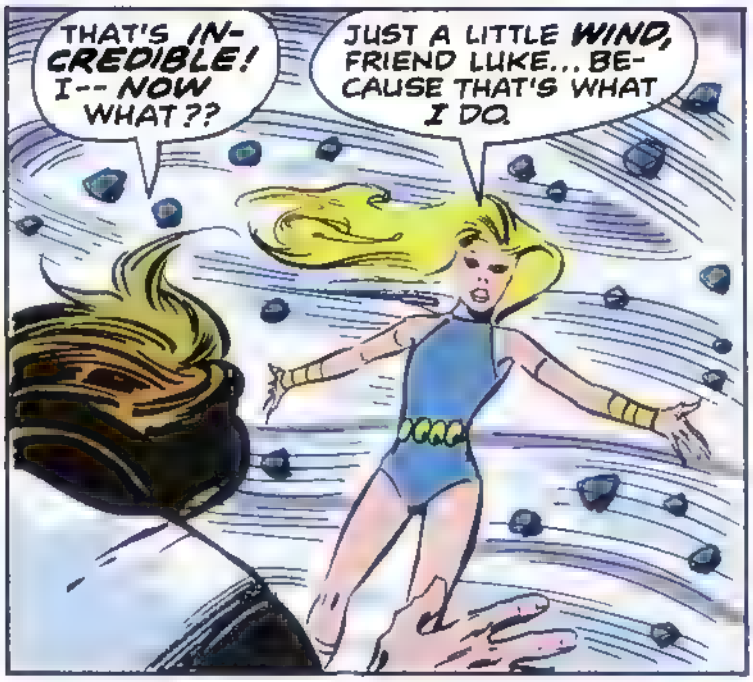

NEVER MIND WHO WE ARE! WHO ARE YOU?
YES! AFTER ALL, YOU'RE IN OUR HOME.
IDENTIFY YOURSELVES, PLEASE... AT ONCE!
COMING OUT OF THE SHADOWS-- FOUR CHILDREN!
THEY SEEM NORMAL ENOUGH... EXCEPT THEIR EYES--!

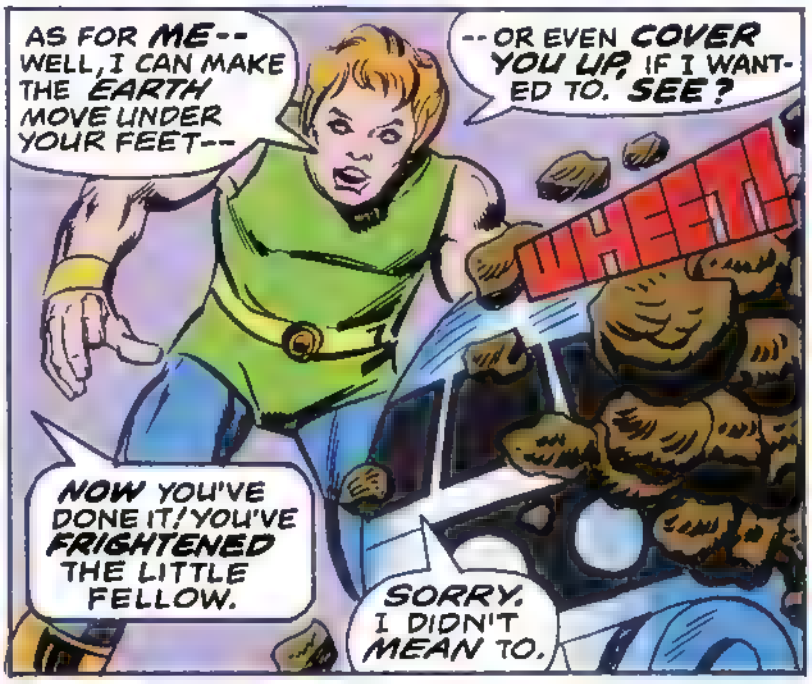

THEN, AFTER QUICK INTRODUCTIONS ARE MADE...
SO, YOU WERE IN THE FIRST SHIP WE SAW LAND, EH?
WELL, WE DON'T LIKE THE IMPERIAL TROOPERS ANY MORE THAN YOU DO...
SO IF YOU'LL COME WITH US, WE'LL HIDE YOU.

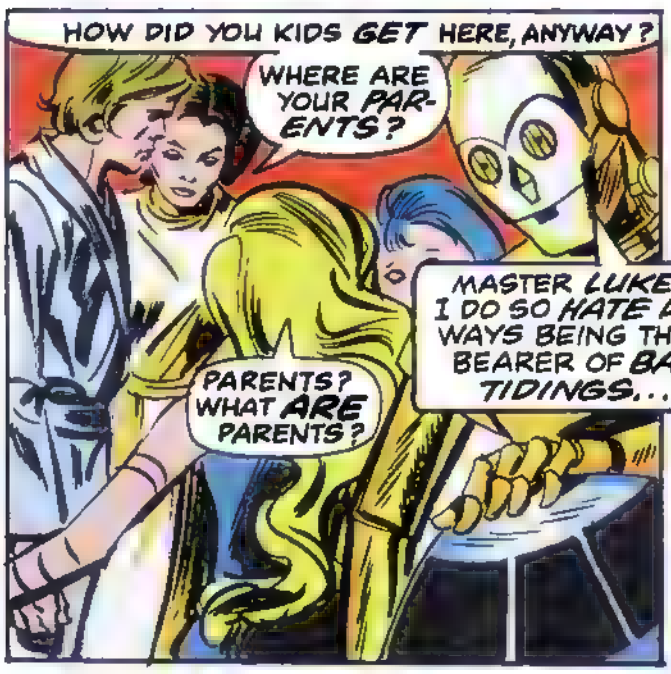

GLADLY! BUT WE'D STILL LIKE TO KNOW YOUR NAMES, KIDS.
NAMES? WE DON'T REALLY HAVE ANY.
NO NAMES? THEN HOW DO YOU KNOW WHICH ONE OF YOU IS WHICH?
THAT'S EASY...

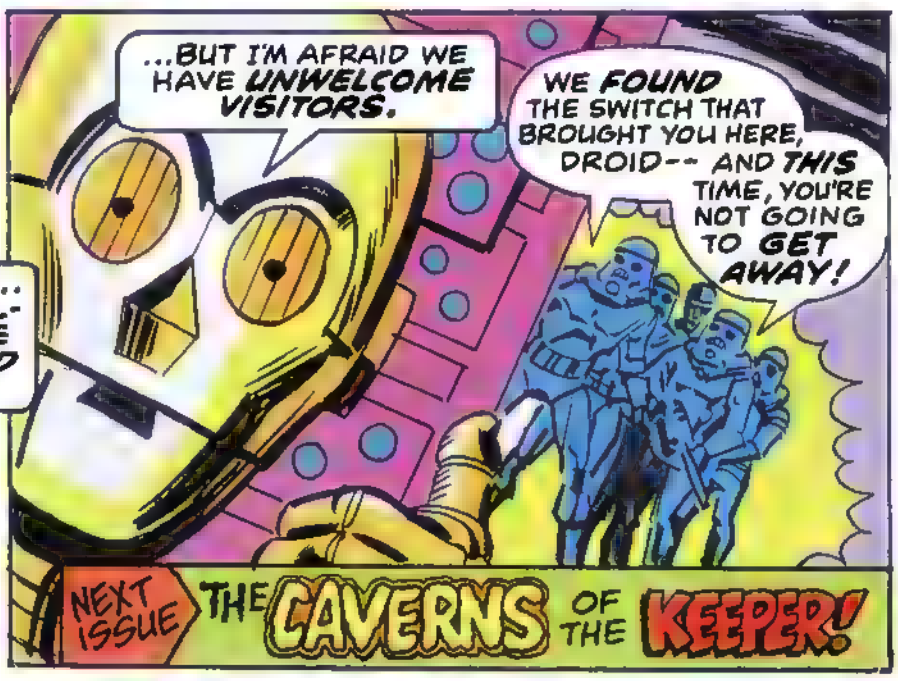
I'M THE ONE WHO CAN CONTROL FIRE--
--LIKE SO!

AND I'M THE ONE WHO CAN MAKE IT RAIN-- EVEN INSIDE!


THAT'S IN-CREDIBLE! I-- NOW WHAT??
JUST A LITTLE WIND, FRIEND LUKE... BE-CAUSE THAT'S WHAT I DO.


AS FOR ME-- WELL, I CAN MAKE THE EARTH MOVE UNDER YOUR FEET--
--OR EVEN COVER YOU UP, IF I WANT-ED TO. SEE?
WHEEE!!
NOW YOU'VE DONE IT! YOU'VE FRIGHTENED THE LITTLE FELLOW.
SORRY. I DIDN'T MEAN TO.


HOW DID YOU KIDS GET HERE, ANYWAY?
WHERE ARE YOUR PAR-ENTS?
PARENTS? WHAT ARE PARENTS?
MASTER LUKE... I DO SO HATE AL-WAYS BEING THE BEARER OF BAD TIDINGS...


...BUT I'M AFRAID WE HAVE UNWELCOME VISITORS.
WE FOUND THE SWITCH THAT BROUGHT YOU HERE, DROID-- AND THIS TIME, YOU'RE NOT GOING TO GET AWAY!
NEXT ISSUE THE CAVERNS OF THE KEEPER!

STAR WARS

CONTINUING THE ADVENTURES OF CHARACTERS FROM THE SCIENCE-FANTASY FILM BY GEORGE LUCAS, RELEASED BY TWENTIETH CENTURY-FOX.

ARCHIE GOODWIN WRITER / TONY DEZUNIGA & the TRIBE ARTISTS / MARIE SEVERIN COLORIST / JIM NOVAK LETTERER

SOMEWHERE BENEATH THE SURFACE OF THE **UNIDENTIFIED PLANET** THEY HAVE CRASH-LANDED UPON, **LUKE, PRINCESS LEIA, ARTOO** AND **THREEPIO** ARE SUDDENLY CONFRONTED BY THE **IMPERIAL TROOPS** WHO HAVE **PURSUED** THEM INTO THESE RUIN-FILLED...

CAVERNS of MYSTERY!

THE HIDE AND SEEK GAME IS **OVER**, REBELS... AND YOU'VE **LOST!**

DON'T **WORRY**, PRINCESS. I'VE GOT MY FATHER'S **LIGHT SABER**... WE CAN STILL **FIGHT!**

FUWEET

COMMANDER! BACK IN THE **SHADOWS**... THERE'S **SOMEONE ELSE** WITH THEM!

FOUR CHILDREN...?! STRANGE LOOKING... BUT HARDLY **FORMIDABLE** ALLIES!

STUN **THEM** INTO **SUBMISSION** ALONG WITH THE **OTHERS!**

BUT AS THE STORM TROOPERS ADVANCE WITH THEIR **BLASTERS.**

W-WHAT--?! THE BOY! WITH JUST A **GESTURE**... HE'S CREATING A WALL OF **FLAME!**

AND SWIFTER THAN THE SOLDIERS OF THE EMPIRE CAN **REACT...**

...EACH CHILD UNLEASHES HIS OR HER PARTICULAR **SPECIALTY!** SO THAT AFTER **FIRE**...

...COMES **RAIN**...

...THEN **WIND**...

...AND WILD UPHEAVAL OF THE **EARTH** ITSELF...

WHEN AT LAST THIS ELEMENTAL MAELSTROM **PASSES**, THE COMMANDER AND HIS MEN FIND...

THEY'RE **GONE!** REBELS AND CHILDREN... **ALL** GONE!

THERE'S A **MAZE** OF CAVERNS BEYOND, SIR... THEY **MUST** HAVE HEADED INTO **ONE** OF THEM!

AND NOT TOO FAR AWAY...

YOU SAY THE STORM TROOPERS MAY USE **HEAT-PARTICLE DETECTORS** TO TELL **WHICH WAY** WE WENT?

THAT'S **NOT** VERY CHEERFUL, ARTOO!

LUKE... **AHEAD!** THERE'S SOMETHING **GLOWING!**

BUDOOP BREET

RIGHT! HEY, **KIDS!** WHAT--?

THE **KEEPER!** WE'RE **TAKING** YOU TO--

--THE ONE WHO CREATED US!

CHILDREN, CHILDREN! WHAT HAVE YOU DONE? IT ISN'T TIME YET... ORDINARY BEINGS SHOULD NEVER, NEVER BE ALLOWED TO KNOW OF MY EXISTENCE.

IT'S BAD ENOUGH THAT THEY LEARNED OF YOURS.

ZREEP VOOT

YES, ARTOO, THAT IS AN IMPRESSIVE MASS OF COMPUTERIZED TECHNOLOGY.

LET'S HOPE SHE'S FRIENDLY AS WELL.

QUIET, YOU TWO! WE WANT TO HEAR WHAT THE KIDS ARE SAYING!

THESE PEOPLE ACCIDENTALLY DISCOVERED THE TELEPORTAL* KEEPER. BUT THEY'RE NICE... CERTAINLY NO THREAT TO THE GREAT PLAN.

UNFORTUNATELY, THE IMPERIAL TROOPS COMING AFTER THEM COULD BE, CHILDREN--

*BACK IN ISSUES FIVE & SIX-- BOBBY.

--THEREFORE I MUST DO SOMETHING THAT DEFINITELY GOES AGAINST MY CIRCUITRY!

LUKE! SHE'S SHOOTING OUT SOME KIND OF BEAM!

I KNOW, PRINCESS... BUT IT'S TOO LATE! IT'S HITTING US FULL FORCE... AND THERE'S NOTHING WE CAN DO ABOUT IT!

NEXT ISSUE: THE KEEPER'S SECRET!

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ARCHIE GOODWIN — WRITER
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JIM NOVAK — LETTERER
GEORGE ROUSSOS — COLORIST

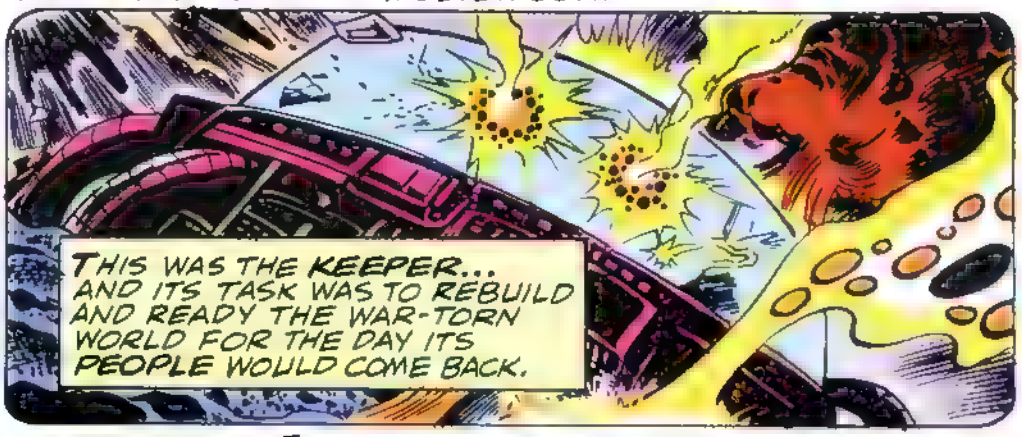
The KEEPER'S SECRET!

IN THE DEEPEST CAVERNS OF THE WILD WORLD THEY'RE SPACE-WRECKED ON, LUKE, PRINCESS LEIA AND THE DROIDS FIND THEMSELVES UNDER APPARENT ATTACK...!
KEEPER! WHY ARE YOU DOING THIS?
YOUR OWN "CHILDREN" HAVE ALREADY SWORN WE'RE FRIENDLY ...THAT WE MEAN NO HARM!
THE SAME CANNOT BE SAID OF THE IMPERIAL TROOPS WHO ARE PURSUING YOU, EVEN AS WE SPEAK, LUKE SKYWALKER!
I DO NOT LIKE WHAT I'M DOING ...BUT I FEAR IT IS VERY, VERY NECESSARY.
LUKE, THE BEAM ISN'T HARMING US! IT SEEMS TO HAVE...A DIFFERENT PURPOSE.
YOU'RE RIGHT, PRINCESS! I SEEM TO FEEL IT...IN... M-MY THOUGHTS!
FREET
BADOOP
ARTOO! THIS IS NO TIME TO JOKE--

--IF THE KEEPER'S BEAM WAS REALLY IMPLANTING KNOWLEDGE WITHIN US, MY DATA UNITS WOULD PERCEIVE IT AND--
GREAT STARS AND NEBULAS! I BELIEVE THEY DO!
ZADOOT
BEEP
AND EVEN AS THE R2-D2 UNIT BLEEPS "I TOLD YOU SO," ALL FOUR STAR WARRIORS INSTANTLY SIMULTANEOUSLY RECEIVE A HISTORY LESSON...

...OF A TIME IN AGES LONG FORGOTTEN WHEN CEASELESS WAR RAGED FROM RIM TO RIM OF THE ENTIRE GALAXY; WHEN THE DWELLERS ON ONE PLANET, HIGHLY ADVANCED BUT NON-VIOLENT, FOUND THEIR ONLY CHANCE FOR SURVIVAL WAS IN FLIGHT...

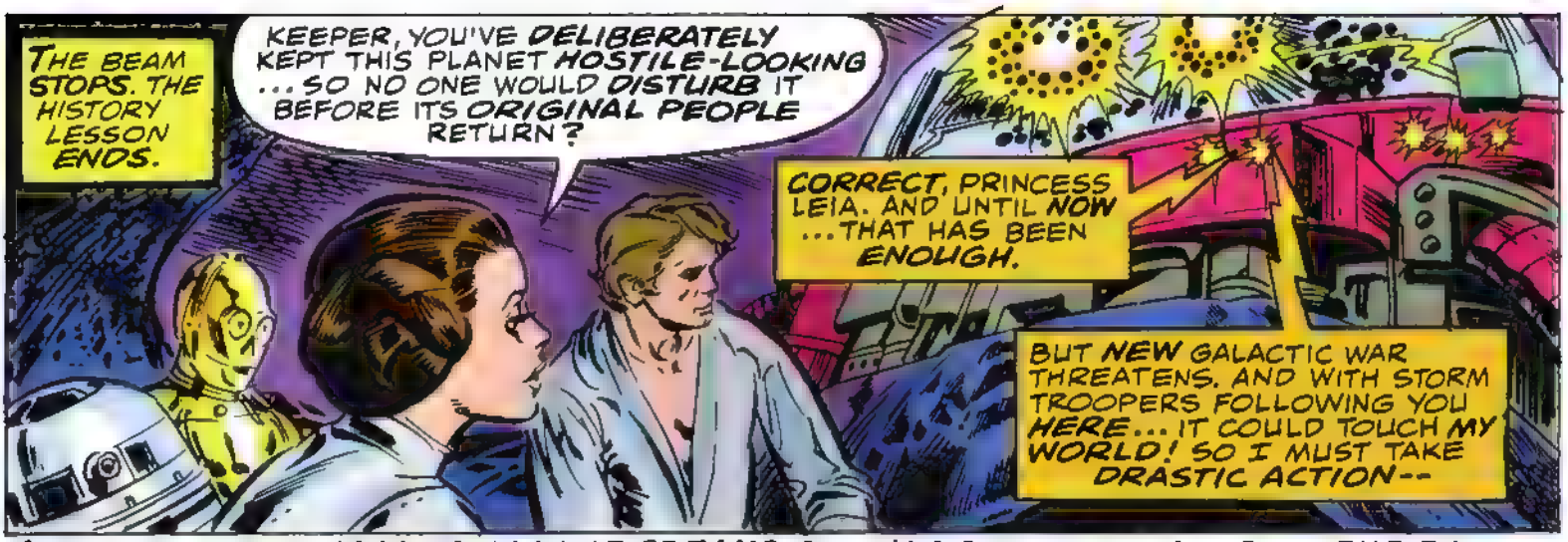
BUT THEY LOVED THEIR HOMEWORLD AND HOPED SOME DISTANT DAY TO RETURN. SO THEY LEFT BEHIND A GREAT COMPUTERIZED MACHINE, WHICH DREW LIMITLESS POWER FROM THE PLANET'S MOLTEN CORE...



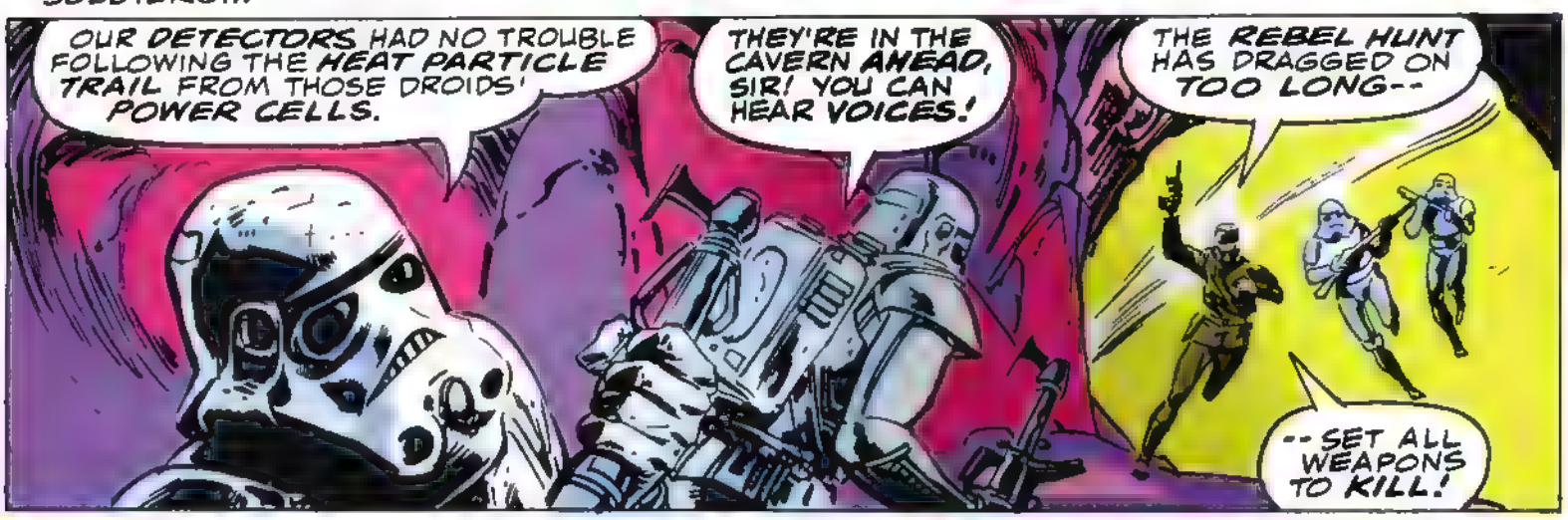
SUCH REBUILDING WAS THE WORK OF EONS, BUT THE KEEPER HAD ALMOST A MOTHER'S INSTINCT AND FEELING FOR THE HOMEWORLD IT LABORED GLADLY.

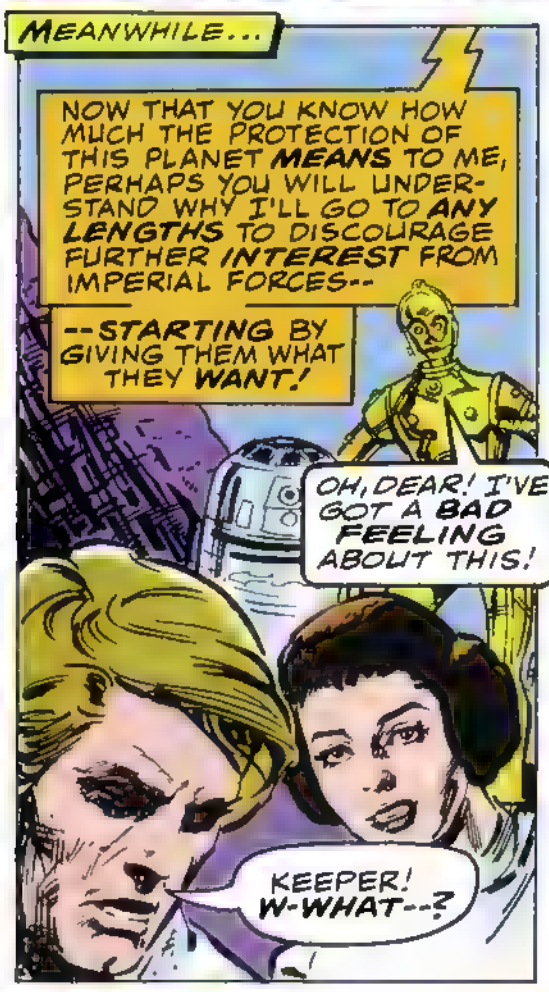
THESE WERE THE CHILDREN. AND WITH THEIR SIMULATED POWERS OF THE FOUR ELEMENTS-- EARTH, FIRE, WIND, AND RAIN-- THEY AIDED IN THE PLANET'S RESHAPING.

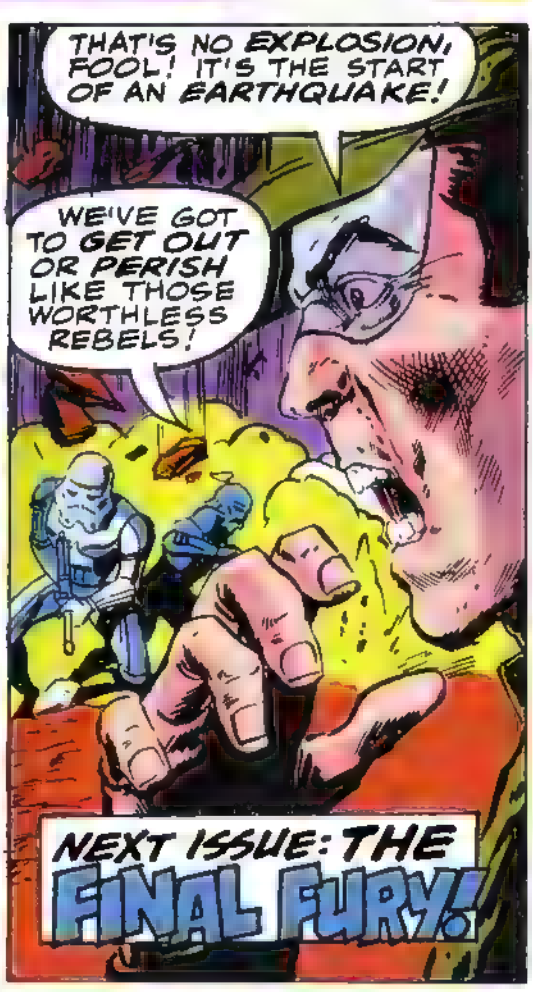
UNTIL, OUT OF THE BARREN RUBBLE, THE CRUMBLING RUINS, LUSH JUNGLE GREW...
JUNGLE POPULATED WITH ENOUGH CREATURES WILD AND FANTASTIC TO FRIGHTEN OFF INTERLOPERS AND SPOILERS.


THE BEAM STOPS. THE HISTORY LESSON ENDS.
KEEPER, YOU'VE DELIBERATELY KEPT THIS PLANET HOSTILE-LOOKING ...SO NO ONE WOULD DISTURB IT BEFORE ITS ORIGINAL PEOPLE RETURN?
CORRECT, PRINCESS LEIA. AND UNTIL NOW ...THAT HAS BEEN ENOUGH.
BUT NEW GALACTIC WAR THREATENS. AND WITH STORM TROOPERS FOLLOWING YOU HERE... IT COULD TOUCH MY WORLD! SO I MUST TAKE DRASTIC ACTION--

AND EVEN AS THE MASSIVE MACHINE **SPEAKS** OF THAT PERSISTENT BAND OF EMPIRE SOLDIERS...


OUR DETECTORS HAD NO TROUBLE FOLLOWING THE HEAT PARTICLE TRAIL FROM THOSE DROIDS' POWER CELLS.
THEY'RE IN THE CAVERN AHEAD, SIR! YOU CAN HEAR VOICES!
THE REBEL HUNT HAS DRAGGED ON TOO LONG--
--SET ALL WEAPONS TO KILL!


MEANWHILE...
NOW THAT YOU KNOW HOW MUCH THE PROTECTION OF THIS PLANET MEANS TO ME, PERHAPS YOU WILL UNDERSTAND WHY I'LL GO TO ANY LENGTHS TO DISCOURAGE FURTHER INTEREST FROM IMPERIAL FORCES--
--STARTING BY GIVING THEM WHAT THEY WANT!
OH, DEAR! I'VE GOT A BAD FEELING ABOUT THIS!
KEEPER! W-WHAT--?


THAT'S NO EXPLOSION, FOOL! IT'S THE START OF AN EARTHQUAKE!
WE'VE GOT TO GET OUT OR PERISH LIKE THOSE WORTHLESS REBELS!
NEXT ISSUE: THE FINAL FURY!

STAR WARS

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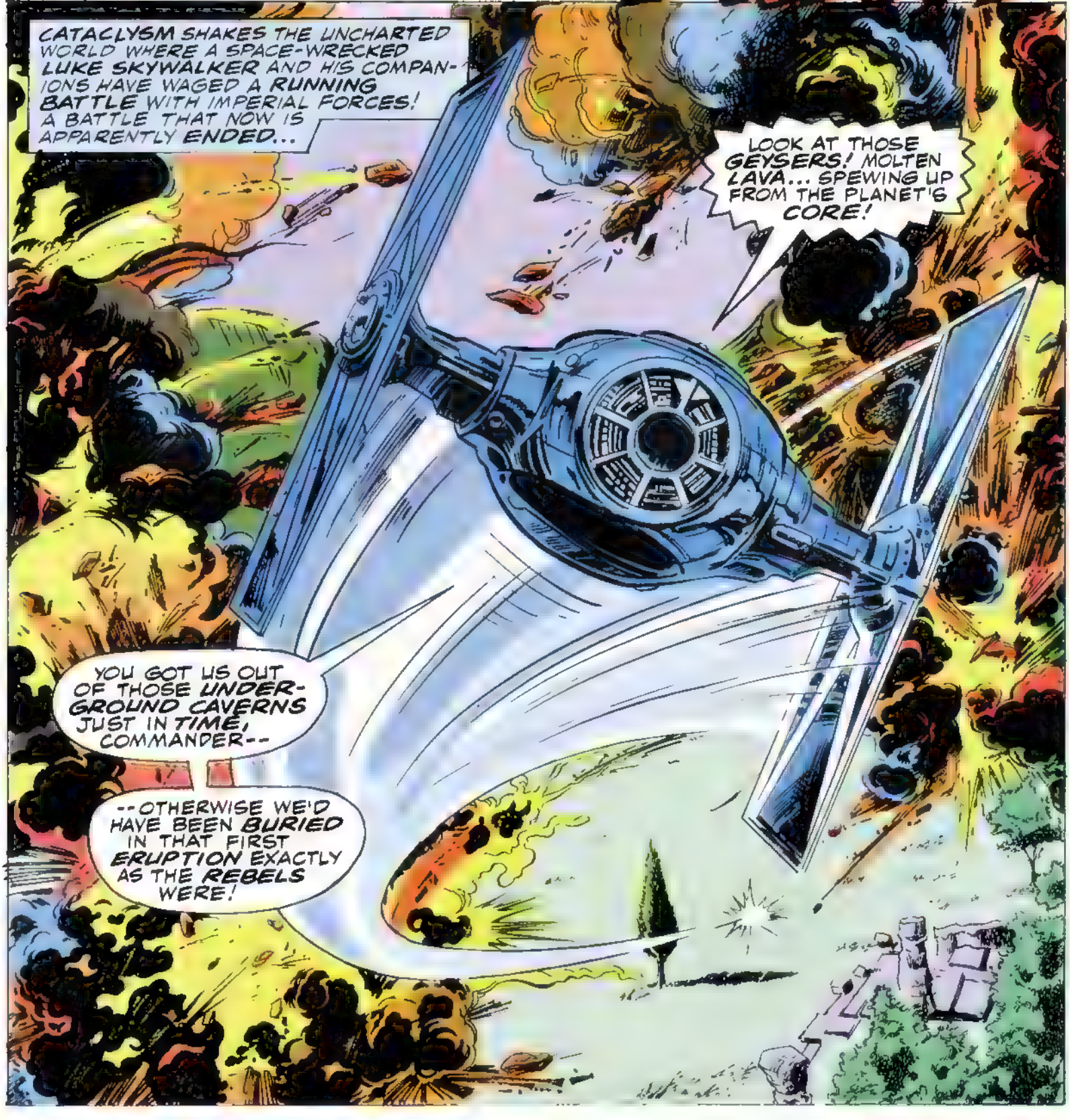
THE FINAL FURY!


CATACLYSM SHAKES THE UNCHARTED WORLD WHERE A SPACE-WRECKED LUKE SKYWALKER AND HIS COMPANIONS HAVE WAGED A RUNNING BATTLE WITH IMPERIAL FORCES! A BATTLE THAT NOW IS APPARENTLY ENDED...
LOOK AT THOSE GEYSERS! MOLTEN LAVA... SPEWING UP FROM THE PLANET'S CORE!
YOU GOT US OUT OF THOSE UNDERGROUND CAVERNS JUST IN TIME, COMMANDER--
--OTHERWISE WE'D HAVE BEEN BURIED IN THAT FIRST ERUPTION EXACTLY AS THE REBELS WERE!

FLEET COMMAND WILL BE GRATIFIED TO LEARN THAT THE FOOLS HAVE PERISHED.

BUT I INTEND TO WARN ALL IMPERIAL UNITS TO STEER CLEAR OF THIS CURSED PLANET IN THE FUTURE!

OBVIOUSLY, IT'S COMPLETELY UNSTABLE... A CERTAIN DEATHTRAP FOR ANY WHO TOUCH DOWN UPON IT!

...AND WITH THAT CONVICTION, THE EMPIRE SHIP DEPARTS. WHILE BACK ON THE "DEATHTRAP" IT HAS SO GLADLY ABANDONED...

...FAR, FAR BELOW THE SURFACE, A VOICE SPEAKS. THE MOTHERLY VOICE OF THE MASSIVE COMPUTER KNOWN AS... THE KEEPER!

IT'S OVER NOW. YOU MAY ALL COME OUT.

AND FOUR SLIGHTLY BEFUDDLED STAR-WARRIORS STEP FROM THE KEEPER'S HUMMING INTERIOR... LUKE, PRINCESS LEIA, THREEPIO AND ARTOO-DETOO.

UNTIL YOU PULLED US INSIDE WHEN THAT UPHEAVAL STARTED, I THOUGHT YOU REALLY MEANT TO BRING THE ROOF DOWN ON US, KEEPER!

I HAD TO ACT QUICKLY TO FOOL THOSE STORM-TROOPERS.

AIDED BY MY FOUR ANDROID CHILDREN, MY JOB IS TO REBUILD AND PROTECT THIS WORLD FOR THE DAY WHEN ITS ORIGINAL INHABITANTS RETURN.

BUT IF THE EMPIRE KNEW ABOUT US, THEY'D CERTAINLY TRY TO SEIZE CONTROL!

SINCE I CAN DRAW ALL THE POWER I WANT FROM OUR PLANET'S CORE, I DECIDED TO STAGE A LITTLE SHOW TO SCARE THOSE TYRANTS ONCE AND FOR ALL! YOUR "DEATHS" MADE IT MORE CONVINCING... I'M SORRY IF MY ACTIONS FRIGHTENED YOU.

ZOOM FREE!

WHAT DO YOU MEAN, YOU KNEW ALL ALONG NO MACHINE WOULD WILLINGLY HARM ANOTHER, ARTOO--?

--YOU'VE GOTTEN ME INTO DANGER MORE TIMES THAN I CARE TO COMPUTE!

DON'T START BICKERING, YOU TWO! OUR PROBLEMS AREN'T OVER YET. WE STILL HAVE A WRECKED SPACESHIP AND NO WAY TO CONTINUE OUR MISSION!

PLING!

VROUMP

IF YOU AND YOUR FRIENDS WILL FOLLOW MY CHILDREN TO THE SURFACE, PRINCESS... I BELIEVE YOU WILL BE PLEASANTLY SURPRISED.

FAREWELL THEN, KEEPER... AND MAY THE FORCE BE WITH YOU.

FOLLOWING THEIR ANDROID GUIDES, THE FOUR COMPANIONS SOON EMERGE INTO DAYLIGHT AND DISCOVER...

OUR SHIP...! THOSE MECHANIZED ARMS SEEM TO BE ...REPAIRING IT!

CORRECT, LUKE SKYWALKER. THE KEEPER CAN SEND PROBES LIKE THESE ANYWHERE ON THE PLANET AS PART OF OUR REBUILDING PROCESS--

BUT TODAY, THEY ARE A GOODBYE GIFT... FROM US TO YOU!

AND SOON, THE REBEL SCOUT CRAFT SOARS TOWARD THE STARS!

I'LL MISS THE KEEPER AND HER CHILDREN, LUKE... BUT THINGS WILL BE MORE PEACEFUL FOR THEM NOW.

RIGHT, YOUR HIGHNESS, AND MAYBE SOMEDAY, IF ENOUGH OF THESE MISSIONS AGAINST THE EMPIRE GO WELL--

--THINGS IN THIS CRAZY GALAXY WILL BE MORE PEACEFUL FOR ALL OF US!

BUT UNFORTUNATELY FOR LUKE'S HOPES, HIS NEXT DESTINATION IS-- THE KINGDOM OF ICE!

LUKE SKYWALKER'S LAST STAND!
STAR WARS
WEEKLY
PRICE 10p
No.60 APR 8.1979
EVERY WEDNESDAY
MORE THRILLS WITH
THE MICRONAUTS
AND WARLOCK!

STAR WARS

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THE KINGDOM OF ICE!

AFTER BEING **SPACE-WRECKED** ON AN UNCHARTED PLANET, LUKE, PRINCESS LEIA AND THE DROIDS RESUME THEIR **MISSION** FOR THE REBEL ALLIANCE... CONTACTING A **NEW GROUP** AT WAR WITH THE **EVIL EMPIRE!**

WE'VE **MADE** IT YOUR HIGHNESS! THE **POLAR WASTES** OF AKURIA TWO--

--BUT I'M GETTING **NO RESPONSE** TO OUR **CODED TRANSMISSIONS!**

KEEP **TRYING**, LUKE! THEY WERE SUPPOSED TO HAVE A **HOMING BEACON** FOR US!

I ONLY HOPE NOTHING'S GONE **WRONG** IN THE TIME WE WERE **DELAYED!**

I HOPE SO **TOO**, PRINCESS--

FOR AN EX-FARM BOY FROM A HOT **DESERT WORLD** LIKE TATOOINE... **NOTHING** COULD BE MUCH MORE **UNINVITING** THAN ALL THAT **SNOW** AND **ICE!**

THE **LAST THING** I WANT IS TO GO TRAMPING AROUND DOWN THERE ON OUR **OWN** TO FIND THAT **SECRET BASE!**

FRA-DOOT!

THREEPIO! WHAT'S ARTOO CHIRPING ABOUT... HAS HE PICKED UP SOMETHING ON THE SCANNER?

I FEAR THAT'S THE CASE, MASTER LUKE! AND UNLESS THE REBELS HERE--

--USE EQUIPMENT CAPTURED FROM THE EMPIRE, I ALSO FEAR WE'RE DOOMED!

IMPERIAL TIE FIGHTERS! PRINCESS, CAN YOU MAN A SET OF GUNS--?

NOT QUITE AS WELL AS YOU OR HAN SOLO, MISTER SKYWALKER--

BUT ALL MY TRAINING ON ALDERAAN WASN'T DIRECTED TOWARD BEING A SENATOR!

AND A RUNNING BATTLE BEGINS ABOVE THE POLAR REGION'S TOWERING, SPARKLING PEAKS OF ICE!

THAT'S ONE, LUKE! BUT ANOTHER IS CLOSING ON US! I DON'T THINK OUR FORCE SHIELD CAN TAKE THE POUNDING!

I'VE GOT PLANS LEIA--

WHUMM!

--A LITTLE BEGGAR'S CANYON STYLE STUNTING!

OF COURSE, BEGGAR'S CANYON WAS A LOT WARMER, MY OLD SKYHOPPER A LOT SMALLER--

--AND NO ONE WAS TRYING TO BLOW ME OUT OF THE SKY!

LUKE! THERE GOES OUR SHIELD-- AND THE PORT ENGINES WITH IT!

THERE'S A BIG GLACIAL PLAIN OFF TO OUR RIGHT! ARTOO, IF YOU CAN KEEP FROM BURNING UP I MIGHT MAKE IT!

BEEDRP

YOU'LL TRY--?!

ARTOO-DETOO, CAN'T YOU BE MORE OPTIMISTIC THAN THAT?!

OPTIMISTIC OR NOT, THE LITTLE ROBOT KEEPS THE FLAMES AT BAY LONG ENOUGH FOR LUKE TO APPLY HIS CONSIDERABLE SKILLS AS A STAR PILOT! AND...

WELL DONE, SIR! YOU'VE BROUGHT US DOWN... AND IN ONE PIECE!

ONLY NOW WE'RE STUCK LIKE WOMP RATS FOR THAT FIGHTER TO PICK OFF, THREEPIO!

BUT AS THE EMPIRE SHIP MAKES ITS DEATH PASS...

BA-DOOM!

SOMEONE'S FIRING FROM THE HORIZON... BLASTING IT WITH A LASER CANNON!

AND DONNING THERMAL SUITS, LUKE AND LEIA, ACCOMPANIED BY THE DROIDS, STEP FROM THE WOUNDED SHIP ONTO THE GREAT ICEWASTES...

THIS HAS TO HAVE BEEN THE WORK OF THE REBELS WE WERE TRYING TO CONTACT...!

IT BETTER BE, PRINCESS... BECAUSE WHOEVER IT WAS IS COMING OUR WAY NOW!

NEXT ISSUE:

THE SNOW DEMONS!

STAR WARS

CONTINUING THE ADVENTURES OF CHARACTERS FROM THE SCIENCE-FANTASY FILM BY GEORGE LUCAS, RELEASED BY TWENTIETH CENTURY-FOX.

ARCHIE GOODWIN
WRITER

WALT SIMONSON & KLAUS JANSON
ARTISTS

MARIE SEVERIN
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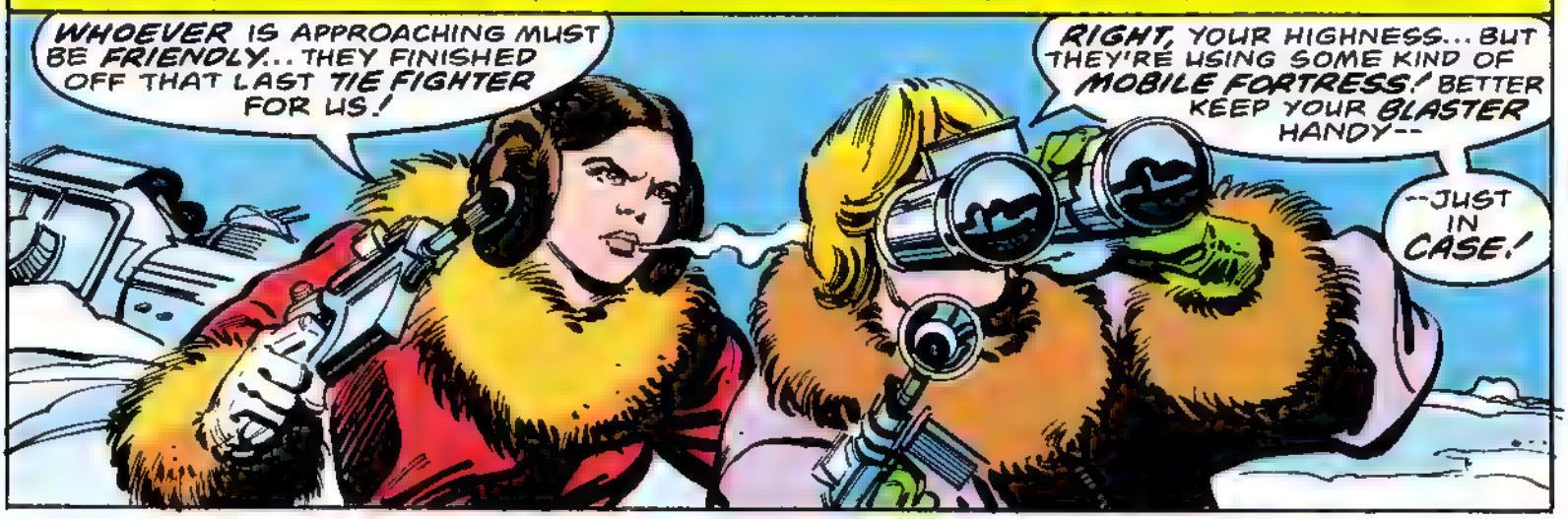
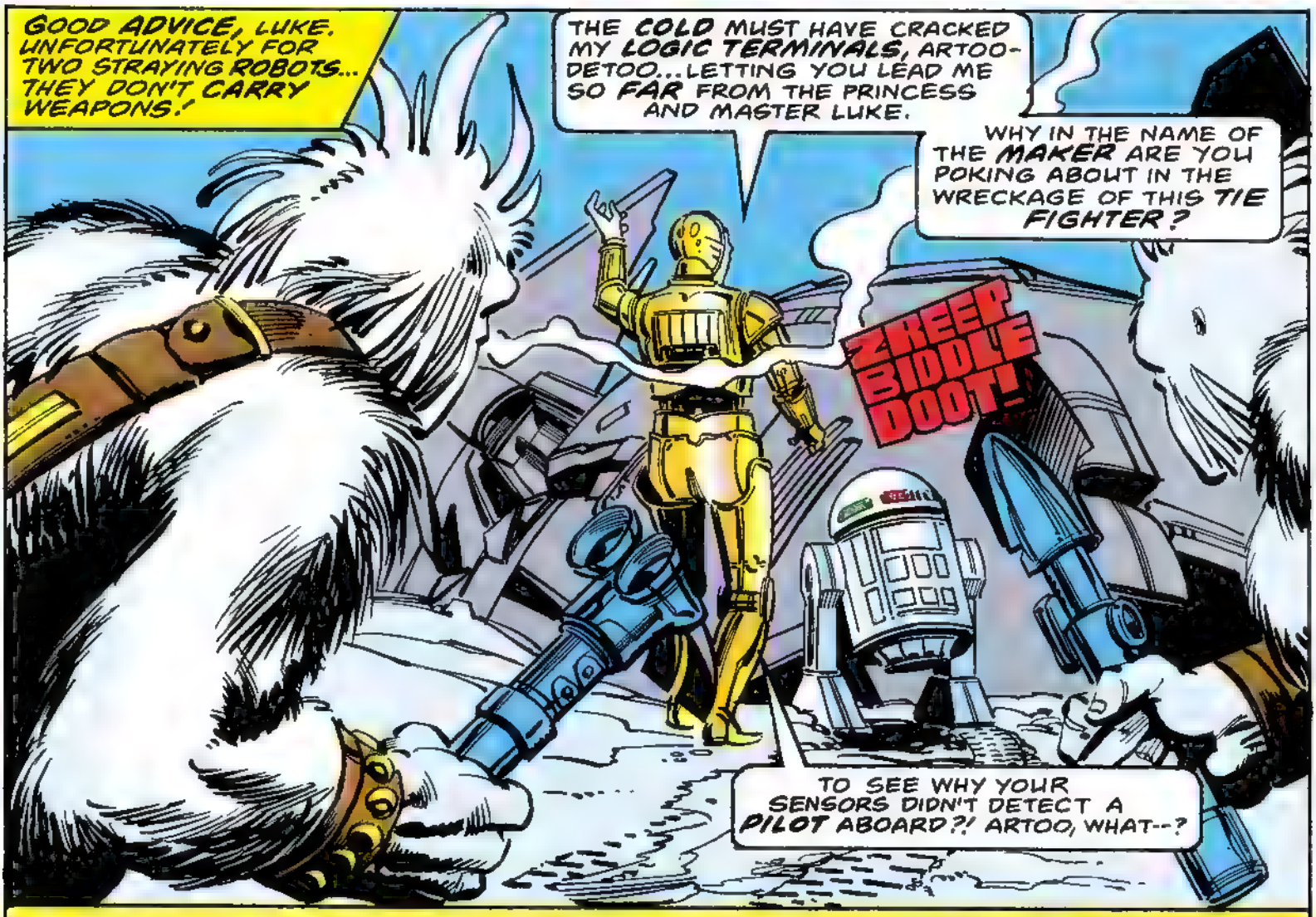
R. PARKER
LETTERER

THE POLAR WASTES OF AKURIA TWO! SENT HERE BY THE ALLIANCE TO MAKE CONTACT WITH A NEW REBEL GROUP, LUKE, PRINCESS LEIA, AND THE DROIDS HAVE BEEN SHOT DOWN BY IMPERIAL WITCHCRAFT!


WHOEVER IS APPROACHING MUST BE FRIENDLY... THEY FINISHED OFF THAT LAST TIE FIGHTER FOR US!
RIGHT, YOUR HIGHNESS... BUT THEY'RE USING SOME KIND OF MOBILE FORTRESS! BETTER KEEP YOUR BLASTER HANDY--
--JUST IN CASE!


GOOD ADVICE, LUKE. UNFORTUNATELY FOR TWO STRAYING ROBOTS... THEY DON'T CARRY WEAPONS!
THE COLD MUST HAVE CRACKED MY LOGIC TERMINALS, ARTOO-DETOO... LETTING YOU LEAD ME SO FAR FROM THE PRINCESS AND MASTER LUKE.
WHY IN THE NAME OF THE MAKER ARE YOU POKING ABOUT IN THE WRECKAGE OF THIS TIE FIGHTER?
ZREEP BIDDLE DOOT!
TO SEE WHY YOUR SENSORS DIDN'T DETECT A PILOT ABOARD?! ARTOO, WHAT--?

THE SNOW DEMONS!

ER... NEVERMIND, ARTOO--

--THE MYSTERY OF THE MISSING TIE FIGHTER PILOT WILL HAVE TO WAIT! I'M AFRAID WE FACE MORE PRESSING PROBLEMS!

VRK-KLIK BLEET!

AND AS THE HULKING WHITE-PELTED CREATURES CLOSE IN ON THE DROIDS...

...MORE OF THEIR KIND MAKE THEIR PRESENCE FELT!

LUKE! THOSE... T-THINGS! THEY'VE BEEN CROUCHING IN THE SNOW ALL AROUND US!

THEIR FUR MAKES THEM ALMOST INVISIBLE... UNTIL THEY MOVE!

AND THEY'RE MOVING TOO FAST FOR MY TASTE!

HANDS OFF, YOU IMITATION SNOWBALL!

RETREAT INTO THE SHIP! MAYBE WE CAN HOLD THEM OFF UNTIL--

WROK!

NARRG!

TOO LATE, LUKE! OUR FURRY FRIENDS SEEM TO HAVE ANTICIPATED THAT--

--WE'RE SURROUNDED!

BUT HELP IS CLOSE AT HAND... IN THE FORM OF THAT MOBILE FORTRESS LUKE AND THE PRINCESS SIGHTED EARLIER!

SENATOR ORGANA! SKY-WALKER! GET READY TO BOARD THE WAR SLED WHEN WE MOVE IN CLOSE.

QUICKLY! THE SNOW DEMONS AREN'T QUITE AS PRIMITIVE AS THEY LOOK!

SOME OF THEM CARRY EXPLOSIVES... IF THEY HIT ONE OF OUR RUNNERS, THIS RESCUE IS TERMINATED!

YOU MUST BE--

COLONEL ODAN, LEADER OF AKURIA TWO'S REBEL FORCES!

AS YOU CAN SEE, OUR TROUBLES HERE IN THE POLAR WASTES ARE NOT ALL OF THE EMPIRE'S MAKING.

BUT DESPITE THE BEST EFFORTS OF IMPERIAL FORCES AND SNOW DEMONS, YOU'VE FINALLY REACHED US.

-- AND WITHOUT SERIOUS INJURY OR LOSS!

IT MIGHT SEEM THAT WAY TO MOST PEOPLE, COLONEL. BUT MOST PEOPLE DON'T FEEL THE WAY THE PRINCESS AND I DO--

-- ABOUT TWO DROIDS NAMED ARTOO-DETOO AND SEE-THREEPIO!

NEXT: TREACHERY!

STAR WARS

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TREACHERY!

ON A MISSION FOR THE **REBEL ALLIANCE** TO THE POLAR WASTES OF AKURIA TWO, **THREEPIO** AND **ARTOO-DETOO** WANDER FROM **LUKE** AND **PRINCESS LEIA**... INTO THE HANDS OF THE AWESOME **SNOW DEMONS!**

VA-DOO DEEP!

REASON WITH THESE GREAT HAIRY MONSTERS...? THAT'S **ABSURD**, ARTOO. JUST BE GRATEFUL THEY CAN'T EAT **METAL!**

AT LEAST... I DON'T **BELIEVE** THEY CAN EAT **METAL!**

B-BUT... WHAT **USE** CAN SUCH PRIMITIVE CREATURES HAVE FOR **SOPHISTICATED MACHINES** LIKE OURSELVES?

THIS IS **YOUR** FAULT, ARTOO-DETOO! YOU JUST **HAD** TO RUN OFF AND POKE YOUR PERCEPTORS INTO THE WRECKAGE OF THAT **TIE FIGHTER** THAT ATTACKED US...!*

NOW SEE WHERE YOUR SILLY CONJECTURES ABOUT IT NOT HAVING A **PILOT** HAVE PUT US! WE'RE--

ARTOO! THAT ISN'T A **HILL** AHEAD... IT'S SOME SORT OF **SNOW STRUCTURE!**

*BACK IN **ISSUE #10** --LOUIE.

BUT WHAT LIES INSIDE THAT STRUCTURE WILL HAVE TO WAIT A FEW MOMENTS WHILE WE LOOK IN ON OUR TWO OTHER STAR WARRIORS...

...NOW TRAVELING IN THE HUGE MOBILE FORTRESS CALLED... THE WAR SLED!

TURN BACK TO HUNT FOR TWO MERE ROBOTS...? OUT OF THE QUESTION, SKYWALKER!

THE SECRET OF OUR REBEL FORCE'S SUCCESS AGAINST THE EMPIRE HAS BEEN IN STAYING ON THE MOVE!

ARTOO-DETOO AND SEE-THREEPIO MAY SEEM LIKE "MERE ROBOTS" TO YOU, COLONEL ODAN--

--BUT WITHOUT THEM, THERE MIGHT NOT EVEN BE A REBEL ALLIANCE!

AND IF YOUR GROUP HERE ON AKURIA TWO INTENDS TO JOIN IT ...YOU OUGHT TO UNDERSTAND GOOD ALLIES CAN TAKE ANY SHAPE OR FORM!

LUKE--!

THAT'S NO WAY TO SPEAK TO SOMEONE WHO'S JUST RESCUED US FROM IMPERIAL FIGHTERS AND SNOW DEMONS!

NO OFFENCE TAKEN SENATOR ORGANA... I WAS ONCE YOUNG AND HOT-HEADED MYSELF!

IF THOSE DROIDS MEAN SO MUCH, I'LL HAVE MY HELMSMAN SWING ROUND TO SEARCH FOR THEM ONCE WE'RE OUT OF THIS ICE CANYON.

MEANTIME, IN ORDER TO KNOW HOW MY BAND FITS IN, I NEED SOME HARD FACTS ABOUT THE ALLIANCE AND ITS PLANS.

AND THE GREAT MACHINE RUMBLES ON ALONG THE NARROW, NATURAL HIGHWAY...

...AS PRINCESS LEIA AND THE COLONEL BEGIN TO TALK...AND LUKE GROWS STRANGELY SILENT.

WHILE SOMEWHERE BEHIND THEM-- THREEPIO AND ARTOO ENTER THE DWELLING OF THE SNOW DEMONS!

IT'S WARM... HEATED BY HOT SPRINGS BELOW THE ICE!

THEM SPRINGS AIN'T THE ONLY THING THAT'S HOT HERE, BRONZE BRITCHES--

--I'M FIT TO SPOUT STEAM MYSELF!

FAFNIR, I SEND YOU OUT TO SAVE A PRINCESS AN' HER STAR PILOT AN' YOU COME BACK WITH A PAIR OF CLANKIN' MECHANICALS!

I SWEAR YOU AN' YOUR MANGY TRIBE OF SNOW STOMPERS WILL NEVER MAKE GOLDIERS!

BORRK

AWRIGHT, AWRIGHT! I GUESS IT WAS KIND OF A ROUGH JOB-- CONSIDERIN' THE IMPERIALS HAD IT ALL SET TO COME OFF AS MY PEOPLE!

FOOP

BEGGING YOUR PARDON, SIR... BUT COULD YOU TELL US JUST WHO YOU ARE?

COLONEL ODAN, OF COURSE! COMMANDER OF AKURIA TWO'S REBELS. 'LEAST I WAS... UNTIL A BUNCH'A STORM-TROOPERS SNEAK-ATTACKED MY WAR SLED!

I MANAGED TO ESCAPE-- BUT THEY CAPTURED THE VEHICLE AN' MOST OF MY MEN!

BREEP DADIT ZOOT

ARTOO! THAT'S POSITIVELY OUTLANDISH!

IMAGINE, SIR...! HE SUGGESTS THEY USED REMOTE CONTROLLED TIE FIGHTERS... SO THEY COULD SHOOT THEM DOWN AND APPEAR TO BE RESCUING MASTER LUKE AND THE PRINCESS!

THE LITTLE SQUIRT'S DEAD RIGHT! AND IF WE DON'T THINK OF SOMETHING FAST--

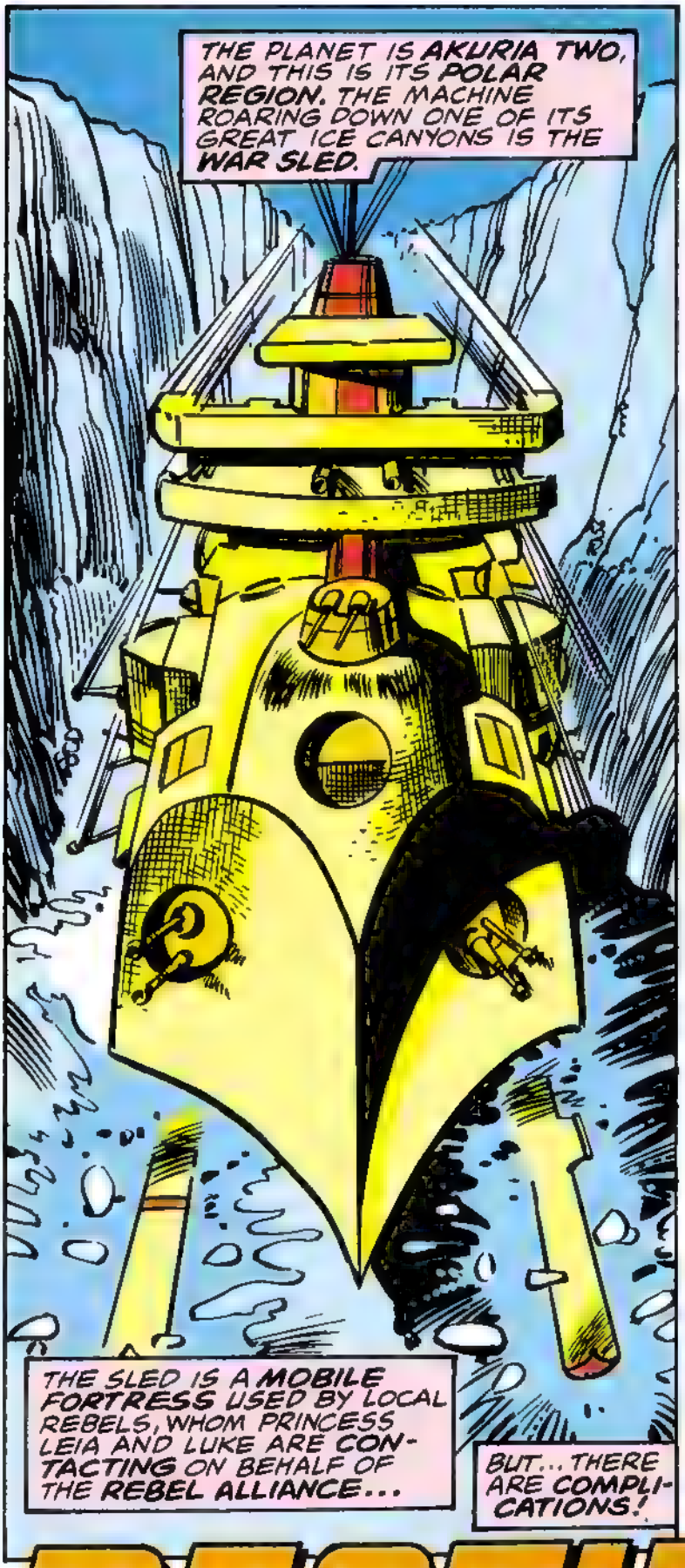
--THOSE IMPERSONATORS WILL LEARN ALL YOUR FRIENDS KNOW ABOUT THE ALLIANCE...THEN GIVE 'EM AN IMPERIAL EXECUTION!

NEXT DEATH TRAP!

STAR WARS

CONTINUING THE ADVENTURES OF CHARACTERS FROM THE SCIENCE-FANTASY FILM BY GEORGE LUCAS, RELEASED BY TWENTIETH CENTURY-FOX.

ARCHIE GOODWIN / WALT SIMONSON & KLAUS JANSON / JIM NOVAK / MARIE SEVERIN
WRITER / ARTISTS / LETTERER / COLORIST


THE PLANET IS AKURIA TWO, AND THIS IS ITS POLAR REGION. THE MACHINE ROARING DOWN ONE OF ITS GREAT ICE CANYONS IS THE WAR SLED.
THE SLED IS A MOBILE FORTRESS USED BY LOCAL REBELS, WHOM PRINCESS LEIA AND LUKE ARE CONTACTING ON BEHALF OF THE REBEL ALLIANCE...
BUT... THERE ARE COMPLICATIONS!

YOUR HIGHNESS, BEFORE I CAN COMMIT MY FORCES TO YOUR WAR AGAINST THE EMPIRE... I NEED GREATER DETAILS ON THE ALLIANCE'S PLANS. SO FAR YOU--
EXCUSE ME, COLONEL ODAN. I THINK YOU'RE NEEDED ON THE BRIDGE!

WHEN THE WAR SLED COMMANDER LEAVES...
I LIED TO GET RID OF HIM SO I COULD SHOW YOU THIS, PRINCESS... BLASTER BURNS!
A BATTLE'S BEEN FOUGHT HERE, LUKE! I NOTICED WHEN WE CAME ABOARD, BUT HOPED TO STALL UNTIL WE COULD PLAN SOMETHING--
THERE'S BEEN SOME ATTEMPT TO DISGUISE THEM, BUT THEY'RE ALL OVER, AS IF--

DEATH TRAP!

-- BECAUSE I'M AFRAID THE **WRONG SIDE** WON' COLONEL ODAN-- OR **WHOEVER** HE IS-- NEVER USED ESTABLISHED **RECOGNITION CODES.**

I SUSPECT HIS SHOOTING DOWN OF THE **TIE FIGHTER** * AND RESCUING US FROM THE **SNOW DEMONS** ** WAS SUPPOSED TO MAKE US **FORGET** SUCH FORMALITIES.

YOU **MEAN**--

* **PIZZAZZ #10**
** **PIZZAZZ #11**
-- LOUIE.

YOU'RE IN THE HANDS OF THE **EMPIRE,** SKYWALKER!

AND SINCE YOU'VE BOTH SEEN **THROUGH** OUR ELABORATE LITTLE RUSE TO **TRICK** INFORMATION FROM YOU--

--WE'LL HAVE TO FALL BACK ON LESS **SUBTLE** TACTICS!

HAUL SKYWALKER TO THE **BRIDGE**... THEN PREPARE TO **ABANDON** THE WAR SLED.

*MEANWHILE, AT THE DWELLING OF THE **SNOW DEMONS**... THE **DROIDS** MEET WITH THE **REAL** COLONEL ODAN.*

OH, DEAR... IS **THIS** WHAT'S LEFT OF YOUR **FIGHTING EQUIPMENT?**

LISTEN, BRONZE BRITCHES,.. I WAS **LUCKY** TO ESCAPE AT **ALL** WHEN THE IMPERIALS **SNEAK-ATTACKED** MY WAR SLED!

AN' IF I HADN'T BEEN ON **FRIENDLY TERMS** WITH THE SNOW DEMONS... I'D PROBABLY BE ONE MORE **ICICLE** OUT ON THE TUNDRA!

FAFNIR AN' HIS HAIRY HORDES HAVE **POWER SKIS**, BUT TO CATCH UP WITH THE **SLED,** WE NEED THE LIKES OF THIS **SNOW FLYER**--

AN' IF YOUR **PHOTO-RECEPTORS** AREN'T **FROZEN**... YOU CAN SEE ITS **T-3 UNIT** CAUGHT ONE LASER BOLT TOO MANY!

VA-DEEP A-DOOT!

PARDON THAT UNSEEMLY OUTBURST, SIR, BUT ARTOO FEELS HE CAN TAKE ITS PLACE!

HE MAY HAVE THE PROGRAMMING... BUT THESE OLD FLYERS NEED A HEAVY DUTY DROID. HE COULDN'T TAKE THE STRAIN--

BEEEDA ORRIT!

I WON'T TRANSLATE THAT, SIR. STILL, FOR ALL HIS ANNOYING HABITS...ARTOO DOES SEEM TO RISE TO ANY CHALLENGE.

AN' WHAT CHOICE DO WE HAVE? OKAY, FAFNIR--GET THE STUBBY LITTLE SQUIRT UP HERE!

FAST!.. THOSE IMPERIALS HAVE A BIG JUMP ON US!

WHILE, BACK AT THE ICE CANYON...

ALL PERSONNEL ARE OFF THE SLED, COMMANDER.. AND HEADQUARTERS HAS TRANSPORT ON THE WAY!

THEN SEND THIS GREAT PILE OF REBEL JUNK TO ITS DOOM!

WHAT DO YOU MEAN...?! LUKE IS STILL ON BOARD!

"AND THERE HE'LL STAY, PRINCESS...TRUSSED UP ON THE BRIDGE WHERE HE CAN SEE WHAT'S IN STORE FOR HIM!

"BUT WHO KNOWS? PERHAPS IF YOU GROW TALKATIVE ENOUGH, SOON ENOUGH...THERE'LL BE A CHANCE TO SAVE HIM...

"...BEFORE THE WAR SLED FINISHES ROCKETING DOWN THIS PARTICULAR BRANCH OF THE CANYON...

"...WHICH ENDS AT THE GREAT GEYSER SEA!"

NEXT ISSUE: SNOW FURY!

STAR WARS

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ARCHIE GOODWIN WRITER * DAVE COCKRUM & JOHN TARTAG ARTISTS * DENISE WOHL LETTERER * NEL YOMTOV COLORIST

SNOW FURY!

THE EMPIRE STRIKES! IN THE POLAR REGION OF AKURIA TWO, LEIA AND LUKE HAVE BEEN TAKEN PRISONER BY IMPERIAL TROOPS, WHO POSED AS LOCAL REBELS THE PAIR WERE TO CONTACT.

HERE'S THE STRATO-HOPPER YOU ORDERED, COMMANDER! THEY REPORT A BIG STORM BUILDING BEHIND THEM!

THIS IS YOUR LAST CHANCE TO SAVE YOUR YOUNG COMPANION, PRINCESS.

THE WAR SLED IS ALREADY ROCKETING HIM ON HIS WAY TO DOOM--

--BUT I'LL ORDER THE 'HOPPER TO STOP IT ONCE YOU REVEAL THE PLANS OF YOUR REBEL ALLIANCE.

IF I THOUGHT THAT WERE TRUE, I MIGHT BE TEMPTED--

--BUT I'VE HAD TOO MUCH EXPERIENCE WITH IMPERIAL LIARS!

"ADD THE DEATH OF A FRIEND TO THAT EXPERIENCE, PRINCESS! FOR WHEN THE MOBILE FORTRESS WE'VE ABANDONED REACHES THE END OF THIS BRANCH OF THE ICE CANYON...

"...IT WILL CARRY SKYWALKER PLUNGING INTO THE GREAT GEYSER SEA!"

BUT ELSEWHERE IN THE ICY WASTES...

MORE THRUST, ARTOO! ACCORDING TO THE SCOPE, THE WAR SLED IS MOVING ALONG THE CANYON AHEAD!

AN' IF YOUR MASTERS ARE ABOARD IT, THEY'RE IN TROUBLE, BRONZE BRITCHES!

JUST AS SURE AS I'M COLONEL ODAN AN' AKURIA'S LEADIN' REBEL--

--THIS ROUTE CAN ONLY TAKE THAT OL' ICE-BURNER ON A ONE-WAY TRIP TO OBLIVION!

ARTOO DETOO! THAT'S TOO MUCH THRUST!

DESPITE THREEPIO'S FEARS, THE SNOW FLYER COMES DOWN ON TARGET... BUT NONE TOO GENTLY!

WELL, NOW YOU'VE DONE IT... WE'RE TRAPPED ON THIS JUGGERNAUT!

NEVER MIND THAT--

VA-DOOP!

--FAFNIR, BLAST OPEN THE MATCH!

AND ON THE HUGE VEHICLE'S BRIDGE...

MISTER SKYWALKER, I PRESUME! MY SNOW DEMON PAL WILL FREE YOU WHILE I HALT THIS THING!

YOU CAN'T! THE IMPERIALS FUSED THE CONTROLS!

BLAST THIS REVOLUTION BUSINESS! DOESN'T ANYTHING EVER COME EASY?!

LUCKY THIS USED TO BE MY SHIP--

RIP OPEN THE BULKHEAD PANELS, FAFNIR... WE HID POWER SKIS THERE FOR EMERGENCIES!

AND AS THE GEYSER SEA LOOMS BEFORE THE ON-RUSHING SLED...

CANYON WALL DIPS AHEAD... THAT'S OUR BEST SHOT!

IF WE'RE EVER GONNA MAKE THE JUMP--

--LET'S MAKE IT NOW!

AS FIVE FIGURES SOAR SAFELY TO THE ICE CANYON WALL... THE WAR SLED SHOOTS TO ITS DOOM!

BOOM

OUR WOES ARE FAR FROM OVER, PEOPLE--

HERE COMES THE MAIN BODY OF THE STORM! IF WIND-WHIPPED ICE DON'T SLICE US TO RIBBONS--

--ODDS ARE WE'LL BE BLOWN OVER THE CLIFF INTO THAT BOILIN' SEA!

NEXT ISSUE: TO SAVE A PRINCESS!

STAR WARS

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RICK PARKER — LETTERER
MARIE SEVERIN — COLORIST

THE ICE WORM COMETH!

ARCTIC FURY! FANTASTIC STORM WINDS WHIP ACROSS THE POLAR WASTES OF AKURIA TWO TO BATTER A RECENTLY RESCUED LUKE SKYWALKER AND COMPANY!

WE'RE FINISHED, BOY...! IF ONE'A THOSE CHUNKS OF FLYIN' ICE DON'T CUT US IN TWO--

--THIS BLASTED GALE'S GONNA BLOW US OFF THE CLIFF INTO THE GEYSER SEA!

NO, COLONEL ODAN... NOT IF WE ACT QUICKLY!

ARTOO, TURN YOUR HEAT INDUCTION UNIT ON THE GROUND...!

COLONEL, YOU AND THE SNOW DEMON USE YOUR BLASTERS THE SAME WAY!

DO AS HE SAYS, FAFNIR... I SEE WHAT HE'S UP TO!

WE CAN *MELT* A TRENCH INTO THE SNOW AND GET DOWN *OUT* OF THE WIND.

VABREET!

THIS IS NO TIME TO *GROUSE* ABOUT STRAINED *CIRCUITRY*, ARTOO! MORE *HEAT*, MORE--

BUT SUDDENLY... THE GROUP IS MEETING WITH MORE *SUCCESS* THAN THEY CAN *HANDLE*!

THE *GROUND'S* GIVING WAY...!

I-IT'S SOME KIND OF *CAVE*...OR *TUNNEL*...!

NOT *QUITE*, SKYWALKER.

THIS IS AN *ICE WORM BURROW*...! THE POLAR REGION'S *HONEY-COMBED* WITH 'EM!

ME AN' MY REBELS SOMETIMES USED 'EM FOR *HIDIN'*... THE CREATURES THAT *MAKE* 'EM ARE ALMOST ALL *EXTINCT*!

COLONEL...! THIS ONE GOES OFF IN THE DIRECTION WE *CAME* FROM--

WITH THAT **STORM** ON THE SURFACE, THE IMPERIALS WHO CAPTURED **PRINCESS LEIA** ARE BOUND TO BE **STALLED**--

BUT THERE'S NOTHING TO STOP **US** FROM MOVING THROUGH THESE TUNNELS **AFTER** THEM!

YOU'VE A FINE **HEAD** ON YOUR SHOULDERS, SKYWALKER!

PLAIN TO SEE WHY THE PRINCESS BROUGHT **YOU** ALONG ON HER MISSION TO ENLIST **MY** GROUP IN THE REBEL ALLIANCE.

ARTOO VERIFIES THAT THE **FALL** DIDN'T **DAMAGE** OUR POWER SKIS, MASTER LUKE...!

GREAT, THREEPIO!

BOOP!

NOW WE'RE **SURE** TO OVER-TAKE THAT BUNCH!

ONLY **ONE** POSSIBLE **HITCH** I CAN FIGURE, BOY--

--IF THE WORM WHO MADE **THIS** BURROW AIN'T GOT-TEN THE **WORD** THAT IT'S EXTINCT!

AND ON **THAT** CHEERFUL NOTE...

...THE GROUP LAUNCHES INTO THEIR **MISSION.** BUT WITHIN THE DARKNESS **BEHIND** THEM, SOMETHING **HUGE** STIRS...

... AND SLITHERS **FORWARD** IN OMINOUS PURSUIT!

NEXT: **SHOWDOWN!**

STAR WARS

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SHOWDOWN

WHILE A POLAR STORM RAGES ABOVE, LUKE AND HIS COMPANIONS MOVE BENEATH THE SURFACE OF AKURIA TWO ON A DESPERATE RESCUE MISSION...

WHY WE STOPPIN', SKYWALKER? AN ICE WORM BURROW AIN'T THE BEST PLACE FOR DILLY-DALLYIN'.

ARTOO-DETOO'S MAKING MORE NOISE THAN A CANTINA BAND, COLONEL ODAN!

WHAT'S IT ALL ABOUT, THREEPIO?

EEEET TKLK BOOP!

HIS SENSORS HAVE DETECTED HEATING EQUIPMENT IN OPERATION, MASTER LUKE--

-- DIRECTLY OVERHEAD! A LARGE UNIT... SUCH AS A STRATO-HOPPER MIGHT HAVE!

IT HAS TO BE THE IMPERIAL TROOPS WHO CAPTURED PRINCESS LEIA! THE STORM'S GROUNDED THEM LIKE I FIGURED!

ER... THAT'S THE GOOD PART, SIR. THE BAD IS: HE'S ALSO DETECTED A LARGE, LIVING ORGANISM!

-- COMING UP THE TUNNEL *BEHIND* US!

ICE WORM!

COLONEL, I THOUGHT YOU SAID THEY WERE *EXTINCT!* *

I SAID *ALMOST,* BOY... WE JUST GOT *LUCKY!*

*LAST ISSUE--LOUIE.

BEEN THE STORY OF MY WHOLE *CAREER* AS AKURIA TWO'S *REBEL LEADER--!*

BUT THAT MAY BE *ALL OVER...!* OUR BLASTERS AIN'T *PHASIN'* HIM!

GET TO YOUR *POWER SKIS!*

HE'S TOO *CLOSE* TO *OUTRUN,* SKYWALKER!

I *KNOW!* BUT ALL THE *ICE* AND *EXHAUST* WE'RE KICKING UP AGAINST THOSE SENSITIVE *TENDRILS--*

--MAY BE *ENOUGH* TO MAKE HIM *TURN!*

AND TURN THE MIGHTY CREATURE DOES... UPWARD! TOWARD THE SURFACE WHERE...

...THE DOWNED IMPERIAL STRATO-HOPPER IS WAITING OUT THE STORM!

COME ON! UP THIS HOLE IT MADE!

WE'VE GOT TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THE IMPERIALS BEING BUSY WITH THAT THING!

YOU JUST HAD A SHOWDOWN WITH AN ICE WORM, BOY--

--DON'T YOU EVEN WANT A BREATHER?

SURE! BUT I DON'T THINK PRINCESS LEIA CAN AFFORD IT!

LET'S MOVE!

AND, AS IF IN ANSWER TO LUKE'S FEARS...

MY TROOPERS WILL DEAL WITH THE BEAST, PRINCESS... THE STORM'S EASED ENOUGH FOR ME TO USE OUR EMERGENCY SNOW FLYER TO DELIVER YOU ON TO THE EMPIRE'S POLAR BASE!

NEXT: PURSUIT!

Long ago in a galaxy far, far away. . .there exists a state of cosmic *civil war*. A brave alliance of *underground freedom fighters* has challenged the tyranny and oppression of the awesome *Galactic Empire*. This is their story!

Lucasfilm PRESENTS: STAR WARS — THE GREATEST SPACE FANTASY OF ALL!

★ ARCHIE GOODWIN WRITER ★ DAVE COCKRUM ARTIST ★ RICK PARKER LETTERER ★ HOWARD BENDER TONIST ★

A SNOW FLYER SKIMS FRANTICALLY ACROSS AKURIA TWO'S POLAR WASTES.

AN EMPIRE MILITARY BASE IS ITS DESTINATION...

PRINCESS LEIA ORGANA IS ITS UNWILLING PRISONER/PASSENGER.

AND THIS IS THE SCENE IT FLEES...

LOOKS LIKE THE BATTLE BETWEEN THE STORM TROOPERS AND THE ICE WORM WAS A DRAW, SKYWALKER--

--BOTH SIDES LOST!

NOT QUITE, COLONEL ODAN! THE IMPERIAL COMMANDER'S GETTING AWAY WITH THE PRINCESS!

GET OUR POWER SKIS... FAST!

PURSUIT!

AND SOON, IN THE SNOW FLYER'S COCKPIT... IMAGES APPEAR ON ITS TRACKING SCOPE!

SKIERS CLOSING IN ON US! I THOUGHT WE'D WIPED OUT ALL THE REBELS YOU WERE SENT HERE TO CONTACT, YOUR HIGHNESS--

--BUT MY MEN DIDN'T HAVE ANY SUCH EQUIPMENT, SO WHOEVER IT IS--

--WILL GET TO SAMPLE OUR ION-BLAST MISSILES!

CHKLIK!

CHKLAK!

BUT, AS THE COMMANDER'S FINGER IS ON THE "FIRE" BUTTON...

...LEIA STRIKES AT THE FLYER'S CONTROLS!

THE SNOWCRAFT CAREENS, AND THE LAUNCHED MISSILES' PROGRAMMED TRAJECTORY...

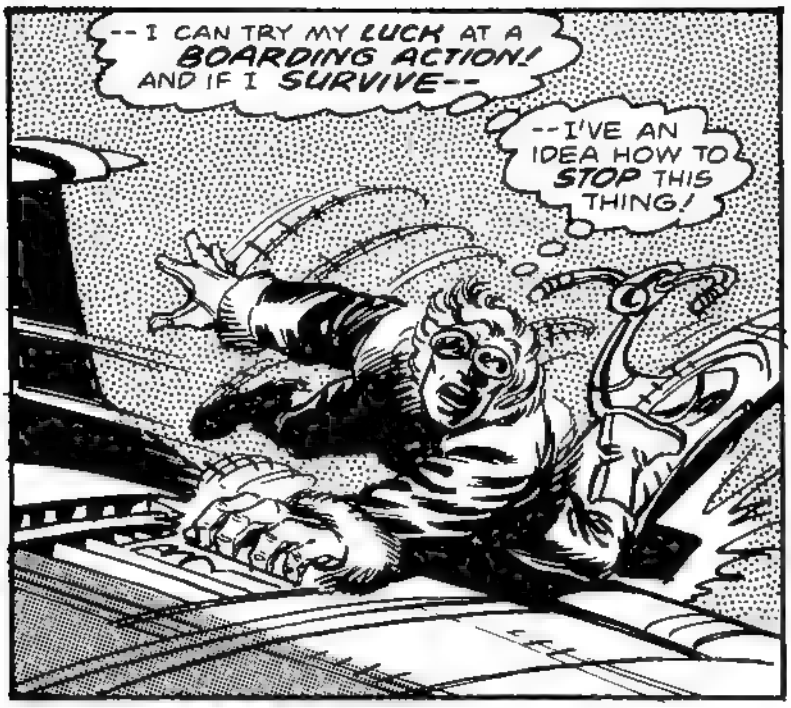
...IS THROWN OFF!

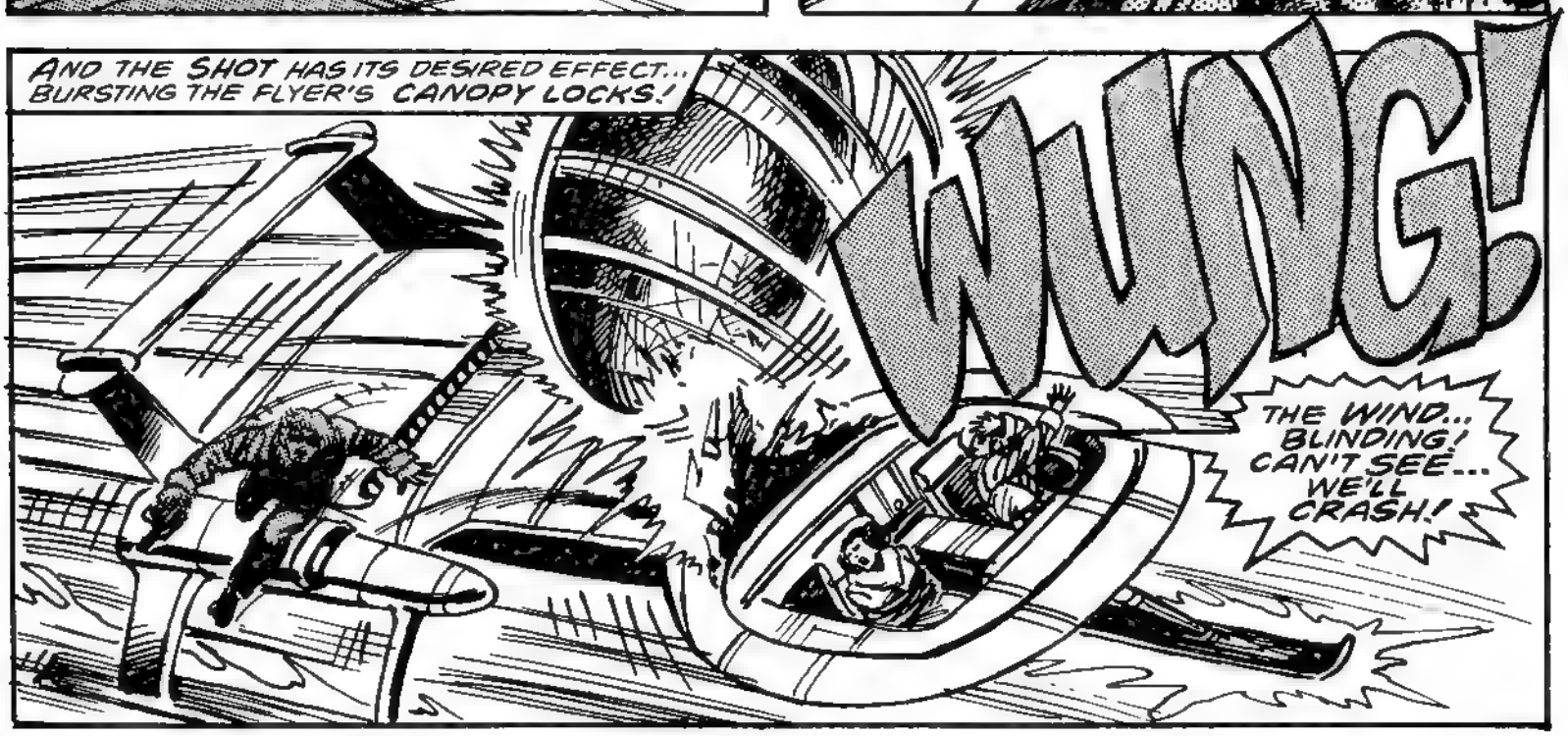
STILL, THE BLASTS SCATTER THE PURSUERS..WITH ONE EXCEPTION...

...THE LEAD SKIER, LUKE SKYWALKER!

CAN'T RISK A BLASTER SHOT... MIGHT HIT LEIA!

BUT IF I CAN GET A LITTLE CLOSER--





BUT, AS LUKE KNEW IT WOULD, THE AUTOMATIC SAFETY EQUIPMENT CUTS IN...

...TO SHUT DOWN THE ENGINES AND BRING THE FLYER TO A HALT!
SO! DESPITE MY BEST EFFORTS, THIS MOTLEY CREW SURVIVES TO THWART ME...!
WELL, YOU'VE RESCUED THE PRINCESS... BUT THAT'S ALL YOU'VE DONE!

I'VE ALREADY INFORMED THE BASE THAT I'M BRINGING HER IN! WHEN I DON'T APPEAR--
--EVERY TIE FIGHTER THERE WILL BE SENT TO FIND AND DESTROY YOU!

BUT THE COMMANDER HAS RECKONED WITHOUT THE RESOURCEFULNESS OF THE REBEL BAND--

YOU'RE MAD... THE WHOLE LOT OF YOU!

SHUT UP, COMMANDER... AND TRANSMIT THE PROPER RECOGNITION SIGNALS.

YOU WERE TRYING TO BRING THE PRINCESS HERE WHEN WE CAUGHT UP WITH YOU.

NOW THAT WE'VE REPAIRED YOUR SNOW FLYER... JUST THINK OF THIS AS FULFILLING YOUR MISSION.

AND AS THE BEST WAY TO KEEP US FROM BLASTIN' YOUR HEAD INTO ORBIT.!

THE FORTRESS IS OPENING ITS ENERGY GATES, MASTER LUKE.

HALT US RIGHT IN THE **MIDDLE** OF IT, THREEPIO! THAT'LL KEEP THE BEAMS **JAMMED**--

--UNTIL ARTOO DOES **HIS** JOB!

BUH-WEET!

HE SAYS EVERYBODY **OUT!**

AND FROM HIS ENGINE HOUSING STATION...

*...THE LITTLE DROID ISN'T **LONG** IN REVERSING THE PROPER COMBUSTION FEED LINES TO TURN THE FLIER...*

*...INTO A **BOMB!***

THAT LEAVES THEM WITH A **GAPING HOLE** INSTEAD OF A **GATE!**

*AND TO **FILL** THAT GAPING HOLE, **HUNDREDS** OF GREAT SHAGGY FIGURES ON POWER SKIS COME SWARMING OUT OF THE NEARBY HILLS...*

YOUR FURRY FRIEND, **FAFNIR,** MUST'VE ROUNDED UP EVERY **SNOW DEMON** IN THE POLAR WASTES, COL. ODAN!

THE IMPERIALS HAVE HUNTED 'EM LIKE **ANIMALS** FOR YEARS. THEY'VE BEEN ITCHIN' TO **STRIKE BACK!**--

--A **BREAK** IN THESE DEFENSES IS **ALL** THEY NEEDED, SKYWALKER.

IT'S LIKE YOU **FIGURED,** PRINCESS! MOST OF THE FORT'S **CANNON** WERE SET UP AGAINST **AERIAL ATTACK**--

BUT **SOME** ARE, LUKE... THE SNOW DEMONS WILL NEED **HELP!**

THEY AREN'T **ANGLED** FOR GROUND FIGHTING!

THAT'S WHAT I MEAN TO **GIVE** THEM--

--ONCE I REACH THIS **TIE FIGHTER!**

BUT AS LUKE REACHES **HIS** GOAL... SOMEONE **ELSE** REACHES A LASER BATTERY!

A **REBEL** IS IN THAT SHIP! HE AND HIS FRIENDS LOST INTEREST IN KEEPING **ME** PRISONER WHEN THEIR **ATTACK** WAS LAUNCHED!

AS SOON AS HE'S **HIGH** ENOUGH...BLAST HIM FROM THE **SKY.**

EXCEPT... THE **TIE FIGHTER** DOESN'T **TAKE** TO THE SKY.

IF I KEEP AT **LOW LEVEL**... MOST OF THEIR GUNS CAN'T **NAIL** ME!

NOT **TOO** TRICKY... FOR SOMEBODY USED TO RUNNING **BEGGAR'S CANYON** BACK ON TATOOINE!

THE LASERS THAT **DO** POSE A DANGER ARE TAKEN OUT **FIRST**... AND THE **REST** OF THE FORTRESS SWIFTLY **FOLLOWS**...

THERE ARE RETURNING **FIGHTER PATROLS** TO DEAL WITH ALSO. LEIA TAKES A SHIP TO **HELP.** AND ULTIMATELY, INEVITABLY...

... A LAST CHANCE PAYS OFF IN **VICTORY!**

YOU CAME HERE TO BRING ME AN' MY REBELS INTO YOUR **ALLIANCE,** PRINCESS... AFTER TODAY, **NOTHIN'** COULD KEEP US OUT!

AND PERHAPS BY **TOMORROW,** IT WON'T BE JUST FORTRESSES FALLING, COLONEL-- BUT THE **EMPIRE** ITSELF!

NEXT WEEK: **RETURN OF THE HUNTER!**

PRICE 12p
No 94 Dec 12 1979
EVERY WEDNESDAY

CHEWBACCA BETRAYED BY HAN SOLO!

STAR WARS™ WEEKLY

PLUS: DEATHLOK
GUARDIANS OF
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TALES OF THE WATCHER

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ARCHIE GOODWIN WRITER / CARMINE INFANTINO AND PABLO MARCOS ARTISTS / IRV WATANABE LETTERER / HOWARD BENDER TONIST

THE KESSEL RUN! DAYS BEFORE A CERTAIN FATEFUL MEETING WITH AN AGING JEDI KNIGHT AND A YOUNG MOISTURE FARMER IN THE MOS EISLEY CANTINA, HAN SOLO AND CHEWBACCA CONDUCT BUSINESS AS USUAL...SPICE SMUGGLING FOR JABBA THE HUTT. BUT MANY FACTORS WILL CONVERGE TO MAKE THIS A SOMEWHAT LESS THAN USUAL RUN, NOT THE LEAST OF WHICH IS THE...

WAY OF THE WOOKIEE!

YOWW!

THAT LUMBERING HULK *CUT US OFF!*

IF YOU HADN'T SOUNDED OFF WHEN YOU DID, PAL, WE'D BE ONE MORE *DENT* IN ITS UGLY BULKHEAD!

BUT WE WON'T TAKE THIS SITTING ON OUR DEFLECTOR SHIELDS! *TWO* CAN PLAY AT STEALING LANDING APPROACHES--

VORRT!

LET IT *GO*? WE'VE GOT A *REPUTATION* TO MAINTAIN! IF WE LET EVERY CARGO-HEAVY SPACE BARGE--

WARRW!

WELL, ON *SECOND* THOUGHT--

SINCE, AS YOU POINT OUT, IT'S AN *IMPERIAL PRISON SHIP*--

--WE'LL LET IT *SLIDE* THIS TIME.

IT'S A LOT BETTER TO BE PICKING UP SPICE *FROM* KESSEL THAN TO WIND UP BEING HAULED THERE AS SLAVES TO *MINE* IT!

FORMOS... AS PLANETS GO, IT ISN'T MUCH. BUT ITS PROXIMITY TO SPICE-RICH KESSEL HAS GIVEN IT A CERTAIN APPEAL TO SMUGGLERS, ADVENTURERS, MORE OR LESS HONEST MERCHANTS AND MINERS, AND SOMETIMES... THE ARMED FORCES OF THE EMPIRE.

HALT THE SQUAD, SERGEANT. THAT SHIP LOOKS FAMILIAR.

SECTER

I HAVE THE DISTINCT IMPRESSION I STOPPED YOUR VESSEL THE LAST TIME I WAS ON PATROL IN THIS SECTOR... SUSPICION OF SMUGGLING.

WELL NOW, IN THIS NEIGHBOURHOOD THERE'S ALWAYS THAT, YOUR HONOUR ...BUT THESE SMALL FREIGHTERS HAVE A WAY OF LOOKING ALIKE!

AS YOU CAN SEE FROM OUR PAPERS... THIS IS OUR FIRST TRIP HERE.

ME AN' MY MATE ARE HOPING TO PICK UP SOME MINING EQUIPMENT CHEAP ...THEN PEDDLE IT FOR A PROFIT OUT IN THE RIM-WORLDS.

EVERYTHING LOOKS IN ORDER...

THE SHIP I STOPPED ALSO HAD A WOOKIEE ABOARD.

IT HAPPENS, SIR. AND IF THERE'S ONE THING FOR CERTAIN... IT'S THAT THOSE FUZZY FACES LOOK EVEN MORE ALIKE THAN FREIGHTERS DO.

GO ON... FOR NOW. BUT I'LL HAVE MY EYE ON YOU TWO.

IT'LL BE JUST AS WELCOME AS A HIVE OF DELPHON PLAGUE WASPS.

I'M TELLIN' YOU, BIG BUDDY, IT GETS HARDER AND HARDER TO EARN A DISHONEST LIVING IN THIS GALAXY!

AH! AT LEAST **SOMETHING'S** GOIN' RIGHT... HERE COMES JABBA'S **CONTACT MAN,** RIGHT ON SCHEDULE.

WE'LL FIND OUT WHERE TO PICK UP OUR LOAD OF SPICE AND GET OFF THIS ROCK SO FAST IT'LL LEAVE **DUST** IN THAT IMPERIAL WATCHDOG'S EYE!

HEY! WHAT IS THIS, N'MRITH? SNUBBING OLD FRIENDS...!

DON'T ACT LIKE YOU **KNOW** ME, CORELLIAN... WALK ON. YOU'VE BEEN INDISCREET ENOUGH TO ATTRACT THE EMPIRE'S ATTENTION...I DON'T WANT IT PASSED ALONG TO ME!

MEET ME AT ZORD'S ATMOSPHERE BATHS.

AND...

GWORCH!

YEAH, YEAH. I **KNOW** HOW HARD THIS IS ON YOUR FUR. WATCHING MYSELF SWEAT ISN'T **MY** IDEA OF A GOOD TIME EITHER.

THIS WAY... WE CAN TALK **SAFELY** HERE.

DELIGHTFUL, ISN'T IT...? ALL THE DAMP, STEAMY WARMTH OF HOME!

YOUR HOME MAYBE, N'MRITH ...NOT CHEWIE'S AND NOT MINE!

GET TO THE POINT **FAST...** BEFORE THE GALAXY'S PRIZE SPICE HUSTLERS WILT!

THE **POINT,** MY DEAR SOLO--IF YOU'LL EXCUSE A BIT OF LEVITY-- IS THAT THE **HEAT** IS ON.

THE IMPERIAL GENTLEMAN WHOSE **ATTENTION** YOU ATTRACTED IS COMMANDER QUIRT... RECENTLY MADE CAPTAIN OF THAT **PRISON SHIP** WHICH NOW HUNKERS SO OMINIOUSLY AT OUR FAIR SPACE PORT.

THERE'S BEEN A SHORTAGE OF **WORKERS** AT THE SPICE MINES...THE EMPIRE HAS RAISED ITS QUOTAS.

SO THE GOOD COMMANDER IS FORAGING HERE FOR LIKELY **CANDIDATES** BEFORE PROCEEDING ON TO KESSEL!

A WORD TO THE WISE IS SUFFICIENT, SOLO. IN VIEW OF YOUR RECKLESS NATURE...I'LL ADD SEVERAL MORE.

QUIRT IS AMBITIOUS...ANXIOUS TO ***PLEASE*** HIS SUPERIORS! CAUTION, DISCRETION ARE THE ORDER OF THE DAY...NO SCENES, NO FRIVOLITIES! ***NOTHING*** UNTIL I CONTACT YOU ABOUT THE SPICE!

SURE, N'MRITH... SURE, WE APPRECIATE THE ADVICE...WE'VE NEVER SMUGGLED ANYTHING BEFORE!

TRUST JABBA TO HAVE A CHAMPION ***WORRY WART*** LOOKIN' AFTER HIS INTERESTS! WHAT DOES N'MRITH THINK...WE'RE NOT ***PROFESSIONALS?***

ACTS LIKE WE'RE GLORY-BRAINED ***REBELS*** ...READY TO LAY INTO THE FIRST SQUAD OF ***STORMTROOPERS*** WE SEE!

A-ROWRR!

CHEWIE...? ***CHEWIE!***

WHAT ARE YOU ***DOING?*** ***NO!***

THERE IS NO TIME TO HESITATE. HAN SOLO'S HAND MOVES WITH THE SPEED AND SURENESS THAT HAVE MADE HIM A FIGURE TO BE RECKONED WITH IN ANY CANTINA BRAWL OR SMUGGLING DISPUTE...

...AS HE **STOPS** HIS CHARGING MATE THE ONLY WAY HE CAN!

VDAK!

PEACE, FELLAS...! **PEACE!** MY BLASTER WAS ON **STUN**...!

THIS IS ALL A BIG **MISUNDERSTAND-ING**... BUT I CAN EX-PLAIN **EVERYTHING!** JUST...UH... **GIVE** ME A COUPLE OF SECONDS...!

NEXT WEEK: A RARE GLIMPSE INTO CHEWIE'S PAST: **BATTLE** OF THE **WOOKIEES!**

THE WOOKIEE'S CODE: FIGHT OR DIE!

STAR WARS™ WEEKLY

PRICE 12p
No. 95 Dec. 19, 1979
EVERY WEDNESDAY

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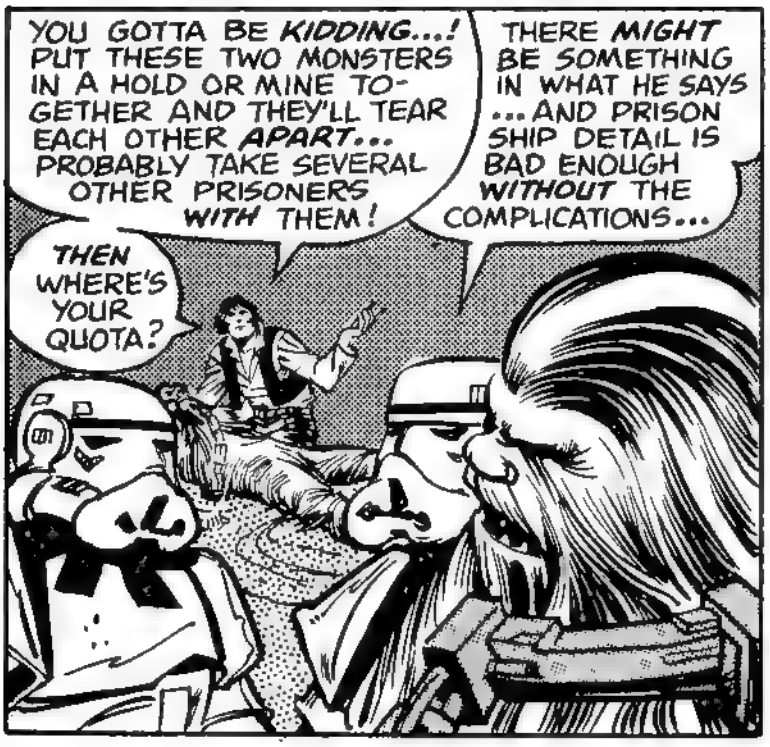
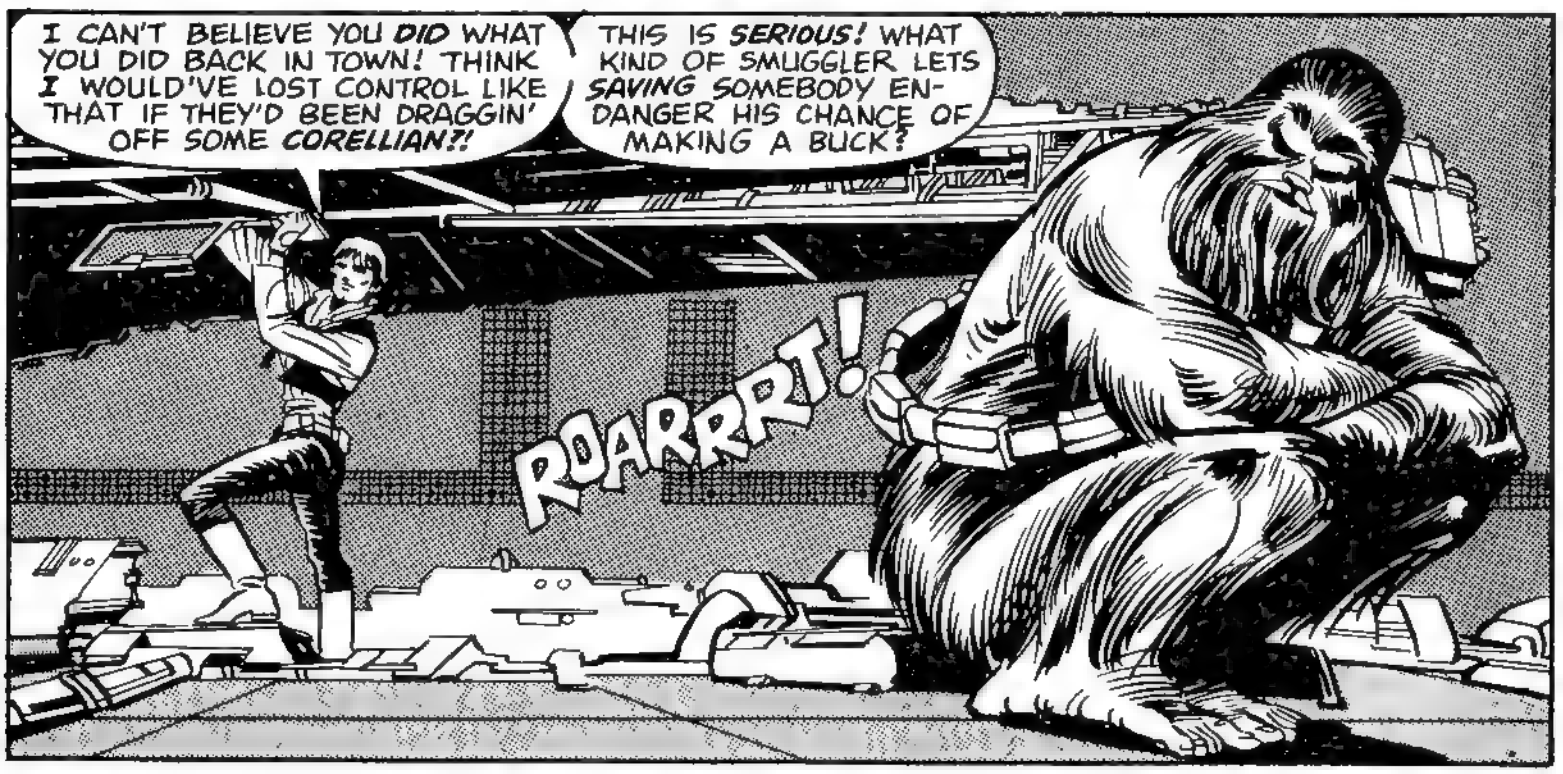
SHORTLY BEFORE THEY MET UP WITH BEN KENOBI AND LUKE SKYWALKER, HAN SOLO AND CHEWBACCA MAKE A SMUGGLING DEAL IN ZORD'S ATMOSPHERE BATHS ON THE PLANET FORMOS...
THINGS ARE--IF YOU'LL PARDON THE PUN, SOLO--HOT. AND THEY'LL STAY HOT AS LONG AS THE EMPIRE'S QUIRT IS HERE LOOKING FOR SLAVE LABOUR.
JABBA WANTS YOU TO LAY LOW--AND KEEP OUT OF TROUBLE --UNTIL I CONTACT YOU ABOUT THE SPICE.
TRUST JABBA TO HAVE A WORRIER WORKIN' FOR HIM! N'MRITH ACTS LIKE WE'RE GLORY-BRAINED REBELS... READY TO LAY INTO THE FIRST SQUAD OF STORM TROOPERS WE--
A-WOWRK!
CHEWIE...? CHEWIE!
WHAT ARE YOU DOING? NO!
AND AS CHEWIE RUSHES TO ATTACK THE ARMED GUARDS...
PEACE, FELLAS...! PEACE! MY BLASTER WAS SET ON STUN...!
THIS IS ALL A BIG MISUNDERSTANDING ...BUT I CAN EXPLAIN EVERYTHING! JUST... UH... GIVE ME A COUPLE OF SECONDS...!
...HAN SOLO REALIZES THAT THERE IS ONLY ONE WAY TO STOP THE SUDDENLY ENRAGED WOOKIEE...
AND DOES!
VDAK!
CHEWBACCA FIGHTS ALONE!

AH... RIGHT! YOU... UH... GOTTA UNDER-STAND THE... ER...THE WAY OF THE WOOKIEE! IT'S A...MATTER OF HONOUR!
MY FIRST MATE SAW THIS FELLOW WOOKIEE IN DISGRACE...OBVIOUSLY TURNED IMPERIAL CRIMI-NAL! THAT JUST DRIVES AN HONEST WOOKIEE BERSERK...!

HE DIDN'T MEAN ANY HARM TO YOU GUYS... ONLY TO WIPE OUT THIS BLACK MARK ON HIS RACE!
WHAT DO YOU THINK...? SHOULD WE FORGET IT?
I THINK COLONEL QUIRT WOULD LOVE TO BE TWO WARM BODIES CLOSER TO FULFILLING OUR QUOTA FOR THE SPICE MINES!


YOU GOTTA BE KIDDING...! PUT THESE TWO MONSTERS IN A HOLD OR MINE TO-GETHER AND THEY'LL TEAR EACH OTHER APART... PROBABLY TAKE SEVERAL OTHER PRISONERS WITH THEM!
THERE MIGHT BE SOMETHING IN WHAT HE SAYS ...AND PRISON SHIP DETAIL IS BAD ENOUGH WITHOUT THE COMPLICATIONS...
THEN WHERE'S YOUR QUOTA?

WITH A SIGH, HAN WATCHES THEM GO...HIS RE-LIEF SPOILED SLIGHTLY BY THE HARD UNFATHOM-ABLE STARE OF THE DEPARTING WOOKIEE PRISONER.


I CAN'T BELIEVE YOU DID WHAT YOU DID BACK IN TOWN! THINK I WOULD'VE LOST CONTROL LIKE THAT IF THEY'D BEEN DRAGGIN' OFF SOME CORELLIAN?!
THIS IS SERIOUS! WHAT KIND OF SMUGGLER LETS SAVING SOMEBODY EN-DANGER HIS CHANCE OF MAKING A BUCK?
ROARRRR!

STOP THE CHATTER 'CAUSE YOU HAVE A *HEADACHE* FROM BEING STUNNED...?

CHEWIE, YOU'RE LUCKY TO HAVE A *HEAD...!* IF THE TROOPERS HAD OPENED FIRE INSTEAD OF ME...

COME **ON**, PAL! TELL ME WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT!

GRAAWRK!

IT GOES BACK TO YOUR HOME OF *KASHYYYK*...? BACK BEFORE YOU *KNEW* ME...?

"BACK THEN, THAT PRISONER OF THE STORMTROOPERS AND YOU WERE *RIVALS* ...GROWING OUT OF A LONG STANDING *FEUD* BETWEEN FAMILIES.

"A FEUD THAT FINALLY ERUPTED IN A *BATTLE ROYAL* BETWEEN YOU AND THIS GUY, *HRONK*...

"ONLY BEFORE IT COULD BE **SETTLED**...WITH HIM SORT OF AHEAD ON **POINTS**...

"...ONE OF THE EMPIRE'S WORK FORCE IMPRESSMENT CREWS SUDDENLY SHOWED ON THE SCENE AND PROCEEDED TO BREAK THINGS UP!"

TO AVOID A YEAR'S SERVICE WITH AN IMPERIAL DEFOLIATION PROJECT...YOU GOT OFF THE PLANET FAST!

SO WHAT'S THE **PROBLEM**, BIG BUDDY...? OBVIOUSLY THIS **HRONK** CHARACTER DID THE SAME THING--

--ONLY **HE'S** WOUND UP ON HIS WAY TO THE SPICE MINES OF KESSEL! SINCE THAT'S TRADITIONALLY A ONE WAY TRIP...POOF! NO MORE **FEUD!**

WHY GO WILD TRYIN' TO **FINISH** HRONK...? THE EMPIRE'S DOIN' IT **FOR** YOU!

AWORRRRK!

AFTER ALL MY TIME ON KASHYYYK...I **STILL** DON'T UNDERSTAND THE WAY OF THE **WOOKIEE?**

WELL, MAYBE WHEN I'M PUSHING **TWO HUNDRED** LIKE YOU I WILL...! BUT SOMEHOW...I **DOUBT** IT!

CAPTAIN SOLO...?

I'VE A MESSAGE FROM THE HONOURABLE **N'MRITH**, SIR. THE **MINING EQUIPMENT** YOU'VE REQUESTED WILL BE DELIVERED AT **MIDNIGHT.**

YOU **HEAR** THAT, CHEWIE? I GUESS EVERYTHING IS COPASETIC. **CHEWIE...?**

HIS PARTNER'S SUDDEN ABSENCE TROUBLES HAN...THEN HE SHRUGS. EVEN A VENDETTA-CRAZED WOOKIEE WOULDN'T BE FOOLISH ENOUGH TO TRY TO CRACK AN IMPERIAL PRISON SHIP! NO MATTER HOW BADLY HE WANTS HIS FOE...

FORTUNATELY, THE **IMPERIALS** ARE JUST AS WRONG IN THEIR THINKING AS THE CORELLIAN FREIGHTER CAPTAIN. A LONE DESCENT BY CARGO LOADING CRANE INTO AN OPEN STORAGE HATCH IS UNTHINKABLE MADNESS

NIGHTFALL FINDS THEIR DEFENSES, MECHANIZED AND SENTIENT, TUNED AGAINST THE POSSIBILITY OF MASSIVE ATTACK.

THE NOTION OF A SOLITARY INVADER, WITHOUT DETECTABLE WEAPONS...

...MOVING LIKE A GREAT BROWN GHOST THROUGH THEIR WELL-PATROLLED CORRIDORS AND BAYS...

...TO FINALLY STRIKE IN THEIR DETENTION HOLD IS TOTALLY **INCONCEIVABLE!**

SHORT MOMENTS LATER ...CHAOS ERUPTS!

CAPTAIN! WHAT IN THE EMPEROR'S NAME IS GOING ON?!

BLAST-SEAL YOUR COMPARTMENT, SIR! SOMEONE'S OPENED THE DETENTION HOLD... THE PRISONERS ARE SCATTERING ALL OVER THE SHIP!

GUARDS POUR IN FROM EVERYWHERE INCLUDING THE OUTSIDE PERIMETER. SLOWLY, AT A PRICE, ORDER IS RESTORED...

...ONLY A FEW ESCAPED, COLONEL QUIRT! WE'RE RUNNING A COMPUTER CHECK TO LEARN THEIR IDENTITIES!

ONE IS A WOOKIEE NAMED HRONK... WHO HAD TO BE STUNNED BEFORE HE WOULD ACCOMPANY HIS RESCUER!

0100 HOURS...

I AM CONCERNED, SOLO... LOADING IS NEARLY COMPLETED AND YOUR FIRST MATE IS CONSPICUOUSLY ABSENT.

WITH THE GREAT CLAMOUR OVER AT THE IMPERIAL LANDING ZONE... A DELAYED DEPARTURE WOULD SEEM MOST INADVISABLE.

CHEWIE NEVER MISSED A TAKE-OFF IN HIS LIFE, N'MRITH. LIKE I SAID, HE HAD TO RUN INTO TOWN AT THE LAST MINUTE TO-- UH--

NEXT WEEK: SHOWDOWN WITH HRONK! WITH THE EMPIRE!

HAN SOLO'S FATAL GAMBLE AGAINST THE EMPIRE!

STAR WARS™ WEEKLY

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EVERY WEDNESDAY

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SEVERAL DAYS BEFORE THEIR FIRST FATEFUL MEETING WITH **BEN KENOBI** AND **LUKE SKYWALKER**, WE FIND **HAN SOLO** AND **CHEWBACCA** ON THE PLANET FORMOS--IN BIG **TROUBLE**...

CHEWIE'S ABOUT TO ATTACK THAT GROUP OF IMPERIALS WHO'VE GOT A **WOOKIEE PRISONER**.

GOT TO STUN-BLAST HIM...**QUICK!**

VDAK!

LATER, CHEWIE EXPLAINS THAT THE CAPTIVE WOOKIEE WAS AN OLD **RIVAL** OF HIS. THEY HAD BEEN BATTLING TOGETHER...

...WHEN IMPERIAL SLAVERS BROKE UP THEIR BATTLE--A BATTLE WHICH REMAINED **UNRESOLVED!**

WELL, THAT'S A HEART-RENDING STORY, CHEWIE. BUT **YOU** GOT AWAY--AND THE EMPIRE GOT **HRONK!** SO... POOF! NO MORE **FEUD!**

AWORRRK!

YOU SAY I STILL DON'T UNDERSTAND THE **WAY** OF THE **WOOKIEE!** WELL, MAYBE NOT...

...BUT WE'VE GOT MORE **IMPORTANT** THINGS TO WORRY ABOUT--LIKE THAT SPICE N'MRITH IS HELPING US **SMUGGLE** OUT TODAY!

BUT A SHORT TIME LATER, WE FIND CHEWIE ENGAGED IN A ONE-MAN **RESCUE MISSION** ON AN IMPERIAL PRISON SHIP...

...A MISSION WHERE THE RESCUED HAD TO BE **STUNNED** BEFORE HE WOULD ACCOMPANY HIS RESCUER!

AND AS THE **ILLICIT SPICE** IS BROUGHT ABOARD THE FALCON...

I AM **CONCERNED**, SOLO...LOADING IS NEARLY **COMPLETED** AND YOUR FIRST MATE IS CONSPICUOUSLY **ABSENT.**

WITH THE GREAT **CLAMOUR** OVER AT THE IMPERIAL LOADING ZONE...A DELAYED DEPARTURE WOULD SEEM **MOST** INADVISABLE.

CHEWIE NEVER MISSED A **TAKE-OFF** IN HIS LIFE, N'MRITH. LIKE I SAID, HE HAD TO RUN INTO **TOWN** AT THE LAST MINUTE TO--UH--

SWITCH!

--PICK UP SOME... AH... ***PERSONAL*** ITEMS!

C'MON...! I KNOW YOU'RE A LITTLE MIFFED 'CAUSE I WON'T LET YOU OR YOUR DROIDS SEE WHERE I HIDE THE ***SPICE***... BUT US SMUGGLERS GOTTA HAVE ***SOME*** SECRETS, RIGHT?

RELAX! I'LL STILL TELL JABBA WHAT A ***GREAT JOB*** YOU'RE DOIN'!

BUT THE SECOND N'MRITH AND HIS LOADING TEAM DEPART...

OH ***NO*** YOU DON'T! YOU'RE NOT JEOPARDIZING A SHIPLOAD OF ***SPICE*** TO SMUGGLE THAT FUGITIVE FURBALL IN ONE OF OUR SECRET COMPARTMENTS!

WE'RE A LONG WAY FROM KASHYYYK, BIG BUDDY... HAULIN' HIM ALONG SO YOU CAN SETTLE SOME CRAZY POINT OF ***HONOUR*** IS OUT!

I'M SORRY YOUR BRAWL GOT INTERRUPTED YEARS AGO, BUT ***HE*** GETS LEFT ON THE ***LANDING PAD!*** RIGHT NO--

TROOPERS STOPPING N'MRITH! THEY'LL BE SMARMING IN ***HERE*** NEXT!

FORGET ANYTHING ***ELSE***... WE'RE ***BLASTING OFF!***

MOMENTS LATER...THERE IS *THUNDER* IN THE NIGHT SKY OF FORMOS.

HROWRF!

YEAH! I THINK THIS *DOES* BEAT OUR RECORD FOR FAST GETAWAYS.

BUT IT SOUNDS LIKE WE MAY HAVE *LOST* SOMETHING IN THE PROCESS...OR CAUSED ONE OF THE LOCAL *BUILDINGS* TO!

THIS ALSO MEANS FORGING YET *ANOTHER* SET OF PAPERS. *THAT'S* SOME KIND'A RECORD ALSO!

SOME DAY WE'RE GONNA SLIP UP ON JUST WHAT *SHIP* THE FALCON IS SUPPOSED TO BE ON WHAT *PLANET!*

I'M A PRETTY TOLERANT GUY, BUT YOU'VE GOT SOME *EXPLAINING* TO DO ONCE WE'RE SAFELY IN HYPERSPACE! THERE'S--

WOOORK!

AN *IMPERIAL BATTLE CRUISER!* ONLY WAY THEY COULD BE SITTING IN OUR PATH *THIS* QUICKLY--

--IS IF THEY KNEW EXACTLY WHERE WE'D BE COMING FROM *BEFOREHAND!* THAT MEANS--

VWAART!

THAT NERVOUS LITTLE CREEP, *N'MRITH* SOLD US OUT?! IT MAKES *SENSE*, BUT HOW DID YOU--

WARRF!

SOME OF THE PRISONERS YOU SET LOOSE SAW HIM VISIT **COLONEL QUIRT** THIS AFTERNOON? RATHER THAN TAKE A CHANCE ON BEING **CONNECTED** TO US...HE'S MADE A **DEAL** INSTEAD!

THAT'S WHY HE WAS SO ANXIOUS TO HAVE ME **LEAVE** ON SCHEDULE...SO THE **IMPERIALS** WOULDN'T MISS US!

AND I WAS SO BUSY CHEWING YOU OUT... THERE WASN'T TIME TO **WARN** ME!

DON'T WORRY, PAL! NEVER SAW THE DAY WHEN ONE LOUSY CRUISER COULD OUT-MANOEUVRE ME! HANG ON AND--

HEY! WHAT TH--?!

WWUUUUUUNNGH!

QUIRT'S **PRISON SHIP!** SNEAKED IN ON US WHILE THAT BLASTED CRUISER HAD OUR **SENSORS** BUSY!

TRACTOR BEAM'S LOCKED ON US WHILE THAT BLASTED CRUISER HAD OUR **SENSORS** BUSY!

WE'RE GONNA BE PLAYING **HOST** TO THE EMPIRE IN A MATTER OF MINUTES! NO WAY WE CAN DITCH OUR **SPICE** NOW! AND AS FOR THAT HAIRY **SOUVENIR** YOU PICKED UP--

AAARRRG!

LEAVE EVERYTHING TO **YOU...?** CHEWIE, THAT'S HOW WE GOT **INTO** THIS MESS!

NEVERTHELESS, THE REMAINING TIME IS SPENT ***ACTING,*** *NOT TALKING. UNTIL...*

THERE'LL BE NO QUESTION OF **MIS-TAKEN IDENTITY** IN REGARD TO **THIS** BOARDING, CORELLIAN.

SURELY THERE'S **SOME** KIND OF MISTAKE, COLONEL ...WE'RE JUST HAULING OUR **MINING EQUIPMENT.**

A RELIABLE SOURCE INFORMS ME **OTHERWISE.** STAND ASIDE FOR OUR **SCANNING TEAM!**

BUT WHEN THAT TEAM'S WORK IS COMPLETED...

SIR, WE'VE SCANNED ***EVERYTHING***...BULKHEADS, EQUIPMENT, FLOORING. NO ***TRACE*** OF HIDDEN SPICE!

EVEN THAT MINING MACHINERY IN THE HOLD, COL. QUIRT. IT'S JUNK... BUT IT'S ***CLEAN*** JUNK!

ALL RIGHT! WE WON'T GET THEM FOR SPICE SMUGGLING ...BUT THERE'S ONE ***ESCAPED PRISONER*** NOT YET BROUGHT TO BAY! CONSIDERING WHAT IT HAS FOR A ***FIRST MATE***...THIS SHIP IS LIKELY TO BE ***HIDING*** HIM!

YOU'VE COMPUTER CHIPS WITH HEART AND RESPIRATORY PATTERNS FOR THE WOOKIEE, ***HRONK***. INSERT THEM AND ***FINE TUNE*** YOUR SCANNERS ACCORDINGLY--

--THERE'S ***NO WAY*** THAT MONSTER WON'T BE TURNED UP!

AGAIN THE DETECTING EQUIPMENT GLIDES OVER THE FALCON'S BATTERED INTERIOR. AND AGAIN...

N-NOTHING, SIR...! PERHAPS IF WE WORK ON THESE TWO--

NOT AS LONG AS THE BLEEDING HEARTS OF THE ***IMPERIAL SENATE*** ARE STILL IN BUSINESS! WE NEED AT LEAST A ***PRETEXT***...!

TAKE YOUR SHIP AND GET IT OUT OF MY ***SIGHT***, SOLO... ***FOREVER!***

THERE'S TO BE NO ***MENTION*** OF THIS FARCE! WE'LL SIMPLY PROCEED TO KESSEL AFTER ***REPLACING*** OUR MISSING PRISONER--

--WITH A CERTAIN LYING GENTLEMAN NAMED ***N'MRITH!***

CHEWIE, OL' BUDDY...YOU FIGURED IT ***FINE!*** WITH THAT ***GREASE*** COVERING THE STREAK IN HRONK'S HAIR...QUIRT NEVER ***GUESSED*** IT WASN'T YOU!

AND BY STICKING ***CLOSE*** TO THE GOOD COLONEL... THOSE SCANNERS NEVER CAME ***NEAR*** HIM!

WARRRK!

QUIT ***GRUMBLING***, HRONK! WHATEVER YOUR FEUD WITH CHEWBACCA, YOU GET A ***FIGHTING CHANCE***...MORE THAN YOU'D FIND IN THE SPICE MINES OF KESSEL!

BUT YOU MUST HAVE FINALLY REALIZED THAT ***YOURSELF***...OR YOU WOULDN'T HAVE ***COOPERATED*** AT THE LAST SECOND.

EVEN SO...YOU'RE ***LUCKY.*** LUCKY THEY DID SPECIFIC SCANS ***SO CHEWIE*** WAS NEVER DETECTED--

--AND LUCKY THAT TO THAT IMPERIAL IDIOT, ALL WOOKIEES REALLY ***DO*** LOOK ALIKE!

WHAT ***NOW,*** FIRST MATE...? SHOULD I PICK SOME NICE LITTLE OUT OF THE WAY SPOT WHERE YOU AND HRONK CAN ***SETTLE*** THE FEUD?

AFTER TUMBLING TO ***N'MRITH'S*** BACKSTABBING...YOU'VE ***EARNED*** THE CHANCE TO ***WALLOP*** THIS GROUCH!

NAARGH!

HUH?! YOU WANT ME TO DO ***WHAT...?!***

AND ***SOON,*** AT THE CLOSEST, SAFE PORT...

THERE HE ***GOES,*** PAL! FROM HERE, HE WON'T HAVE ANY TROUBLE HOPPING A TRANSPORT BACK TO ***KASHYYYK.***

HE STILL LOOKS ***HACKED*** AT BEING IN YOUR DEBT, BUT HE'S GOT TO ABIDE BY THE ***WAY*** OF THE WOOKIEE--

--WHICH IS THAT SAVING THE ***LIFE*** OF A FOE WIPES OUT THE ORIGINAL ***GROUNDS*** FOR THE FEUD. WHETHER THAT FIERY-TEMPERED FURBALL APPRECIATES IT OR NOT, YOUR TWO FAMILIES WILL BE AT ***PEACE.***

NOT A ***BAD*** WAY...! PARTICULARLY SINCE AS A ***BONUS***...WE ESCAPED THAT ***DOUBLE CROSS!***

OF COURSE, ***JABBA THE HUTT*** MAY NOT SHARE MY ENLIGHTENED VIEW OF WOOKIEE CUSTOMS--

--NOT WHEN HE LEARNS THAT THE ***SOUND*** I HEARD DURING TAKE OFF FROM ***FORMOS*** WAS YOU JETTISONING OUR ***SPICE*** BEFORE WE HIT THE IMPERIAL'S ***TRAP!***

BUT WHAT THE HECK, PARTNER...! IF YOU AND I CAN'T HANDLE A LITTLE TROUBLE...***WHO CAN?!***

NEXT WEEK: ***THE DAY AFTER THE DEATH STAR!***

DAY OF THE DEATH STAR!

STAR WARS™

WEEKLY

PRICE 12p
No. 97 Jan 2, 1980
EVERY WEDNESDAY

PLUS DEATHLOK
GUARDIANS OF
THE GALAXY
TALES OF
THE WATCHER

Long ago in a galaxy far, far away. . .there exists a state of cosmic *civil war*. A brave alliance of *underground freedom fighters* has challenged the tyranny and oppression of the awesome *Galactic Empire*. This is their story!

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ARCHIE GOODWIN WRITER / CARMINE INFANTINO AND GENE DAY ARTISTS / IRV WATANABE LETTERER / HOWARD BENDER TONER

THE GREAT GAS GIANT THAT IS THE PLANET YAVIN GLOWS HAZILY IN THE DAWN LIGHT SLOWLY PIERCING THE JUNGLE MISTS OF ITS FOURTH MOON. ATOP THE TIMELESS MASSASSI RUINS, A YOUNG MAN, TOO EXCITED TO SLEEP, TO REST, STUDIES THE SPECTACLE AND SAVORS THE COOL, CLEAN AIR.

HIS NAME IS LUKE SKYWALKER AND NOT MANY HOURS AGO HIS LEGEND BEGAN. THIS IS AN IMPORTANT MORNING IN HIS LIFE. THIS IS...

THE DAY AFTER THE DEATH STAR!

I'M A HERO...! AN HONEST TO THE STARS *HERO!* JUST LIKE I USED TO DAYDREAM ABOUT BACK ON TATOOINE!

HERO. THE WORD CHILLS AND ELATES HIM. EARLIER, HE FELT LOSS AND REGRET. BEN KENOBI, AUNT BERU, HIS UNCLE OWEN. THEY ARE NEVER TRULY OUT OF HIS THOUGHTS.

BUT FOR NOW, HIS MIND SWIMS WITH THE DAZZLING REMEMBRANCE OF STRIDING THROUGH THE MASSIVE CEREMONIAL HALL, HAN SOLO AND CHEWBACCA AT HIS SIDE, ALL EYES UPON THEM...

...AS PRINCESS LEIA ORGANA WAITED TO HONOR THEM WITH **MEDALS** FROM THE REBEL ALLIANCE. THEN...THE CHEERS, THE APPLAUSE.

AND LATER...THE **TOASTS.** COMING OFTEN AND EXUBERANTLY IN THE CELEBRATION WHICH FOLLOWED THE CEREMONY.

THE VICTORY OVER THE EMPIRE WAS A **GREAT** ONE. SO TOO, THE **REVELRY** IN ITS NAME.

TRUE, THERE MAY HAVE BEEN MOMENTS WHEN THE PARTYING THREATENED TO GET COMPLETELY OUT OF HAND...

BUT THERE WERE **OTHER** MOMENTS TO MORE THAN COMPENSATE. MOMENTS TO MAKE HIM FEEL...

...THIS WAS HOW IT SHOULD **ALWAYS** BE.

LUKE...! HAN...! WHAT ARE YOU ***DOING?***

UP YOU GO, YOUR WORSHIP--

--THERE'S UNFINISHED BUSINESS THAT WAS A BIT TOO ***LOFTY*** FOR THE STEPS OF THE CEREMONIAL HALL!

AND **HERE**, DIGNITY COULDN'T PREVENT...

...A LEADER AND SYMBOL OF THE REBELLION FROM STANDING ON A ***TABLE***...

...TO AWARD ONE FINAL MEDAL.

GROWWK!

IT'S BEEN QUITE A ***NIGHT***... SO MUCH I'LL NEVER FORGET!

NO MORE THAN I COULD FORGET--

"...THOSE FINAL MOMENTS, ROARING DOWN THE DEATH STAR TRENCH!"

IT ALL COMES BACK AGAIN. THE BUCKING SURGE OF HIS T-65, AND HAN'S HOARSE, COCKY SHOUT OVER THE X-WING'S COMLINK...

YOU'RE **CLEAR**, KID! NOW **BLOW** THIS THING SO WE CAN ALL GO HOME!

THEN, THERE WAS THE **OTHER** VOICE. OLDER, CALMER. WITHIN HIM, WITHOUT HIM. SAYING: "LUKE...**TRUST** ME."

WITH THE VOICE, HE FELT A CALM, A QUIET. SWITCHING OFF HIS TARGETING COMPUTER, STRETCHING OUT WITH HIS FEELINGS, HE DID AS BEN KENOBI IMPLORED. AND IN A TWINKLING...

...THE DEATH STAR **DIED**.

AND THE LEGEND OF **LUKE SKYWALKER** TRULY BEGAN.

BLAST IT...! WHO COULD EVEN *THINK* OF SLEEPING OR RESTING AFTER ALL THIS?!

I CAN'T JUST STAND AROUND WATCHING THE DAWN. I'VE GOT TO *DO* SOMETHING... OR *BUST!*

RESTRAINING A SHOUT, LUKE WHIRLS, RACING INTO THE ALLIANCE STRONGHOLD...

TRAVELING *DOWN.* DOWN TO...

...THE *HANGAR* LEVEL.

THERE...A BATTERED X-WING FIGHTER WAITS, ALMOST EXPECTANTLY. LUKE RUNS A HAND OVER ITS PITTED FUSELAGE...

YOU COULD DO IT AGAIN, COULDN'T YOU...? DESPITE THE HITS...THE DAMAGE TO THE DROID SOCKET...

IF ARTOO WERE WITH US...WE COULD DO IT AGAIN IN AN *INSTANT,* RIGHT? NO DOUBT ABOU--

SOMETHING *STIRS* IN THE SHADOWS...

HEY! W-WHO--?!

THERE, YOU CLANKING WORRYWART...I *TOLD* YOU MASTER LUKE WAS FINE! SORRY TO DISTURB YOU, SIR--

--BUT ARTOO-DETOO SAW YOU WERE MISSING FROM YOUR QUARTERS AND INSISTED YOU MIGHT *NEED* US.

Y' KNOW, THREEPIO...THAT LITTLE DROID MAY *HAVE* SOMETHING.

I *CAN* USE YOU BOTH!

AND NOT MANY MOMENTS LATER...THAT USE IS MADE CLEAR!

TA-BLEET!

IF YOU'RE COMPLAINING ABOUT BEING *CRAMPED*, ARTOO...I FEEL THE SAME WAY.

BUT WITH THE DROID SOCKET DAMAGED...YOU *HAD* TO GO IN THE COCKPIT WITH ME.

IT'S THE BEST THREEPIO AND I COULD DO ON SHORT NOTICE--

--WITHOUT ALERTING THE WATCH OFFICER! RELAX. YOU'RE STILL PLUGGED IN TO MONITOR SHIP FUNCTIONS--

BUT IT'S ONLY A PRECAUTION. THIS IS STRICTLY A *JOY RIDE*--

--LIKE I USED TO TAKE IN THE FAMILY *SKYHOPPER* TO LET OFF STEAM BACK ON TATOOINE.

OH, DEAR, THERE THEY GO!

I'M NOT CERTAIN IF I DID THE CORRECT THING IN HELPING THEM TO LAUNCH THEIR STARCRAFT! STILL--

--MASTER LUKE IS AN EXCELLENT PILOT. SURELY *NOTHING* CAN GO WRONG.

IT MUST BE LACK OF *LUBRICATION* CAUSING MY LOGIC CIRCUITS TO TINGLE THIS WAY!

PRICE 10p
No. 98 Jan. 9, 1980
EVERY WEDNESDAY

X-WING VS. TIE FIGHTER: TO THE DEATH!

STAR WARS™ WEEKLY

DEATHLOK

GUARDIANS OF THE GALAXY

TALES OF THE WATCHER

INFANTINO/ WIACEK

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IT IS THE DAY **AFTER** THE MOMENTOUS BATTLE OF THE **DEATH STAR**. LUKE SKYWALKER STANDS ON THE FOURTH MOON OF YAVIN, REFLECTING ON THE **GLORY** THAT HAD SO RECENTLY BEEN HIS.

WHAT A GREAT **VICTORY** THAT WAS FOR THE REBELS!

BUT I COULD **NEVER** HAVE BLOWN THE DEATH STAR WITHOUT BEN KENOBI... AND THE **FORCE!**

BLAST IT...! WHO COULD EVEN **THINK** OF SLEEPING OR RESTING AFTER ALL THIS?

I'VE GOT TO **DO** SOMETHING ...OR **BUST!**

SO SAYING, THE YOUNG HERO DESCENDS TO THE **HANGAR** LEVEL OF THE ALLIANCE STRONGHOLD...

THERE, LUKE IS ALONE WITH HIS THOUGHTS AND WITH THE X-WING IN WHICH HE DID HIS DEED. UNTIL--

HEY! W-WHO--?!

SORRY, SIR--BUT ARTOO-DETOO SAW YOU WERE MISSING FROM YOUR QUARTERS AND INSISTED YOU MIGHT **NEED** US.

YOU KNOW, THREEPIO, THAT LITTLE DROID MAY **HAVE** SOMETHING THERE...!

AND NOT MANY MOMENTS LATER...THE X-WING IS **AIRBORNE!**

YOU **SAID** IT, ARTOO--IT SURE IS **GREAT** TO BE IN FLIGHT AGAIN!

OH, DEAR! I'M NOT CERTAIN IF I DID THE CORRECT THING IN HELPING THEM TO LAUNCH THEIR STARCRAFT. STILL--

--MASTER LUKE IS AN EXCELLENT PILOT. SURELY **NOTHING** CAN GO WRONG!

TA-BLEET!

SPACE DUEL!

SPACE! THE X-WING BREAKS FREE OF THE FOURTH MOON'S ATMOSPHERE. LUKE'S HEART POUNDS WITH THE PLEASURE OF IT.

THIS IS WHAT I WAS BORN TO DO...! IF ONLY THIS WERE A REAL MISSION.

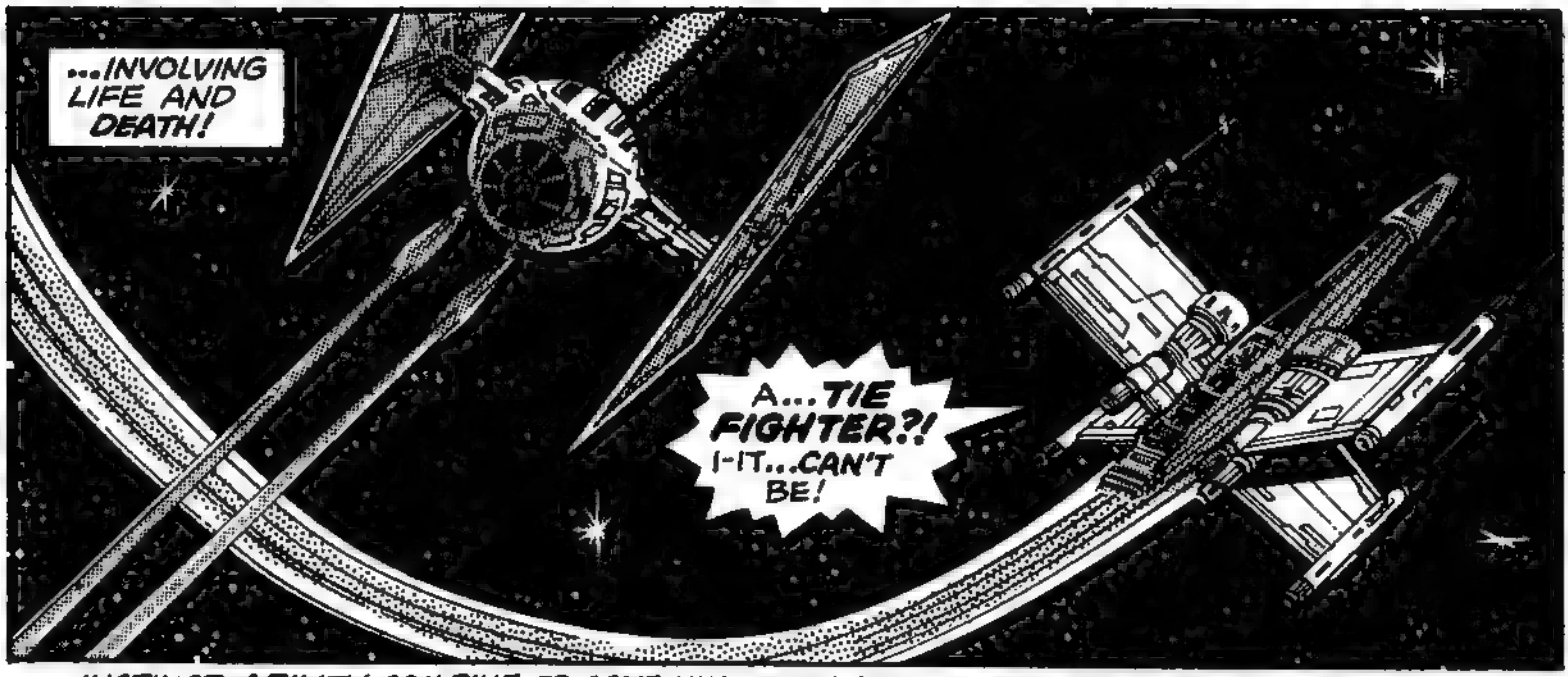
ANOTHER CHALLENGE LIKE THE DEATH STAR...!

SOMEDAY SOON I'LL BE DOING IT...! LEADING AN ATTACK ON ONE OF THE EMPIRE'S TOP-OF-THE-LINE CRUISERS--

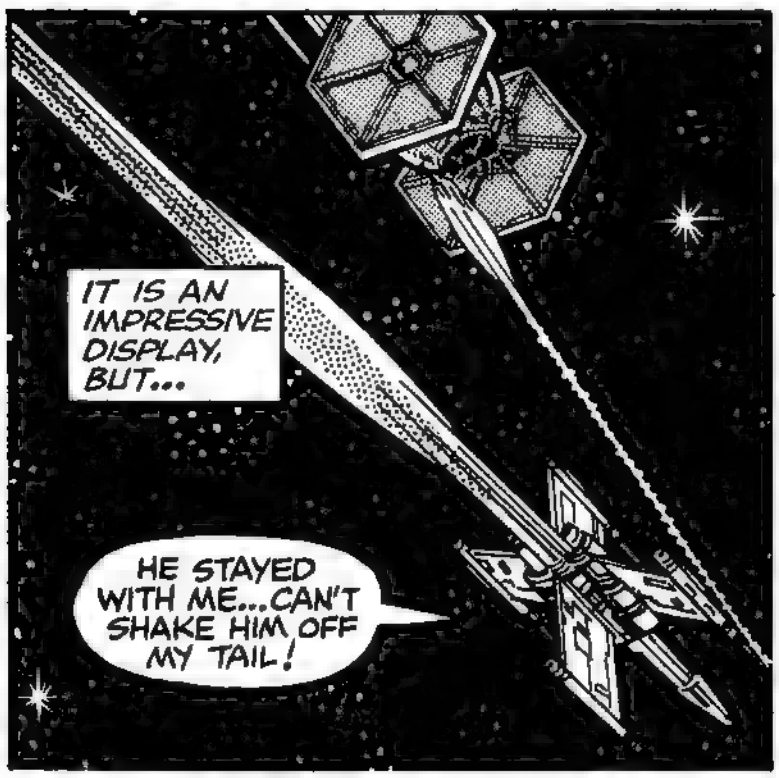
--OR ASSAULTING ONE OF THEIR MAIN BASES--

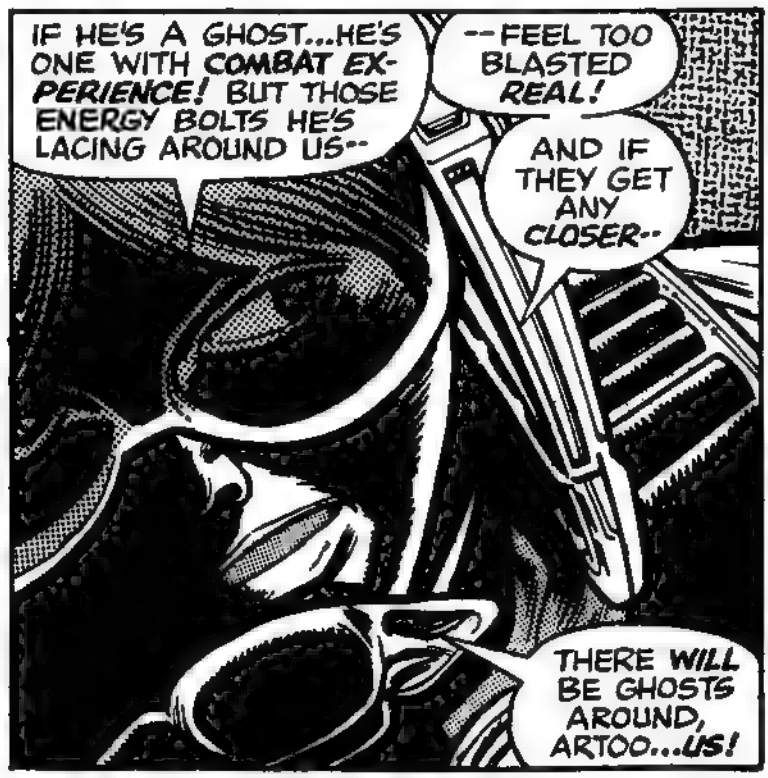
--OR BEST OF ALL, COMING FACE TO FACE WITH DARTH VADER! CHALLENGING HIM SABER TO SABER! THAT'S THE MISSION I WANT MOST!

AND I DON'T CARE WHERE IT IS! A BARREN PLANETOID OR SOME PLACE LIKE THE DEATH STAR POWER CORE...! ANYWHERE! JUST SO--



INSTINCT, ABILITY, COMBINE TO **SAVE** HIM. EVEN AS HE IS SHOUTING INCREDULOUSLY, HE IS MAKING THE T-65 SNAP-ROLL, DIVE, AND TWIST ALMOST AS IF IT WERE IN ATMOSPHERE.




IF HE'S A GHOST...HE'S ONE WITH COMBAT EXPERIENCE! BUT THOSE ENERGY BOLTS HE'S LACING AROUND US--
--FEEL TOO BLASTED REAL!
AND IF THEY GET ANY CLOSER--
THERE WILL BE GHOSTS AROUND, ARTOO...US!

TRR-KLIK! DA-VLEEP!

WHAT'S THAT, ARTOO...? GIVE IT TO ME ON THE READOUT SCREEN SO I CAN UNDERSTAND.

YOUR SENSORS DETECT THAT HIS PORT STEERING ROCKET IS *MISFIRING*...?

YOU'RE *ON* TO SOMETHING, LITTLE GUY!

I BET THIS IS A *STRAGGLER* FROM THE DEATH STAR...! PROBABLY HIT IN THE BATTLE AND SET DOWN ON A MOON TO MAKE REPAIRS!

LUKE CUTS BACK ON THRUST. HE LETS THE ENEMY *GAIN*...

MUST BE PRETTY FRUSTRATING TO SAVE YOUR *SHIP*... THEN FIND YOUR *HOME BASE* IS GONE!

BUT I'M NOT GOING TO LET YOU EASE THOSE HURT FEELINGS BY *VAPORIZING* ME--

—NOT WHEN ARTOO'S CLUED ME TO A VERY EXPLOITABLE *WEAKNESS* OF YOURS!

AND THE BOY FROM TATOOINE MAKES THE TIGHTEST *TURN* OF HIS BRIEF CAREER AS A FIGHTER PILOT. A TURN TO THE *LEFT*...

...A TURN THE **TIE SHIP**, WITH ITS MALFUNCTIONING PORT STEERING ROCKETS, CANNOT DUPLICATE. AT LEAST NOT IN TIME...

...TO KEEP LUKE FROM CUTTING BACK ONTO THE MORE WIDELY TURNING STARCRAFT'S **TAIL!**

WE **DID** IT, ARTOO...! OUTSLICKED HIM GOOD! I JUST WISH **HAN** WERE HERE TO SEE IT!

NO NEED TO USE THE **FORCE** ON THIS ONE...! HE'S LOCKED IN TIGHT ON MY SCREEN--

THERE'S **NO WAY** I CAN MI--

ARTOO! THE GUNS AREN'T **FIRING!** W-WHAT--?!

OH, **NO...!**

THEY AREN'T **ENERGIZED!** I WAS SO BUSY DAYDREAMING ABOUT WHAT A **HOTSHOT** I AM--

--I DIDN'T EVER **BOTHER** WITH A ROUTINE CHECK!

WE'RE SLICED **BANTHA STEAK** ONCE WE'RE BACK IN HIS SIGHTS AGAIN, ARTOO! UNLESS--

--WE FIND ANOTHER WAY TO TAKE HIM OUT OF ACTION!

SPRA-KOW!

AND LETTING HIS OWN WING HOOK INTO THE TIE CRAFT'S SOLAR PANEL IS HIGHLY EFFECTIVE. IT IS ALSO VERY CLOSE TO SUICIDAL!

THE CONTACT POINTS DISINTEGRATE EXPLOSIVELY! IMPACT SENDS BOTH SHIPS HURTLING...

...SPINNING WILDLY APART! TWISTING FROM SPACE INTO THE GRAVITATIONAL PULL OF YAVIN'S FOURTH MOON!

VOOTA-GLEEP!

WE'RE HEADED FOR HOME, ARTOO--

THE QUESTION IS: IN HOW MANY PIECES?!

THE ANSWER SEEMS TO BE...MANY! FOR AS THE FIGHTER ROARS INTO THE FOURTH MOON'S ATMOSPHERE...

SHE'S VIBRATING LIKE MAD, ARTOO... GONNA GO TO PIECES IF WE CAN'T GET THE WINGS INTO LAND-ING POSITION!

AND WITH THE DAMAGE, THERE'S NO WAY WE CAN--

THE LITTLE DROID REGISTERS DISAGREEMENT ON THE READOUT SCREEN...

RECOGNIZING THERE'S NO CHOICE...LUKE POPS THE CANOPY AND MAGNETIZES THE HULL SO ARTOO...

...CAN GO TO WORK.

FREETA VRRT!

IT'S HELPING, LITTLE GUY! EVEN IF THEY ARE CLOSING ...YOU'VE STABILIZED THE VIBRATIONS.

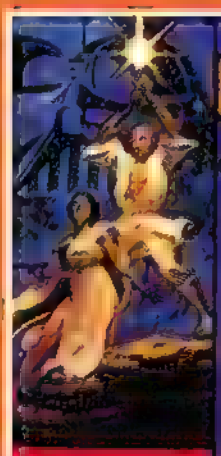
IF THOSE WINGS HOLD ON A FEW MO-MENTS LONGER--

WUMP!

WRAAK!

WE MIGHT JUST MAKE I--

KA-WAM!!



AMBUSHED BY THE EMPIRE!

STAR WARS™ WEEKLY

PRICE 12p
No. 99 Jan. 16, 1980
EVERY WEDNESDAY

PLUS: DEATHLOK
TALES OF THE WATCHER
GUARDIANS OF THE GALAXY

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IT IS THE DAY AFTER THE BATTLE OF THE DEATH STAR. LUKE SKYWALKER, UNABLE TO CONTAIN HIS EXCITEMENT AFTER THAT MOMENTOUS DAY, TAKES TO SPACE IN HIS X-WING FOR A JOY RIDE...
...AND RUNS SMACK INTO TROUBLE!
ARTOO! THAT'S AN IMPERIAL TIE FIGHTER! AND HE'S OUT FOR BLOOD!
BUT WE'VE OUT-MANEUVERED HIM IN THIS DOGFIGHT!
NO NEED TO USE THE FORCE ON HIM! HE'S LOCKED IN TIGHT ON MY SCREEN--
ARTOO! THE GUNS AREN'T FIRING!
I FORGOT TO HAVE THEM ENERGIZED!
WE'VE HAD IT! UNLESS--
DID IT! OUR WING TOOK OUT HIS SOLAR PANEL!
THE QUESTION NOW IS--CAN WE SURVIVE A CRASH BACK ONTO YAVIN'S MOON?!
A GOOD QUESTION, LUKE...
ONE WHOSE ANSWER YOU MIGHT NOT LIKE!
EMPIRE KILLS!
KA-WAM!

SILENCE.

IT HANGS OVER THIS ISOLATED LAKE IN YAVIN FOUR'S JUNGLE LIKE A SHROUD...

...PARTICULARLY OVER THE X-WING STARCRAFT OF LUKE SKYWALKER. THEN...

...THERE IS MOVEMENT. SOUND. LIFE.

HAN ONCE TOLD ME ANY LANDING YOU CAN WALK AWAY FROM IS A *GOOD* ONE--

--I BET *THIS* ONE WOULD MAKE HIM CHANGE HIS MIND!

NO *SIGN* OF ARTOO! THAT HOPSCOTCHING CRASH COULD HAVE THROWN HIM *ANYWHERE!*

I'VE BOTCHED THINGS UP *ROYALLY!*

NO WAY TO GET HELP--

--EVEN THE COMLINK IN MY *HELMET* IS SHOT!

WHEN IT COMES TO BAD LUCK...I DON'T MISS A SHOT!

DISGUSTED, LUKE SHRUGS OUT OF HIS FLIGHT SUIT...

KA-BOOM!

...AND FINDS IT IS ALMOST THE *LAST THING* HE EVER DOES!

PICKING HIMSELF UP, LUKE FINDS...

THE *TIE PILOT...!* HE'S CRASHED DOWN HERE JUST LIKE I DID!

THE WAY HE'S MOVING IN... HE MUST THINK THAT *SNEAK SHOT* *NAILED* ME! WE'LL CHANGE HIS MIND ABOUT *THAT* WHEN HE--

MY *BLASTER...!* I TOOK IT OFF FOR THE PARTY...!

UNLESS I THINK *FAST...* HE'S STILL GONNA COME OUT *WINNER* IN THIS RUNNING BATTLE!

THE IMPERIAL IS CONFIDENT, BUT NOT FOOLISH.

HE COMES AROUND THE TREE SWIFTLY, WEAPON READY... JUST IN CASE.

FOR AN INSTANT, SEEING THE ORANGE TATTERS OF WHAT WAS AN ALLIANCE FLIGHT SUIT IN THE BLAST CRATER...

...IT SEEMS CERTAIN HIS SHOT HAS SCORED AS HE FELT IT DID.

THAT INSTANT IS ALL LUKE NEEDS!

WA-LUD!

SURPRISE FAVORS THE YOUNG STAR WARRIOR. BUT HIS FOE HAS FULL FLIGHT ARMOR TO PROTECT HIM, TO INSULATE HIM AGAINST HURT...

IT'S THE **BLASTER** THAT'S GOING TO DECIDE THIS--

AND SINCE I'VE **ALREADY** DONE MY SHARE OF MESSING UP, **THIS** TIME I'M MAKING **SURE**--

--THAT **I'M** THE ONE WHO GETS IT!

BUT THE **PRICE** OF THE GUN...

...IS TAKING HIS **WEIGHT** OFF HIS OPPONENT...

...WHO MOVES WITH **SPEED**, FIERCE AND DESPERATE!

THE IMPERIAL'S ARMOR MAKES HIM A **JUGGERNAUT**...

...COLLIDING WITH A FORCE THAT SENDS THEM **BOTH**...

...BACKWARD INTO THE DARK, MURKY WATERS OF THE JUNGLE LAKE!

THERE, AMID MUD AND SILT, A FIGURE IN ARMOR MAY BE ABLE TO BREATHE...A BOY, REBEL HERO OR OTHERWISE, WITHOUT EQUIPMENT...**CANNOT**.

THE TIE PILOT CLINGS TO LUKE...DRAGGING HIM DOWN, INTENT ON HOLDING HIM UNTIL HE DIES!

ALL DREAMS OF GLORY ARE GONE. THIS IS CRUEL, DIRTY COMBAT...

...AND LUKE SKYWALKER KNOWS HE'S LOSING!

THE BLASTER IS LOST TO MUD AND SLIME. IF HE CAN STILL SURVIVE...LUKE MUST DO IT BY WIT AND STAMINA ALONE.

AIR HOSE! LET'S SEE HOW HE DOES--

--WITH NOTHING BUT THIS WATERY MUCK TO BREATHE!

SUDDENLY, THE IMPERIAL IS DROWNING WITHIN HIS OWN HELMET!

NO! I'M NOT LETTING IT BE THAT EASY...! YOU'VE BEEN WORKIN' TOO BLASTED HARD TO KILL ME!

WE'RE GONNA FINISH THIS FACE TO FACE!

THROUGH THE RED HAZE OF HIS OWN RAGE, LUKE PUSHES FOR THE SURFACE...

...THE SURFACE AND THE SHORE; THE FURY OF COMBAT STILL DRIVING HIM, LASHING HIM!

YOU IMPERIALS KNOW ALL ABOUT KILLING! YOU AND YOUR KIND DID IN AUNT BERU, UNCLE OWEN, AND BEN!

WELL, I'LL SHOW YOU *I* KNOW ALL ABOUT IT, TOO!

A **BRANCH** LIES NEARBY. LUKE SEIZES IT...

...AND PREPARES TO **SMASH** HIS FOE!

SEMICONSCIOUS, THE TIE PILOT MOANS. HE STIRS, HEAD MOVING. HIS FLYING HELMET BEGINS TO SLIP OFF...

AND FOR THE FIRST TIME, THE FARM BOY BECOME HERO LOOKS ON THE ENEMY'S FACE.

NO.

IT IS A YOUNG FACE...NOT GREATLY DIFFERENT FROM HIS OWN. CLOSE ENOUGH TO DRIVE HOME A REALIZATION.

I...NEVER THOUGHT **BEYOND** THE GLORY, THE ADVENTURE.

BUT ***THIS*** IS PART OF IT, TOO! THE ENEMY'S NOT JUST ARMOR OR A SPACECRAFT. THEY LIVE, BREATHE... LIKE YOU! KILL WHEN IT CAN BE AVOIDED...AND YOU'RE NO BETTER THAN ***THEM*** AT THEIR WORST!

THEN...A FAMILIAR **BLEEP** MAKES HIM TURN...

THERE, GANG...ONE SLIGHTLY SOILED MEDAL WINNER! HEAT SENSORS LED US TO **ARTOO**, KID... THE SOUND OF ***FIGHTING*** GOT US TO YOU!

WHEN YOU DIDN'T RETURN I ALERTED THE PRINCESS, SIR. THANK THE MAKER YOU AREN'T SERIOUSLY HARMED.

HARMED, THREEPIO...? NO, I ACTUALLY THINK THIS DID ME SOME **GOOD**.

I'LL NEVER FORGET THE ***DEATH STAR***... BUT I'LL NEVER FORGET THE DAY ***AFTER*** IT EITHER!

END.

PRICE 12p
No. 104 Feb. 20, 1980
EVERY WEDNESDAY

WHEN STRIKE THE STORM TROOPERS!

STAR WARS™ WEEKLY

SPECIAL FEATURE ON
HAN SOLO
ACTOR HARRISON FORD

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THE WEAPONS MASTER!

A MISSION GONE WRONG! MEETING WITH AN UNCOMMITTED PLANETARY GOVERNOR, PRINCESS LEIA ORGANA AND HER ESCORTS FIND THAT ENVOYS OF THE GALACTIC EMPIRE ARE PRESENT ALSO...IN THE FORM OF IMPERIAL STORM-TROOPERS!
DIPLOMACY IS REPLACED BY A FIGHTING RE-TREAT TO THEIR WAITING SPACECRAFT.
ARTOO!

PICK HIM UP, LUKE! I'LL *COVER* FOR YOU!

ARTOO, DON'T JUST *LAY* THERE LIKE AN ALDERAAN BEACH SNAIL... *HELP* MASTER LUKE!

FA-DOOM!

BRAKOW!

DOWN! SHE'S GOOD... *TOO* GOOD!

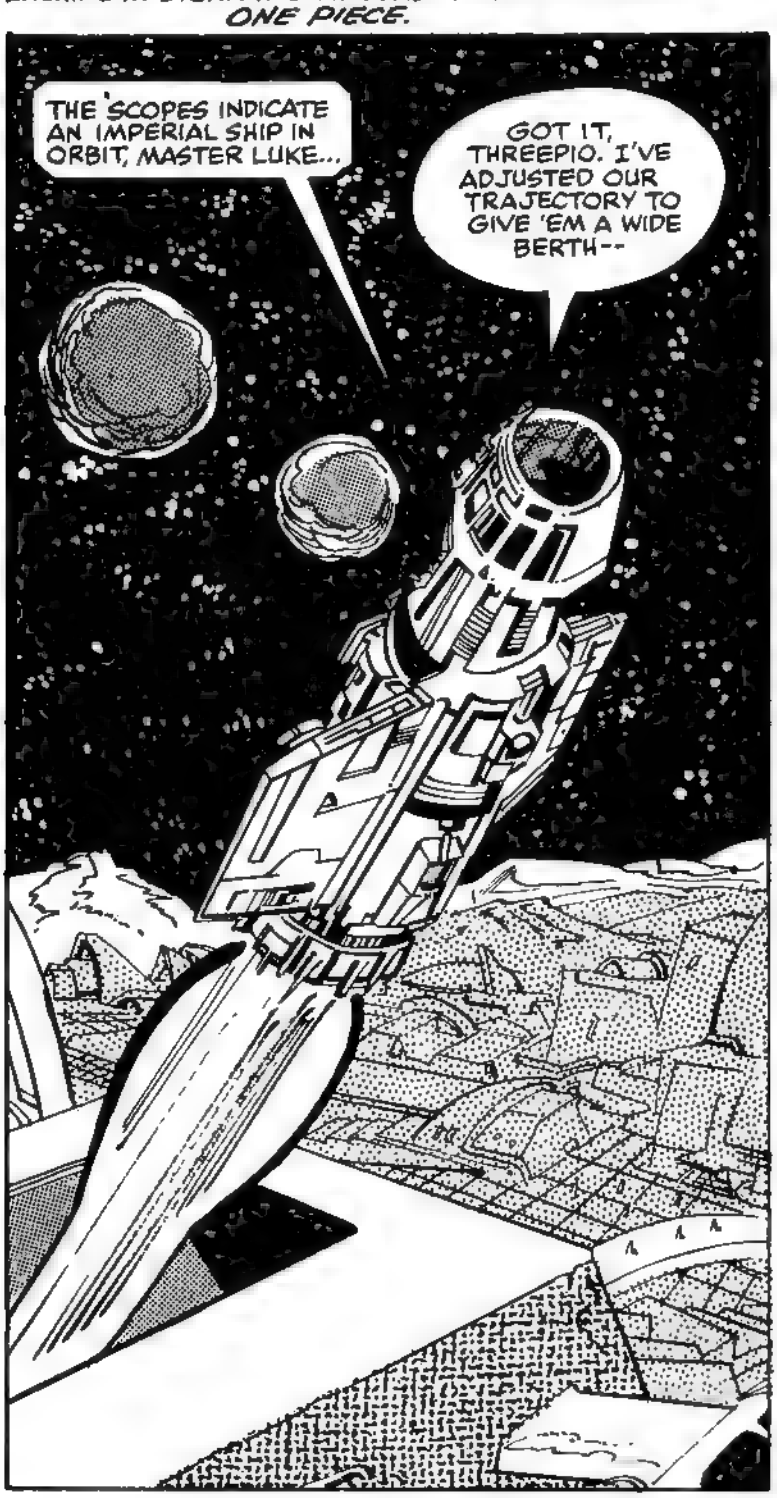
YOU *GOT* HIM, PRINCESS...!

YOU AND THE DROIDS GET ABOARD THE SHIP... START WARMING UP THE ENGINES! I'M GOING TO LOWER THE BLAST DOOR--

--AND SEE THAT NO ONE GETS *TOO CLOSE* BEFORE IT'S DOWN!

AND WITH THESE PARTING SHOTS, THE ONE-TIME IMPERIAL SENATOR...

...ASSURES THAT THEIR DEPARTURE, IF SOMEWHAT LACKING IN DIGNITY, IS AT LEAST ACCOMPLISHED IN ONE PIECE.


THE 'SCOPES INDICATE AN IMPERIAL SHIP IN ORBIT, MASTER LUKE...
GOT IT, THREEPIO. I'VE ADJUSTED OUR TRAJECTORY TO GIVE 'EM A WIDE BERTH--

--BEFORE THEY GET CLOSE TO US, WE'LL BE IN HYPERSPACE.
BUT WE WOULDN'T BE ANYWHERE WITHOUT YOU, PRINCESS. YOU NEVER HAVE TOLD ME WHERE YOU LEARNED TO HANDLE A BLASTER LIKE THAT.
IT IS INTRIGUING, YOUR HIGHNESS... SINCE YOUR HOMEWORLD OF ALDERAAN DIDN'T SANCTION WEAPONS.

IT'S REALLY NO GREAT SECRET. COMING FROM A PEACEFUL PLANET... PERHAPS I'M A BIT UNCOMFORTABLE ABOUT IT.
THEN TOO... THE STORY ALWAYS MAKES ME A LITTLE SAD.

"DURING MY FIRST TERM AS AN IMPERIAL SENATOR, AFFAIRS OF STATE BROUGHT ME TO THE PLANET CHALLON..
THIS WAY, SENATOR ORGANA... LOOK THIS WAY!
YOU'RE GOING TO BE A LEAD FEATURE ON THE LOCAL HOLOPIX NEWS!

MM GUUUMM!!
DON'T NAG... I SEE, EVEN WITH MY TIRED OLD EYES! AND I'M TAKIN' ACTION!
PFFFFMMM!

HUD! HUD! HUD!

SOMEONE SUMMON THE LOCAL ENFORCEMENT SQUAD!
THAT PAIR JUST KILLED AN INNOCENT REPORTER!
WELL NOW, THAT'S CERTAINLY HOW HE HOPED TO APPEAR, YOUR HIGHNESS--

GIMLET, TAKE A FEW PICTURES FOR THE YOUNG LADY.

AN... E-ENERGY BEAM!
YOU'D HAVE MADE THE HOLOPIX NEWS RIGHT ENOUGH, SENATOR... BUT LEFT JUST A BIT TOO DEAD TO APPRECIATE THE COVERAGE!

APPARENTLY, I OWE YOU TWO AN *APOLOGY*--
NOT AT ALL, DEAR LADY. IF THAT ASSASSIN HAD BEEN *SUCCESSFUL*... GIMLET AN' ME WOULD BE OUT A *CUSTOMER*.

I GATHER THIS ISN'T THE *FIRST* ATTEMPT ON YOUR LIFE SINCE BECOMING SENATOR. YOUR *FATHER* HIRED ME--
AS A *BODYGUARD*...?
AS AN *INSTRUCTOR*, I SERVED WITH BAIL ORGANA DURING THE *CLONE WARS*. HE SAVED MY PLUMP HIDE MORE THAN ONCE.

THE NAME'S *GILES DURANE*, YOUR HIGHNESS. THESE DAYS I'M SOMETHIN' OF A *MERCENARY*. IN FACT, DUE TO MY PARTICULAR TALENTS--
--SOME FOLKS CALL ME *THE WEAPONS MASTER*.

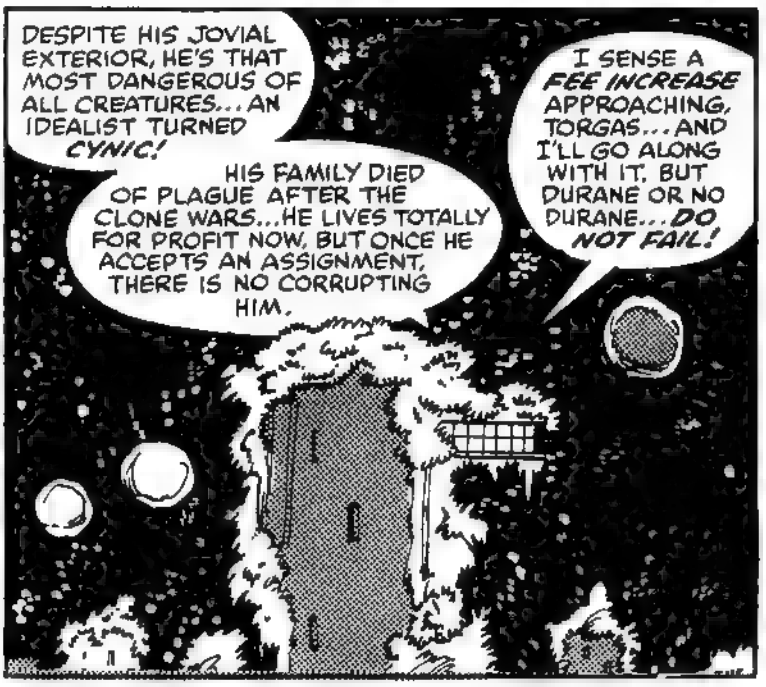
MY FATHER WANTS YOU TO TEACH ME HOW TO USE *WEAPONS*? BUT ON OUR WORLD WE--
YOUR NEW OBLIGATIONS TAKE YOU *FAR* FROM HOME, LASS... AND THE REST OF THE GALAXY *ISN'T* ALDERAAN!
THERE'S LITTLE *PROFIT* FOR ME IN THIS VENTURE, BUT I OWE YOUR FATHER TOO MUCH NOT TO SEE IT THROUGH--

AND FROM WHAT'S HAPPENIN' *HERE*, I'D SAY YOU'D BEST LEARN *QUICKLY*--
--THAT NOT *ALL* MATTERS CAN BE SETTLED BY *SENATORIAL DEBATE!*
VRA-DOW!

IT APPEARS, TORGAS, WE HAVE A COMPLICATION. CAN YOUR ASSASSINS GUILD STILL HANDLE THE MATTER?
WE WISH SENATOR ORGANA'S VOICE STILLED... BUT, AT THIS POINT IN TIME, THE EMPIRE MUST NOT APPEAR INVOLVED.
THE PRESENCE OF GILES DURANE CHANGES EVERY-THING, GENERAL EMIR!

"THE EMPIRE'S INVOLVEMENT I LEARNED ABOUT LATER. AT THE TIME, I WAS TOO BUSY BEING TAKEN IN HAND BY MY NEW INSTRUCTOR..."

NO, NO! YOU'RE STILL GETTING IT WRONG, LASS!
YOU'RE SMART, YOUR REFLEXES ARE GOOD... BUT IT'S NOT COMING TOGETHER. YOU TAKE TOO LONG AIMING AND FIRING--


DESPITE HIS JOVIAL EXTERIOR, HE'S THAT MOST DANGEROUS OF ALL CREATURES... AN IDEALIST TURNED CYNIC!
HIS FAMILY DIED OF PLAGUE AFTER THE CLONE WARS... HE LIVES TOTALLY FOR PROFIT NOW, BUT ONCE HE ACCEPTS AN ASSIGNMENT, THERE IS NO CORRUPTING HIM.
I SENSE A FEE INCREASE APPROACHING, TORGAS... AND I'LL GO ALONG WITH IT. BUT DURANE OR NO DURANE... DO NOT FAIL!

--OR YOU MISS WHAT YOU'RE GOING FOR IF YOU TRY IT TOO FAST.
STRANGE. I DON'T HAVE THE PROBLEM WITH THE SHIP'S LARGER WEAPONRY.
SOMEHOW THE BLASTER MAKES IT TOO PERSONAL... TOO OBVIOUS THAT YOU'RE WORKING TO SLAY ANOTHER LIVING BEING, NOT JUST FIRING FROM VESSEL TO VESSEL.

KILLIN'S UGLY NO MATTER HOW IT'S DONE, YOUR HIGHNESS... IT'S GOOD YOU DON'T TAKE IT LIGHTLY.
BUT WE'RE TRYING TO GET YOU ABLE TO DEFEND YOURSELF. AND IF THE SPEED, THE AIM, AND THE REFLEXES DON'T COME TOGETHER--
--IT CAN BE A FATAL FLAW.

NEXT WEEK: THE ASSASSINS STRIKE! MISS IT NOT!

PRINCESS LEIA FIGHTS FOR HER LIFE!

STAR WARS™ WEEKLY

PRICE 12p
No. 105 Feb. 27, 1980
EVERY WEDNESDAY

STAR PROFILE:
C-3PO
(ANTHONY DANIELS)

Long ago in a galaxy far, far away. . .there exists a state of cosmic *civil war*. A brave alliance of *underground freedom fighters* has challenged the tyranny and oppression of the awesome *Galactic Empire*. This is their story!

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ARCHIE GOODWIN WRITER • **CARMINE INFANTINO** & **STEVE MITCHELL** ARTISTS • **HOWARD BENDER** TONIST • **JOE ROSEN** LETTERER

ON A MISSION FOR THE REBELS, **LUKE, LEIA** AND THE **DROIDS** RUN INTO SOME UNEXPECTED TROUBLE: IMPERIAL **STORM TROOPERS**--

SAVE **ARTOO,** LUKE! I'LL COVER YOU!

NO PROBLEM, PRINCESS. THE WAY YOU HANDLE A **BLASTER**...WE'LL BE ABLE TO TAKE OFF WITHOUT ANY PROBLEM!

FA-DOW!

AND MINUTES LATER...

WE MADE IT, FOLKS. WE'LL BE IN HYPER-SPACE BEFORE THE IMPERIALS CAN CLOSE IN.

BUT PRINCESS--YOU NEVER **DID** TELL US WHERE YOU--A SURVIVOR OF A WEAPONLESS PLANET --LEARNED TO **SHOOT** LIKE THAT!

IT'S A **SAD** STORY, LUKE... BUT I'LL **TELL** IT...

"DURING MY FIRST TERM AS AN IMPERIAL SENATOR, AN ATTEMPT ON MY LIFE WAS MADE ON THE PLANET CHALLON. AN ATTEMPT **FOILED** BY GILES DURANE...THE **WEAPONS MASTER**--

YOUR **FATHER** HIRED ME TO TEACH YOU HOW TO USE WEAPONS TO DEFEND YOURSELF...

...AGAINST AN **ATTACK** LIKE THAT!

BUT WE HAVE NO **WEAPONS** ON ALDERAAN!

THE REST OF THE GALAXY **ISN'T** SO PEACEFUL, PRINCESS!

WE HAVE A **COMPLICATION,** TORGAS. CAN YOUR ASSASSINS GUILD STILL HANDLE THE MATTER? THE EMPIRE MUST NOT APPEAR **INVOLVED** WITH SENATOR ORGANA'S...**DEMISE!**

DURANE'S PRESENCE MAKES OUR TASK **HARDER,** GENERAL EMIR...BUT WE WILL **NOT** FAIL!

"I LEARNED ABOUT THE **EMPIRE'S** INVOLVEMENT **LATER**...

"...BUT AT THE TIME I WAS TOO BUSY BEING TRAINED BY THE WEAPONS MASTER...

YOU'RE SMART, LASS...YOUR REFLEXES ARE GOOD...BUT YOU HAVEN'T MASTERED HANDGUN **TECHNIQUE** YET!

I DON'T HAVE ANY PROBLEM WITH **LARGER** WEAPONRY...BUT THE BLASTER MAKES KILLING TOO **PERSONAL!**

KILLIN' **IS** UGLY, YOUR HIGHNESS...BUT WE'RE TRYIN' TO TEACH YOU TO **DEFEND** YOURSELF. AND IF THE SPEED, THE AIM, AND THE REFLEXES DON'T COME TOGETHER--

--IT CAN BE A **FATAL** FLAW!

DAY OF THE ASSASSINS!

BUT ENOUGH PHILOSOPHY. GET YOUR BLASTER RE-CHARGED, LASS... WE'RE ABOUT TO RECEIVE *VISITORS.*

GILES, WHAT MAKES YOU THINK THAT...?

THE SAME LITTLE TELL-TALE *SENSOR LIGHT* THAT ALERTED ME TO THAT SPY GLOBE DOWN ON CHALLON!

NOW, GIMLET!

VREEDOW!

*WHOOO

TAKE THE *THIRD*, PRINCESS! WE'RE IN HIS *SIGHTS* AND MY GUNS AREN'T CHARGED!

FAST, GIRL... OR WE'RE *DEAD!*

FRA-DAAK!

I-I... DID IT...!

AS I SUSPECTED YOU MIGHT... WHEN YOU DIDN'T HAVE TIME TO *THINK* ABOUT IT. THE SPEED AND ACCURACY BOTH CAME TOGETHER... EACH COULD USE SOME HONING, BUT ALL-IN-ALL A COMMENDABLE START.

COMMENDABLE! I JUST *KILLED* A MAN... I THINK I MAY BE SICK.

A NATURAL ENOUGH REACTION, LASS... BUT SOMEWHAT *MISPLACED.*

YOUR BLASTER WAS STILL SET AT *PRACTICE LEVEL*... IT *COULDN'T* KILL! THOSE KIND OF *MISHAPS* CAN BE CORRECTED IN TIME. MEAN-WHILE--

--WE'D BEST *FINISH* WHAT YOU LEFT *UNDONE!*

"A MAGNETIC CIRCUIT IN GILES'S GLOVE SENT A *KNIFE* SHOOTING UP TO MEET HIS HAND...

"...AND EVEN AS AN ARMED *PROTON GRENADE* HURTLED THROUGH THE AIR AT US...

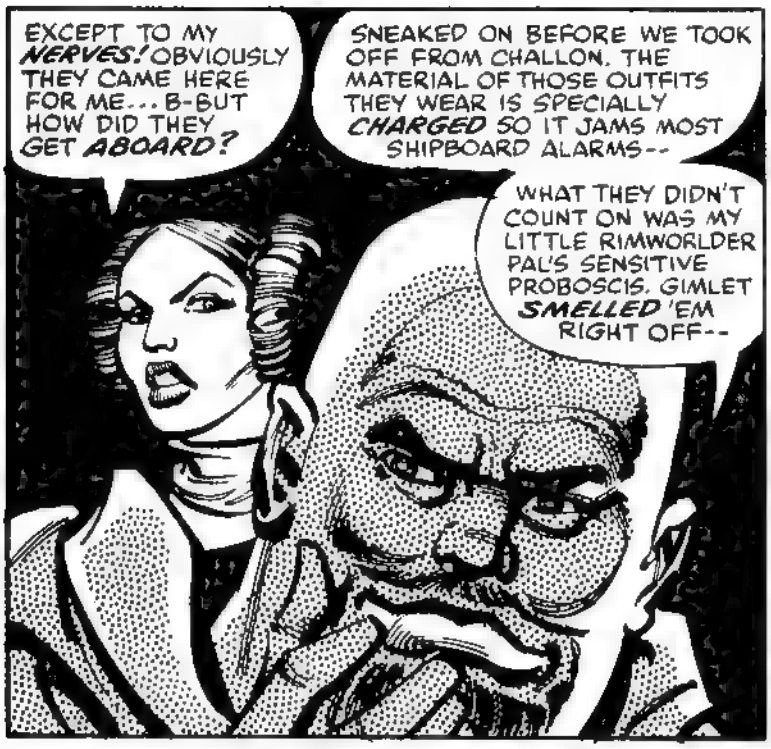
"...THE WEAPON MASTER'S *BLADE* WAS THERE TO MEET IT!

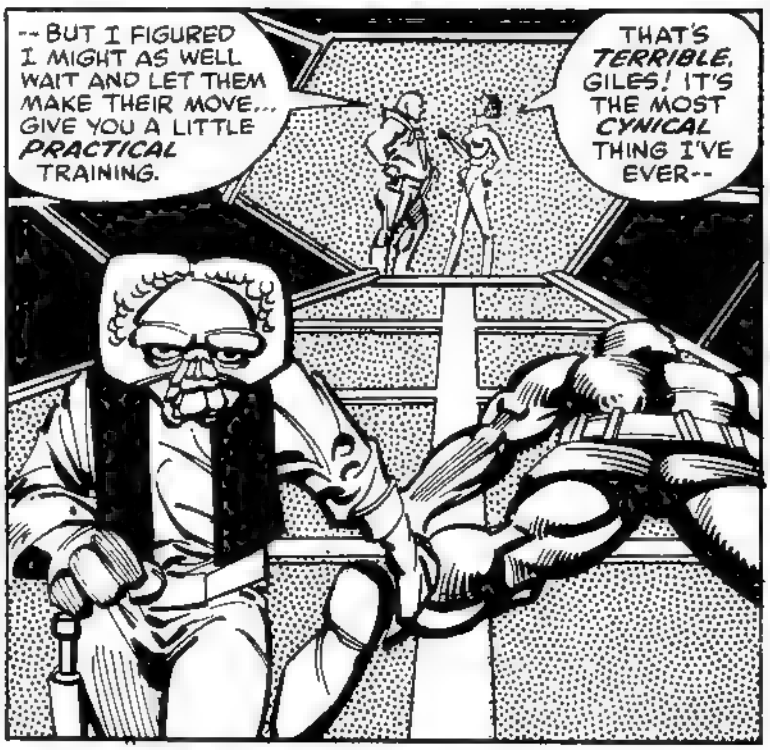
"AND WHEN THE EXPLOSION CAME..

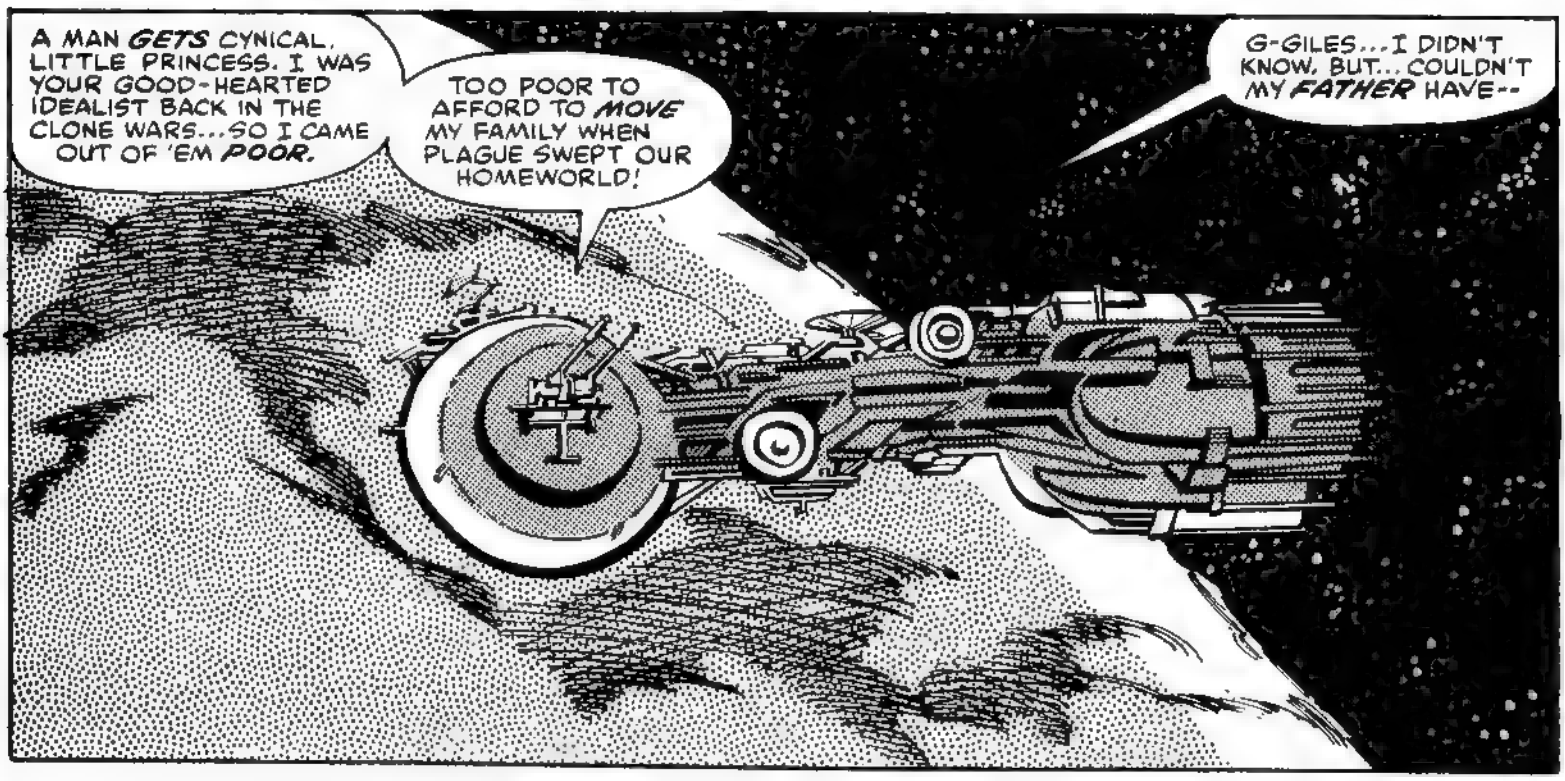
KA-WOM!

"...THE GRENADE WAS KNOCKED BACK NEARER THE *THROWER* THAN TO US!

I WWO:OOWW NZZI!!
NO NEED TO EXCITE YOURSELF, GIMLET. THE GRENADE WAS A LOW CHARGE, ANTI-PERSONNEL TYPE --
SINCE THAT REPRESENTATIVE OF THE ASSASSINS GUILD WAS KIND ENOUGH TO SET IT OFF HERE IN THE PRACTICE CHAMBER--
--THE BUILT-IN CONCUSSION FIELD ABSORBED MOST OF THE DAMAGE.


EXCEPT TO MY NERVES! OBVIOUSLY THEY CAME HERE FOR ME... B-BUT HOW DID THEY GET ABOARD?
SNEAKED ON BEFORE WE TOOK OFF FROM CHALLON. THE MATERIAL OF THOSE OUTFITS THEY WEAR IS SPECIALLY CHARGED SO IT JAMS MOST SHIPBOARD ALARMS--
WHAT THEY DIDN'T COUNT ON WAS MY LITTLE RIMWORLDER PAL'S SENSITIVE PROBOSCIS. GIMLET SMELLED 'EM RIGHT OFF--


--BUT I FIGURED I MIGHT AS WELL WAIT AND LET THEM MAKE THEIR MOVE... GIVE YOU A LITTLE PRACTICAL TRAINING.
THAT'S TERRIBLE, GILES! IT'S THE MOST CYNICAL THING I'VE EVER--


A MAN GETS CYNICAL, LITTLE PRINCESS. I WAS YOUR GOOD-HEARTED IDEALIST BACK IN THE CLONE WARS...SO I CAME OUT OF 'EM POOR.
TOO POOR TO AFFORD TO MOVE MY FAMILY WHEN PLAGUE SWEPT OUR HOMEWORLD!
G-GILES...I DIDN'T KNOW. BUT... COULDN'T MY FATHER HAVE--

HELPED ME? AYE. BUT BY THE TIME I GOT WORD TO HIM... IT WAS TOO LATE. ANYWAY, A MAN GETS TIRED OF BEING IN OTHER PEOPLE'S DEBT--

--I VOWED THEN I'D NEVER BE POOR OR BEHOLDEN TO ANYONE AGAIN! BUT GOING OVER MY HARD TIMES ISN'T WHY WE RE HERE--

--BACK TO PRACTISING GIRL! YOU SHOWED PROMISE IN THIS LITTLE FRACAS... NOW I WANT CONSISTENCY. SPEED. ACCURACY. EACH TIME, EVERY TIME--

--UNTIL I CAN ASSURE BAIL ORGANA YOU RE AS QUALIFIED TO DEFEND YOURSELF AS ANYONE ELSE ROAMING THIS CRAZY GALAXY!

"WHILE GILES DRILLED ME LIKE A FIRST YEAR STUDENT AT THE SPACE ACADEMY ABOARD HIS SHIP... I HADN'T BEEN FORGOTTEN DOWN ON CHALLON.

...SHE LIVES, TORGAS? THREE OF THE GUILD'S BEST FAILED TO GET THAT SHARP-TONGUED YOUNG WITCH FROM ALDERAAN?!

I WARNED YOU ABOUT GILES DURANE, GENERAL! HE--

HE'S OBVIOUSLY THE ONE I SHOULD HAVE HIRED FOR THE JOB INSTEAD OF YOUR INCOMPETENT GUILD! OBVIOUSLY WHEN HE MAKES A COMMITMENT--

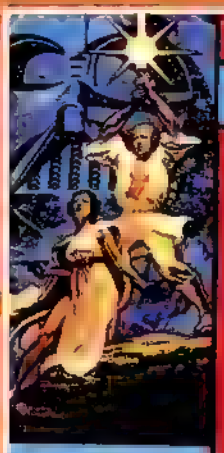
--HE CAN KEEP IT. AND WITHOUT RAISING THE PRICE!

TO INSULT THE ASSASSINS GUILD IS USUALLY A GOOD WAY TO INVITE DEATH, EMIR... LIKE GILES DURANE, WE HAVE OUR OWN CODE OF HONOUR.

WE ALSO NEVER FAIL ON A CONTRACT! THIS SITUATION FORCES ME TO BREAK PRECEDENT--

--AND KILL PRINCESS LEIA MYSELF!

NEXT



PRICE 12p
No. 106 Mar 5, 1980
EVERY WEDNESDAY

TRAPPED BETWEEN GUN AND CLAW!

STAR WARS™ WEEKLY

STAR PROFILE: PETER CUSHING

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ARCHIE GOODWIN WRITER • **CARMINE INFANTINO & STEVE MITCHELL** ARTISTS • **HOWARD BENDER** TONIST • **JOE ROSEN** LETTERER

PRINCESS LEIA RELATES A TALE FROM HER PAST TO **LUKE** AND THE **DROIDS!**"...AND IT WAS DURING MY FIRST SENATORIAL TERM THAT MY FATHER HIRED GILES DURANE--THE **WEAPONS MASTER**--TO INSTRUCT ME...

YOU'RE GOOD, PRINCESS...BUT YOU'VE GOT A **LONG** WAY TO GO.

IF THE SPEED, THE AIM, AND THE REFLEXES DON'T COME **TOGETHER**--

--IT CAN BE A **FATAL** FLAW!

"AT THAT MOMENT, A SQUAD OF **ASSASSINS** STRUCK!"

PRINCESS--GIMLET 'N' ME CAN TAKE **THESE** TWO! BUT THE **THIRD**--IT'S UP TO **YOU** TO STOP 'IM!

SH-TOW!

"WITHOUT **THINKING**, I DID AS DURANE TOLD ME...

"...AND EVERYTHING CAME TOGETHER. I HAD **KILLED** A MAN...

FRA-DAAK!

"...OR SO I THOUGHT. IT TOOK DURANE TO **FINISH** HIM. AS FOR ME, I WAS **SICK** TO MY STOMACH!

I **KNEW** THEY WERE HERE, PRINCESS, BUT LET THEM MOVE FIRST--TO GIVE YOU SOME **PRACTICAL** TRAINING!

WHY...THAT'S THE MOST **CYNICAL** THING I'VE EVER HEARD.

A MAN **GETS** CYNICAL, PRINCESS, WHEN HE SEES HIS IDEALS **CRUSHED**...HIS FAMILY KILLED BY **PLAGUE**. BUT WE'RE NOT HERE TO REHASH MY HARD TIMES!

"IT WAS THEN THAT I CAUGHT A GLIMPSE INTO THE **TRAGEDY** OF GILES DURANE...A TRAGEDY OF WHICH I WOULD SOON LEARN **MORE**...

"BUT WHILE MY TRAINING RESUMED...I HADN'T BEEN **FORGOTTEN** DOWN ON CHALLON...

SHE **LIVES**, TORGAS? SAVED BY DURANE? I SHOULD HAVE HIRED **HIM** TO DISPOSE OF HER FOR THE **EMPIRE**--INSTEAD OF YOUR **INCOMPETENT** ASSASSINS GUILD!

MY ENEMIES SURROUND ME!

TO INSULT THE GUILD IS A GRAVE **MISTAKE**, GENERAL EMIR. LIKE DURANE, WE **NEVER** FAIL ON A CONTRACT.

THIS SITUATION FORCES ME TO BREAK PRECEDENT--

--BY GIVING THE MATTER A GUILD MASTER'S *PERSONAL TOUCH!*

YOUR CONTRACT WILL BE *SETTLED*, GENERAL... AT THE COST OF ACTING *BELOW* MY STATION.

IT WILL *NOT* BE FORGOTTEN.

"SO MATTERS WERE GOING ON CHALLON... NOT THAT GILES GAVE ME EVEN A *MOMENT* TO PONDER THEM. EVERY WAKING MOMENT WAS SPENT IN TRAINING, UNTIL...

WELL DONE, LASS! YOU COULD MAN THE CANNON MOUNTS OF *ANYONE'S* BATTLE WAGON!

IN FACT, THERE'S LITTLE MORE I CAN TEACH YOU... ABOUT *THIS* OR ANYTHING *ELSE*.

INCLUDING THE WAY I USE A *HAND BLASTER*?

EVEN *THAT*. FOR ALL YOUR PROBLEMS... YOU'RE GOOD AS *MOST* IN THIS GALAXY. IF YOU STILL DON'T QUITE GET THE SPEED AND ACCURACY TOGETHER LIKE A *PROFESSIONAL*, WELL...

...I'VE SPOKEN TO YOUR *FATHER* AND HE AGREES THE PURPOSE WAS FOR YOU TO BE ABLE TO *DEFEND* YOURSELF, NOT EMBARK ON A NEW *CAREER!*

THEN I'M READY TO RESUME MY BUSINESS ON CHALLON?

AYE. THOUGH ME AN' GIMLET'LL MISS THE *BRIGHTNESS* YOU'VE BROUGHT TO THE SHIP. STILL, I'VE MY *OWN* BUSINESS TO RESUME...

"KNOWING THE *NATURE* OF HIS BUSINESS, I DIDN'T INQUIRE FURTHER. I JUST LEFT, KNOWING I'D MISS *THEM* TOO.

"DAYS PASSED AND I GREW USED TO BEING A *SENATOR* AGAIN. THERE WERE NO FURTHER ASSASSINATION ATTEMPTS AND I WAS BEGINNING TO FEEL *SECURE* IN MY ACTIVITIES...

...QUITE A GOOD *SPEECH*, YOUR HIGHNESS. BUT WHILE I TOO DEPLORE *SOME* OF THE EMPEROR'S INCREASING RESTRICTIONS... WHAT IS THE *ALTERNATIVE*?

WITHOUT *ORDER*, WE'LL HAVE *CHAOS*.

BUT WHERE DOES IMPERIAL ORDER *END*, GOVERNOR TCHAI? WITH US ALL *SLAVING* IN THE SPICE MINES OF--

PRINCESS ORGANA...? SORRY TO DISTURB YOU, BUT YOU'RE NEEDED AT THE ENTRANCE LEVEL.

SOME *STRANGE* LITTLE CREATURE INSISTS ON BEING ALLOWED IN TO *SEE* YOU... HE'S OBVIOUSLY NOT FROM ANY OF THE *CIVILIZED* SYSTEMS.

WE SUSPECT HE'S FROM THE *RIMWORLDS*, BUT EVEN OUR TRANSLATOR DROIDS ARE HAVING A PROBLEM WITH THE DIALECT.

IT SOUNDS LIKE *GIMLET!*

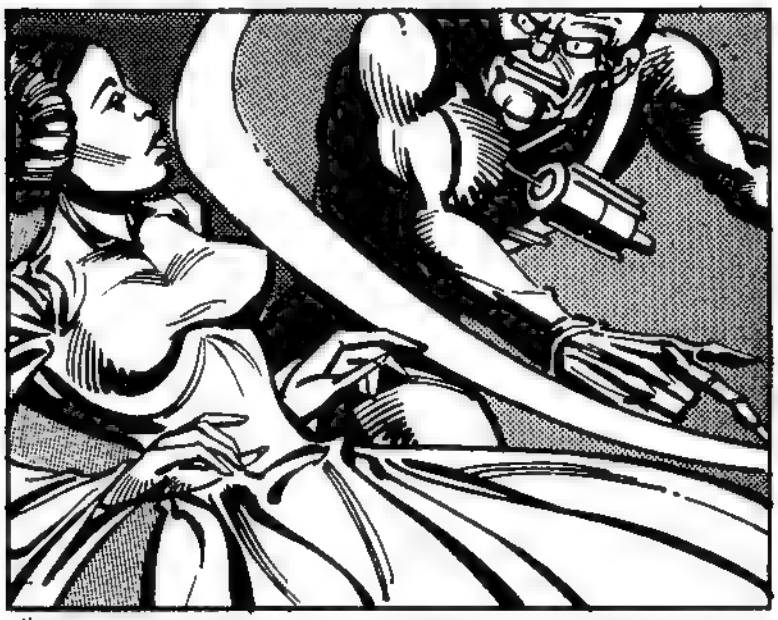
I WOULDN'T KNOW, MA'AM, BUT HE ACTS AS THOUGH IT'S QUITE *URGENT* AND--

WHAT'S *WRONG*? WHY ARE YOU *STOPPING* LIKE THAT?

POSSIBLY BECAUSE I USED THIS DIRECTIONAL *CIRCUIT JAMMER* ON HIM, SENATOR. MY BUSINESS DOESN'T REQUIRE *WITNESSES*--

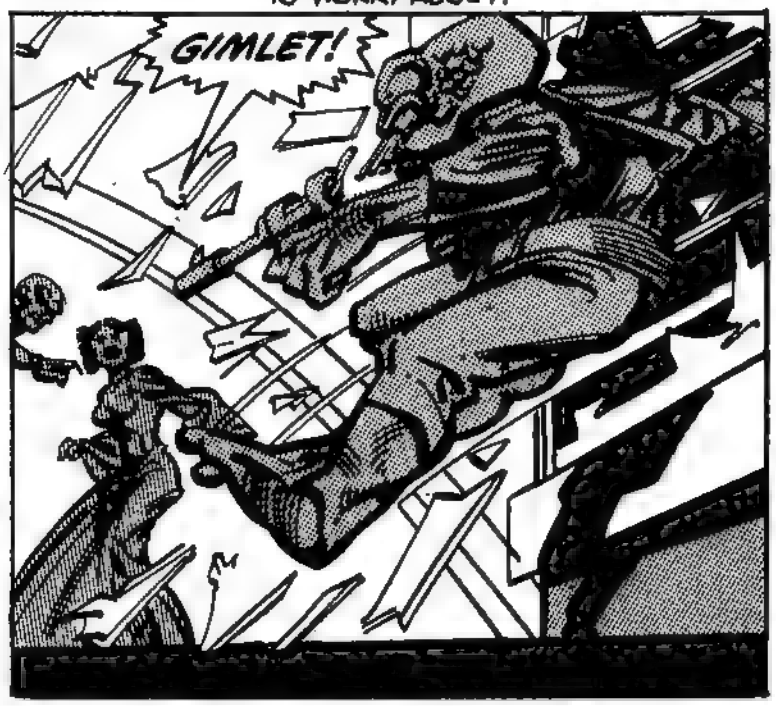
--NOT EVEN *MECHANICAL* ONES!

"I NEVER QUITE SAW HIM DROP THE JAMMER AND MOVE. ONE MOMENT HE WAS SPEAKING...THE NEXT, A CLAW-LIKE HAND WAS *SLASHING* AT ME!



"BUT, I HAD MOVED TOO...DRAWING BACK INSTINCTIVELY, USING REACTIONS HONED BY MY TRAINING WITH GILES!

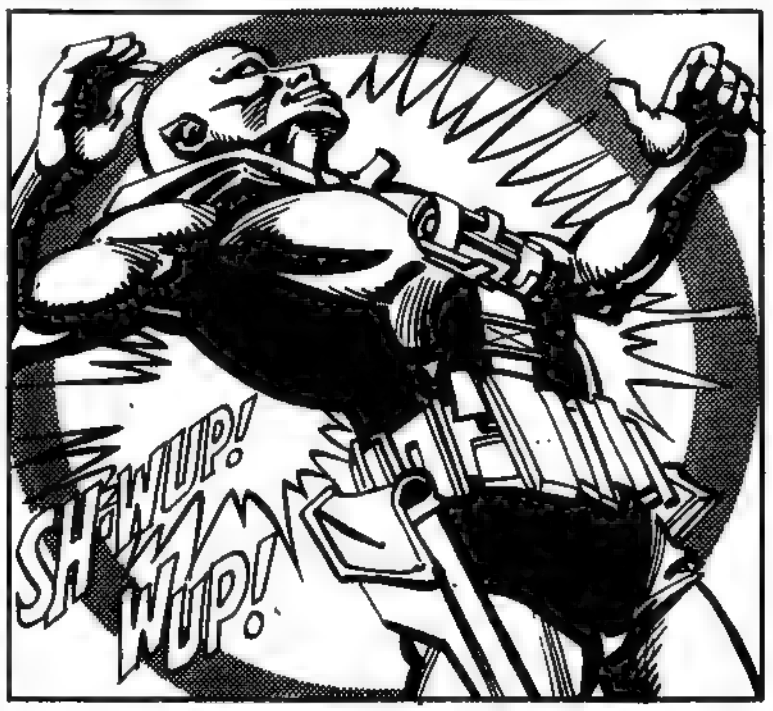
"THE ASSASSIN HAD UNDERESTIMATED ME. BEFORE HE COULD *CORRECT* THAT ERROR...HE HAD SOMETHING *ELSE* TO WORRY ABOUT!



"THE LITTLE RIMWORLDER HAD GIVEN UP WAITING AND FOUND HIS *OWN* WAY IN. TO MY ETERNAL REGRET...IT WAS A *DEADLY WAY* AS WELL!
DURANE'S *FOE SNIFFER*...! YOU'RE PLAYING *BEYOND* YOUR CAPABILITIES, SMALL FOOL. A MASTER OF ASSASSINS ALWAYS HAS A *SURPRISE* READY--
--LIKE THIS HIDDEN *WRIST BLASTER!*
ZOAK!

YOU'RE *DETERMINED*, SENATOR... I GIVE YOU THAT. BUT BEFORE YOUR HAND CAN SWING THAT BLASTER--
--MY *VENOM TOUCH* WILL BE CHILLING YOUR SPINE!

"ONE STEP MORE WOULD HAVE MADE EVERY WORD HE SPOKE *TRUE*. IT WAS A STEP HE NEVER GOT TO TAKE.



YOU CAN KEEP YOUR FANCY *POISONS*, TORGAS... I'LL TAKE A *ROCKET DART* ANYTIME.

GILES! YOU TWO HAVE SAVED ME *AGAIN!* B-BUT--

POOR *GIMLET* IS--

AYE! I'LL *MISS* THE LITTLE FELLA... BUT I *WARNED* HIM TO STAY OUT OF THIS.

ALAS, HE INSISTED ON TRYING TO *ALERT* YOU.

A-ABOUT THE ASSASSIN...?

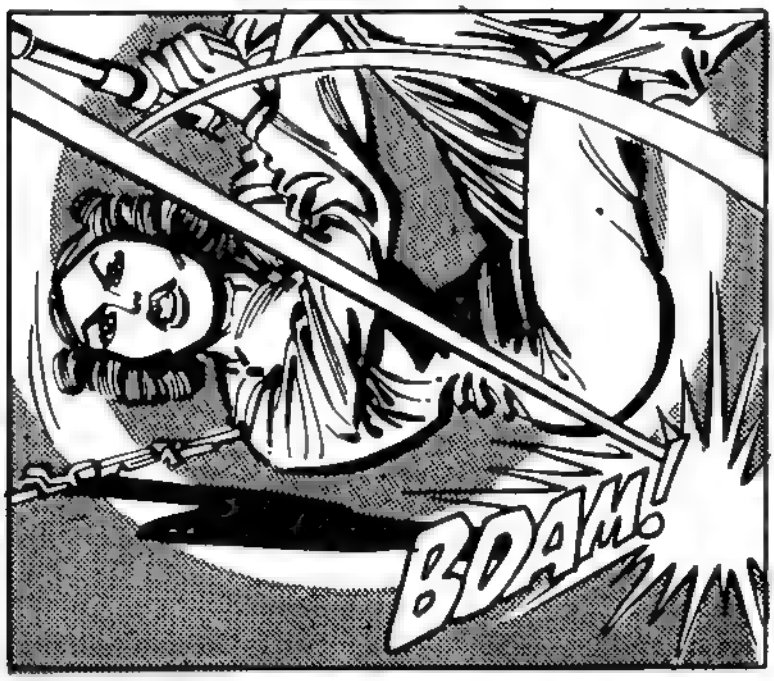
NO. ABOUT *ME*. HARDLY HAD YOU *LEFT* US WHEN AN IMPERIAL GENT NAMED *EMIR* HIRED ME TO GET RID OF TORGAS AND *FINISH* HIS ASSIGNMENT.

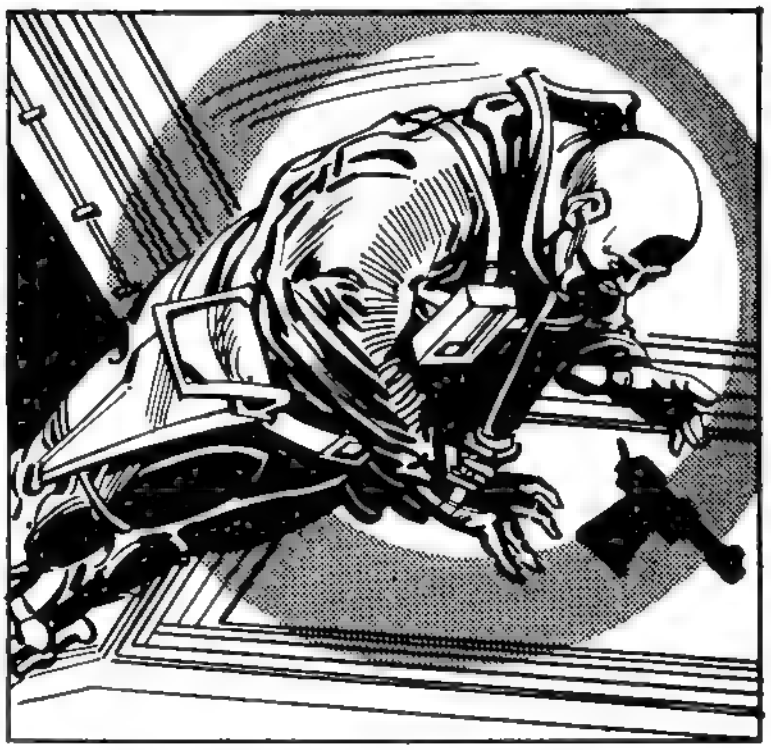
I *LIKE* YOU, LASS, BUT I'M A MERCENARY AND BUSINESS IS BUSINESS. AND MY *OBLIGATION* TO YOUR FATHER HAS ALREADY BEEN *REPAID!*

GILES! NO!

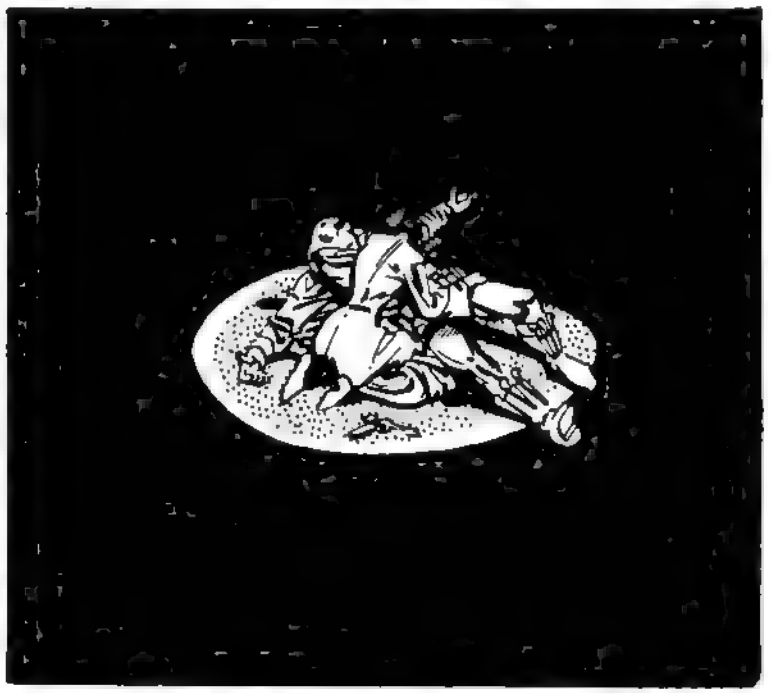
"EVEN AS I SHOUTED, THE LOOK IN HIS *EYES* TOLD ME IT WAS NO USE...

"...AND SUDDENLY, FASTER THAN I EVER HAD BEFORE, I WAS *DEFENDING* MYSELF JUST THE WAY DURANE HAD HAMMERED OVER AND OVER INTO MY MIND THAT I WAS *SUPPOSED* TO DO!





"AND THEN I WEPT. FOR GILES DURANE. FOR HIS LITTLE FRIEND, GIMLET. AND FOR THAT PART OF GILES THAT HAD DIED LONG BEFORE ALONG WITH HIS OWN FAMILY."



I'VE NEVER BEEN QUITE THAT *QUICK* OR QUITE THAT *GOOD* AGAIN.

BUT THAT'S HOW A PRINCESS FROM A WORLD WITHOUT *WEAPONS* FINALLY LEARNED TO *USE* THEM.

VOOB-ADOOP!

YES, ARTOO. THAT STORY WAS SAD AS HER HIGHNESS SAID IT WOULD BE, BUT I RECOMMEND THAT YOU DON'T *DWELL* ON IT--

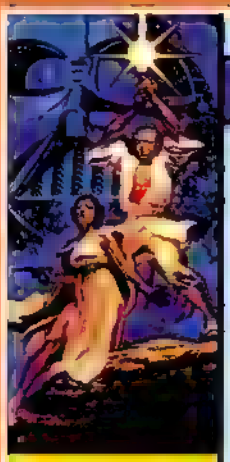
--YOU *KNOW* WHAT EXCESS MOISTURE DOES TO YOUR GEARBOX! BESIDES, I BELIEVE WE CAN TAKE *COMFORT* FROM THE FACT THAT AS A RESULT OF GILES DURANE'S *TEACHING*--

--AND THE PRINCESS'S *APPLICATION* OF IT BACK AT THE SPACEPORT, OUR *OWN* PARTICULAR ADVENTURE IS ENDING QUITE *HAPPILY!*

NEXT WEEK:

BACK TO THE PRESENT! THE STAR-WARRIORS GO ON A SECRET MISSION TO THE...

WORLD OF FIRE!!



HAND-TO-HAND AGAINST THE EMPIRE!

STAR WARS™

WEEKLY

PRICE 12p
No. 107 Mar. 12, 1980
EVERY WEDNESDAY

INSIDE:
ORIGIN OF STAR-LORD

Long ago in a galaxy far, far away. . .there exists a state of cosmic *civil war*. A brave alliance of *underground freedom fighters* has challenged the tyranny and oppression of the awesome *Galactic Empire*. This is their story!

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CONTINUING THE SAGA BEGUN IN THE FILM BY GEORGE LUCAS RELEASED BY TWENTIETH CENTURY-FOX.

CHRIS CLAREMONT WRITER • CARMINE INFANTINO AND GENE DAY ARTISTS • IRV WATANABE LETTERER • HOWARD BENDER TONIST

WORLD OF FIRE!

SILENCE GREETS THEM. SILENCE IS THEIR RESPONSE.

THE ARCHAEOLOGICAL STATION --A NON-MILITARY REBEL BASE ON THE REMOTE FRINGES OF KNOWN SPACE--HAS MISSED THREE ROUTINE COMMUNICATIONS, RIGHT AFTER REPORTING A MAJOR DISCOVERY. FEARING THE WORST, HEADQUARTERS DISPATCHES A SCOUT TEAM TO CHECK THINGS OUT.

AND REALITY MORE THAN LIVES UP TO EVERYONE'S GRIM EXPECTATIONS.

WHAT--WHAT *HAPPENED*, ARLO?

THIS PLACE LOOKS LIKE A STAR DESTROYER USED IT FOR TARGET PRACTICE. YET--ALL THE DOMES ARE BURST FROM THE *INSIDE-OUT!*

SCAN FOR LIFE FORMS, WADIE. SEE IF ANYONE'S STILL ALIVE.

DON'T GET YOUR HOPES UP, PARTNER.

WHOEVER'S RESPONSIBLE FOR THIS DID A PRETTY THOROUGH JOB.

ARLO TYRE, MASTER SCOUT, SAYS NOTHING--AS HIS MIND FLASHES BACK TO **ANOTHER** MASSACRE, WORLDS AWAY AND YEARS AGONE...

...WHEN AN IMPERIAL REPRISAL RAID COST HIM **ALL** HE HELD DEAR. THE LOSS STILL HURTS.

ARLO! I'M READING A MASSIVE ENERGY FIELD--INSIDE THE MAIN DOME!

IT'S LIKE NOTHING I'VE EVER SEEN--THE COMPUTER CAN'T IDENTIFY IT, EITHER--AND IT'S REGISTERING OFF MY PORTA-SCANNER'S SCALES!

WHADDYA SAY WE PULL OUT AND CALL FOR HELP?

NO REASON TO JUST YET, WADIE.

BACK ME UP. I'M MOVING IN FOR A CLOSER LOOK.

WITH THE DECEPTIVELY CASUAL EFFICIENCY BORN OF LONG EXPERIENCE, THE TWO REBELS HEAD FOR THE CENTRAL HABITAT DOME--ERECTED DIRECTLY OVER THE "DIG" SITE.

THEY TAKE **NO** CHANCES--TAKE NOTHING FOR GRANTED--THAT'S HOW BOTH MEN HAVE STAYED ALIVE AS LONG AS THEY HAVE.

BUT, SOMETIMES, ALL THE CARE--AND SKILL--IN THE WORLD AREN'T ENOUGH TO SAVE YOU.

VRAAAM!

ARLO!!

ENERGY BEAM-- IT CUT HIM IN TWO!

MASTER SCOUT WADIE FIRESTONE'S REACTION IS IMMEDIATE, AND DEADLY--AS HE RAKES THE DOME'S ENTRANCE WITH HIS RIFLE BLASTER...

...BEFORE FOLLOWING THAT ASSAULT UP WITH SOME WELL-PLACED **PROTON GRENADES.**

THAT SHOULD TAKE CARE OF WHOEVER KILLED ARLO.

DON'T KNOW WHAT I'M UP AGAINST--COULD BE ONE FOE.

COULD BE AN **ARMY.**

EITHER WAY, IT'S **TROUBLE!** I'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE--**FAST!**--

--AND GET WORD BACK TO ALLIANCE HEADQUARTERS!

HE RUNS...

...AND, SECONDS AFTER WADIE CLIMBS ABOARD HIS MODIFIED, SOUPED-UP, "Y"-WING SCOUT-FIGHTER...

...HE'S **AIRBORNE,** BOOSTING FOR SPACE AT MAXIMUM ACCELERATION.

HE DOESN'T GET VERY FAR...

SPOOM!

...AS THE SAME ENERGY BEAM THAT KILLED HIS FRIEND, NOW KILLS HIM.

THE REBEL ARCHAEOLOGISTS THOUGHT THIS A **DEAD** WORLD--ITS PEOPLE, ITS CIVILIZATION, LONG EXTINCT...

...THEY WERE **WRONG.**

THIS IS **FOUNDRY**--AN OBSCURE, RESOURCES-RICH BALL OF ROCK CONVERTED BY THE EMPIRE INTO A PRIMARY STARSHIP CONSTRUCTION FACILITY.

IT IS ONE OF THE MOST HEAVILY GUARDED WORLDS IN THE GALAXY--SOME SAY ITS DEFENCES EQUAL THOSE OF THE LATE, LAMENTED DEATH STAR.

THE GOVERNOR IS FOND OF BOASTING THAT FOUNDRY IS **IMPREGNABLE.** NEITHER STARFLEET NOR LONE SPY COULD EVEN REACH THIS PLANET ALIVE, MUCH LESS ESCAPE FROM IT.

STILL, EVERY SO OFTEN, SOMEONE **TRIES.**

INTRUDER ALERT! THIS IS **NO DRILL!**

OH, DEAR! ALL THIS COMMOTION! MISTRESS MIC!--ARE THE STORM-TROOPERS SEARCHING FOR US?

WHY SHOULD THEY THREEPIO? WE HAVE EVERY RIGHT TO BE HERE.

THEY'RE AFTER LUKE AND PRINCESS LEIA, NOT A COMPUTER TECHNO AND HER TWO MAINTENANCE DROIDS.

COME ON, THERE'S THE LAUNCH BAY WE WANT.

SHABANDAR, MIC!--SYSTECH LEVEL 7, STARAKER CLEARANCE EPSILON-OMEGA.

WHAT'S ALL THE FUSS, SERGEANT?

SABOTEURS. DON'T WORRY, THOUGH; WE HAVE 'EM CORNERED.

YOUR I.D. SEEMS IN ORDER, BUT I'LL HAVE TO CHECK WITH SECURITY CENTRAL.

SO FAR, SO GOOD, LUKE. THERE'S ONLY A SQUAD GUARDING THE STARAKER.

MORE THAN ENOUGH TO STOP US, PRINCESS. EVERYTHING DEPENDS ON MIC! AND THE DROIDS CREATING A ***DIVERSION.***

THEY SHOULD BE MAKING THEIR MOVE RIGHT ABOUT--

"--NOW!"

HEY! THIS CRAZY DROID'S SQUIRTING ME WITH FOAM!

MY HELMET SCANNERS ARE CLOGGED! I CAN'T SEE!

THAT'S THE *IDEA*, SERGEANT!

YOU DON'T MIND IF I *BORROW* THIS, DO YOU?

MY *RIFLE!*

I WON'T NEED IT FOR VERY LONG.

MICI'S ATTACK DOESN'T DO MUCH DAMAGE--IT WASN'T MEANT TO--

BUT IT DOES THROW THE STORM TROOPERS **OFF-BALANCE!**

AND BEFORE THE STUNNED IMPERIALS KNOW WHAT'S HAPPENING...

...**LUKE SKYWALKER** AND **PRINCESS LEIA ORGANA** ARE ON TOP OF THEM. THEIR ATTACK DOES A **LOT** OF DAMAGE.

THEY MUST BE AFTER THE ***STARAKER!*** CALL FOR ***REINFORCE--***

--ARRRGH!!

MICI, LUKE--HEAD FOR THE STARAKER! I'LL ACT AS ***REAR-GUARD*** UNTIL YOU'RE READY TO LIFT-OFF!

PRINCESS--***NO!*** YOU TAKE CARE OF THE STARAKER.

LEAVE THE IMPERIALS TO ME.

SKYWALKER, YOU'RE THE HOTSHOT, ABLE-TO-FLY-ANYTHING PILOT, NOT ME. THE ***STARAKER*** IS YOUR RESPONSIBILITY.

I'M IN COMMAND OF THIS MISSION, REMEMBER? I'VE GIVEN YOU YOUR ORDERS--NOW CARRY THEM OUT!

FACE FLUSHED WITH ANGER--PARTLY BECAUSE HE KNOWS LEIA IS RIGHT--LUKE RACES ACROSS THE VAST HANGAR BAY...

...TOWARDS THE SLEEK, DANGEROUS-LOOKING STRIKE CRAFT POISED ON ITS LAUNCH CRADLE. THIS IS THE **STARAKER**, THE LATEST THING IN IMPERIAL COMBAT DESIGN. LUKE, LEIA AND MICI ARE HERE TO **STEAL** IT.

ON THE FLIGHT DECK...

ARTOO, PLUG INTO THE SHIP'S COMPUTERS.

DEEDLE BEEDLE BOOP...

PRIME HER FOR IMMEDIATE, FULL-POWER, IGNITION.

THREEPIO, HOW'S THE PRINCESS DOING?

"NOT TOO WELL, SIR. THE STORMTROOPERS SEEM TO HAVE REACTED **FASTER** THAN SHE ANTICIPATED."

TELL LUKE TO HURRY, THREEPIO!

I DON'T THINK I CAN HOLD OUT MUCH LONGER!

IGNORE THE SAFETY PROCEDURES, ARTOO! JUST GET THOSE ENGINES READY TO FIRE!

I'M BREAKING EVERY RULE IN THE BOOK--TAKING A HECKUVA RISK--

--BUT WITH LEIA OUT THERE, I HAVE NO CHOICE.

LEIA--**PRINCESS!** WE'RE ALL SET!

HEAD FOR THE RAMP! I'LL COVER YOU!

THAT'S OPEN GROUND. EVEN WITH MICI'S HELP...

...I'LL BE LUCKY IF I GET **HALF WAY!**

SO WHO SAID I WANTED TO LIVE FOREVER?

I DID.

READY--**SET**--

--GO!!

SHE SPRINTS FOR THE STARAKER, FIRING AS SHE RUNS.

BUT THERE ARE TOO MANY STORMTROOPERS...

...TOO MANY ENERGY BOLTS SIZZLING THROUGH THE AIR AROUND HER. SHE CAN'T EVADE THEM ALL.

PRINCESS!!

GUNHHH!

AND SHE DOESN'T!

LEIA!

MICI, I'M COMING DOWN!

STAY WHERE YOU ARE, LUKE!

I'LL GET HER ABOARD... IT WAS ONLY A STUN BOLT!

WE'RE IN THE AIRLOCK--THE HATCH IS SEALED!

NOW PROVE YOU'RE AS GOOD A PILOT AS PEOPLE SAY YOU ARE, SKYWALKER--

AND GET THIS CRATE OFF THE GROUND!

LUKE HITS TWO SWITCHES! ION ENERGY FROM THE SHIP'S SUBLIGHT ENGINES FLARES LIKE A SMALL STAR INSIDE THE DOCKING BAY...

...AND ITS BLASTER BEAMS PUNCH A STARAKER-SIZED HOLE THROUGH THE MASSIVE HANGAR ROOF!

THE THUNDERING STRIKE CRAFT STREAKS TOWARDS THE HEAVENS! LUKE HAS NO POWER TO SPARE FOR THE VECTOR COMPENSATORS, AND SO, IN THE AIRLOCK, MICI CUSHIONS LEIA'S BODY WITH HER OWN AND PRAYS FOR THE BRUTAL ACCELERATION TO END--BEFORE IT CRUSHES THEM BOTH.

NEXT WEEK: ATTACK OF THE KILLER PLANET!

THEY STRIKE FROM SPACE: TIE FIGHTERS!

STAR WARS™ WEEKLY

PRICE 12p
No. 108 Mar. 19, 1980
EVERY WEDNESDAY

4 THIS WEEK: GREAT SF STRIPS

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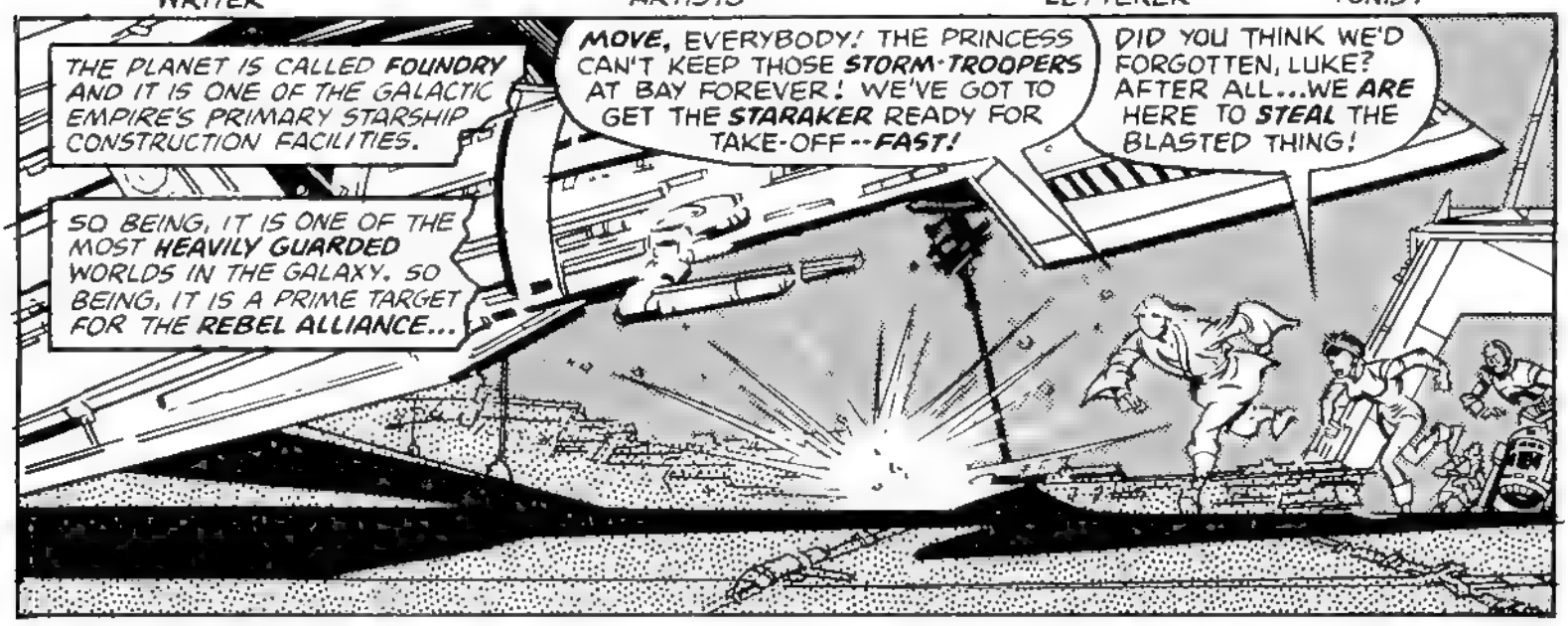
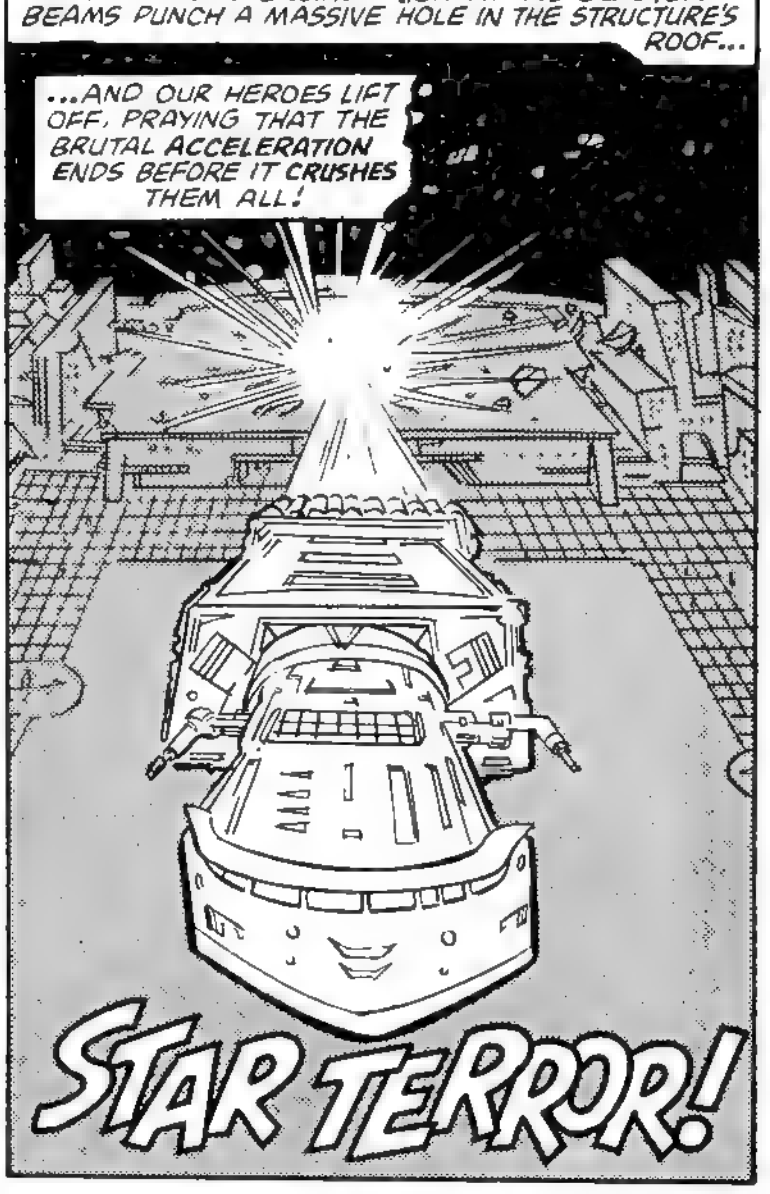

THE PLANET IS CALLED FOUNDRY AND IT IS ONE OF THE GALACTIC EMPIRE'S PRIMARY STARSHIP CONSTRUCTION FACILITIES.
SO BEING, IT IS ONE OF THE MOST HEAVILY GUARDED WORLDS IN THE GALAXY. SO BEING, IT IS A PRIME TARGET FOR THE REBEL ALLIANCE...
MOVE, EVERYBODY! THE PRINCESS CAN'T KEEP THOSE STORM-TROOPERS AT BAY FOREVER! WE'VE GOT TO GET THE STARAKER READY FOR TAKE-OFF--FAST!
DID YOU THINK WE'D FORGOTTEN, LUKE? AFTER ALL...WE ARE HERE TO STEAL THE BLASTED THING!

AND AS LUKE, MICI, AND THE DROIDS PRIME THE SHIP FOR IGNITION...PRINCESS LEIA IS HAVING TROUBLES OF HER OWN...
HURRY, LUKE! THE TROOPERS REACTED FASTER THAN WE ANTICIPATED.
I CAN'T HOLD OUT MUCH LONGER!
LEIA! WE'RE ALL SET! HEAD FOR THE RAMP! I'LL COVER YOU!
OKAY, MICI, HERE I COME!

LEIA SPRINTS FOR THE STARAKER, FIRING AS SHE RUNS. BUT THERE IS TOO MUCH TROOPER BLASTER-FIRE FOR EVEN HER TO AVOID
GUNHHH!!
PRINCESS!!
EVERYBODY STAY PUT! I'LL GET HER ABOARD. IT WAS ONLY A STUN BOLT!


AND SECONDS LATER, THE HANGAR TREMBLES AS THE STARAKER'S ENGINES KICK ON. ITS BLASTER BEAMS PUNCH A MASSIVE HOLE IN THE STRUCTURE'S ROOF...
...AND OUR HEROES LIFT OFF, PRAYING THAT THE BRUTAL ACCELERATION ENDS BEFORE IT CRUSHES THEM ALL!
STAR TERROR!

THE STARAKER'S LIFT-OFF CATCHES THE IMPERIAL FORCES COMPLETELY BY SURPRISE. THERE ARE NO FLEET UNITS IN POSITION TO INTERCEPT THE FUGITIVES...

...AND EVEN IF THERE WERE, THE STARAKER COULD HAVE OUTRUN THEM ALL. AS SOON AS THEY CLEAR FOUNDRY'S GRAVITY-WELL, LUKE ENGAGES THE WARP DRIVE--AND THEIR ESCAPE IS COMPLETE.

LATER...ENROUTE TO REBEL ALLIANCE HEADQUARTERS ON THE THIRD MOON OF YAVIN--

I OWE YOU MY LIFE, MICI.

YOU'D HAVE DONE THE SAME FOR ME, PRINCESS.

THERE WE ARE, ARTOO --A FEW MORE ADJUSTMENTS AND YOU'LL BE GOOD AS NEW.

VOOTIE! BREEP!

THIS SHIP IS A ***DREAM!***

I TELL YOU, PRINCESS--SHE COULD GIVE ***HAN SOLO*** AND THE ***MILLENNIUM FALCON*** A RUN FOR THEIR MONEY.

H'LO, LUKE.

HI, MICI. HOW ARE YOU FEELING, PRINCESS?

YOU WERE HIT PRETTY HARD...NO AFTER-EFFECTS?

COME ON...IT WAS ***ONLY*** A STUN BOLT.

I SHOULDN'T SNAP AT HIM. LUKE'S CONCERNED BECAUSE HE ***CARES*** FOR ME. THAT'S WHY HE'S ALWAYS TRYING TO PROTECT ME.

I... CARE FOR ***HIM...***

"...BUT I WON'T BE TREATED LIKE A HELPLESS CHILD--BY HIM OR ANYONE."

BEFORE LEIA CAN VOICE HER TROUBLED THOUGHTS, HOWEVER...

THAT CHIME! IT'S THE ***COMMUNICATOR!***

CHANNEL CLEAR, LUKE.

THANKS, PRINCESS.

THIS IS STARAKER, YAVIN CONTROL. WE'RE RECEIVING YOU, SCALE FIVE. GO AHEAD.

SKYWALKER, THIS IS ***GENERAL DODONNA.***

GOOD TO SEE YOU, SIR.

AS YOU CAN SEE, WE GOT WHAT YOU SENT US FOR-- WITHOUT A SCRATCH. THE STARAKER'S EVERYTHING INTELLIGENCE BELIEVED IT WOULD BE.

I BET YOUR TECHNOS ARE ITCHING TO GET THEIR HANDS ON HER THE MOMENT WE LAND.

THEY ARE--BUT THEY'LL HAVE TO BE PATIENT. YOU WON'T BE RETURNING TO YAVIN--AT LEAST, NOT YET. I'VE A NEW MISSION FOR YOU.

SOME TIME AGO, WE ESTABLISHED AN ARCHAEOLOGICAL STATION ON THE DEAD PLANET, ***ALASHAN.*** THERE WERE THEORIES THAT A GREAT CIVILIZATION ONCE FLOURISHED THERE. SOME OF OUR SCIENTISTS BELIEVED THAT ELEMENTS OF ITS SCIENCE, ITS TECHNOLOGY, MIGHT HAVE SURVIVED THROUGH THE MILLENNIA--

--THINGS WE MIGHT POSSIBLY USE AGAINST THE EMPIRE. IT WAS A GAMBLE, BUT SUCH GAMBLES HAVE OCCASIONALLY WON WARS.

HOWEVER, SOMETHING'S GONE **WRONG.** FIRST, WE **LOST** CONTACT WITH THE RESEARCH STATION, THEN WITH THE SCOUT TEAM SENT TO CHECK THINGS OUT.

WE FEAR TROUBLE, POSSIBLY OF IMPERIAL ORIGIN.

OF ALL OUR PEOPLE, YOU'RE IN A POSITION TO REACH ALASHAN SWIFTEST... IN A SHIP LIKE STARAKER.

THE ARCHAEOLOGISTS REPORTED A "MAJOR DISCOVERY" IN THEIR LAST TRANSMISSION. IF IT'S A WEAPON--IT MUST **NOT** BE ALLOWED TO FALL INTO IMPERIAL HANDS.

DREET VRBOOT

I CAN SEE YOU'RE EXCITED! YOU'RE ***ALWAYS*** EXCITED WHEN WE START A NEW ADVENTURE-- THE MORE DANGEROUS, THE BETTER!

MARK MY WORDS, ARTOO--ONE OF THESE DAYS, YOUR ***"EXCITEMENT"*** IS GOING TO GET US BOTH DISASSEMBLED, FOR CERTAIN!

OH, MY--! LIFE AS A ***PROTOCOL DROID*** WAS NEVER LIKE THIS!

UNEVENTFUL DAYS PASS, AND, THEN...

THERE IT IS--ALASHAN!

PRELIMINARY SCANS MARK THREE MOONS, NO OTHER SHIPS IN THE VICINITY, NO SIGNS OF LIFE ON EITHER THE MOONS OR THE PLANET.

WE'LL MAKE A FEW WIDE ORBITS BEFORE WE LAND, THOUGH, JUST TO BE SURE.

IF THOSE ARCHAEOLOGISTS FOUND SOME ANCIENT DEVICE, SOME WEAPON--SOMETHING OUR SCIENCE CAN'T COUNTER--AND THE EMPIRE GOT HOLD OF IT...

IT COULD BE TROUBLE?

LUKE, I LOVE YOUR GIFT FOR ***UNDER-STATEMENT!***

I DON'T KNOW ABOUT A WEAPON, PRINCESS...

...BUT EVER SINCE WE ENTERED THIS SYSTEM, I'VE BEEN SENSING AN INTENSE, LOCALIZED DISRUPTION IN THE ***FORCE.*** IT'S LIKE NOTHING I'VE FELT ***BEFORE***--YET...IN MY SOUL, I KNOW IT'S ***EVIL.***

AND THE CLOSER WE COME TO ALASHAN, THE MORE ***INTENSE*** IT GETS.

HEY!!

LUKE, WHAT--?!

BLASTER FIRE--DEFLECTED OFF OUR AUTOMATIC SHIELDS!

WE'RE UNDER ***ATTACK!***

TIE FIGHTERS!!

WHERE'D THEY COME FROM?! OUR SENSORS SHOWED CLEAR SPACE!

THAT WAS A ***WARNING*** SHOT. WE'RE ABOARD AN IMPERIAL WARSHIP--MAYBE THEY HAVEN'T HEARD THAT THE STARAKER WAS HIJACKED. WE MIGHT BE ABLE TO ***BLUFF*** OUR WAY OUT OF THIS WITHOUT FIGHTING--

--ONLY WE DON'T HAVE THEIR COMMUNICATIONS CODE! SO MUCH FOR **THAT** IDEA.

HANG ON, EVERYBODY! HERE'S WHERE WE FIND OUT WHAT THE STAR-AKER CAN **REALLY** DO!

LUKE SLAPS THE THROTTLES TO FULL POWER--THE STARAKER'S SUDDEN, PHENOMENAL BURST OF SPEED THROWING THE IMPERIALS OFF-BALANCE-- AND LEIA DRAWS **FIRST BLOOD** AS THE TIE FIGHTERS SWARM AFTER THEM.

TIES ARE SHORT-RANGE SHIPS--THEY MUST HAVE A BASE NEARBY, HIDDEN FROM OUR SENSORS.

WHICH MEANS THERE MAY BE LOTS MORE WHERE THESE CAME FROM. THE SOONER WE DISENGAGE, THE BETTER.

AGAIN, LUKE DOES THE UNEXPECTED-- TWISTING HIS SHIP END OVER END, AND REVERSING COURSE.

NO LONGER RUNNING, HE PLOWS THROUGH THE MIDDLE OF THE TIE FORMATION, LEIA AND MICI OPENING FIRE WITH EVERY GUN ABOARD.

IN A MATTER OF SECONDS, THE BRIEF, FIERCE DOG-FIGHT IS ALL OVER.

NOW WE KNOW WHAT HAPPENED TO THOSE ARCHAEOLOGISTS.

MAYBE.

BUT WE'LL CROSS THAT SAND-DUNE WHEN WE COME TO IT. FIRST, I WANT TO KNOW WHERE THOSE TIES CAME FROM.

SCANNER CONTACT, LUKE--A BIG ONE!

THERE! JUST COMING OUT OF THE SHADOW OF THE THIRD MOON!

NEGATIVE VIBRATION IN THE FORCE-- GETTING ***WORSE!***

MICI, WHAT DO YOU SEE?!

IT'S NOT AS BIG AS A STAR DESTROYER, NOT AS POWERFUL --BUT IT STILL ***DWARFS*** THE STARAKER.

AN ***IMPERIAL CRUISER!***

FAR WORSE, IT LIES BETWEEN THE REBELS AND OPEN SPACE, BLOCKING THEIR ONLY VIABLE ESCAPE ROUTE. THE FIRST SALVO FROM ITS MAIN GUNS BRACKETS THE STARAKER; ALL ABOARD KNOW THAT THE SECOND WILL ***FINISH*** THEM.

BUT THAT SHOT IS NEVER FIRED.

INSTEAD, A BEAM OF EYE-SEARING, SENSES-STUNNING ENERGY LANCES UPWARD FROM ALASHAN'S SURFACE--

--AND THE CRUISER IS ***NO MORE.***

NEXT WEEK: ⟩ ***TRAPPED ON ALASHAN!***

STRANDED ON THE VOLCANO PLANET!
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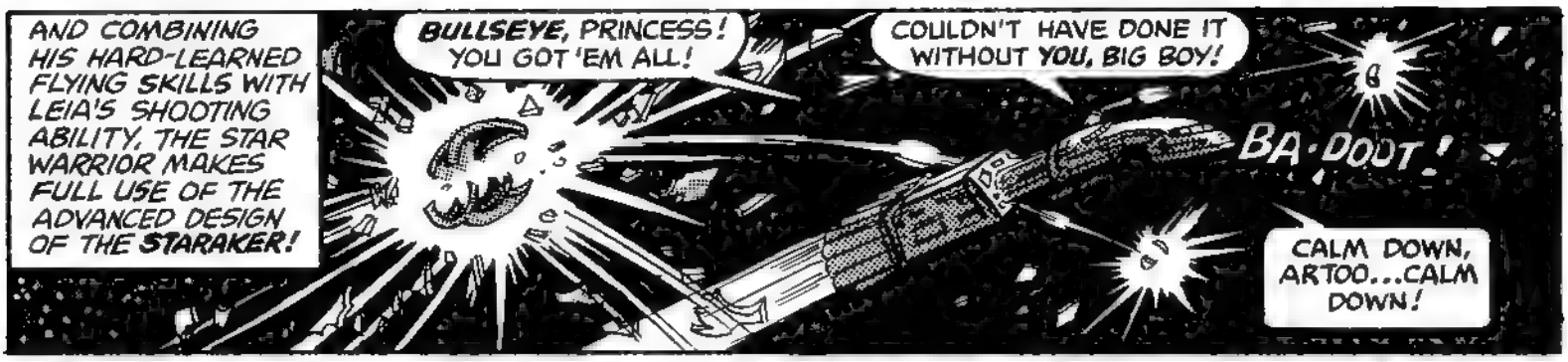
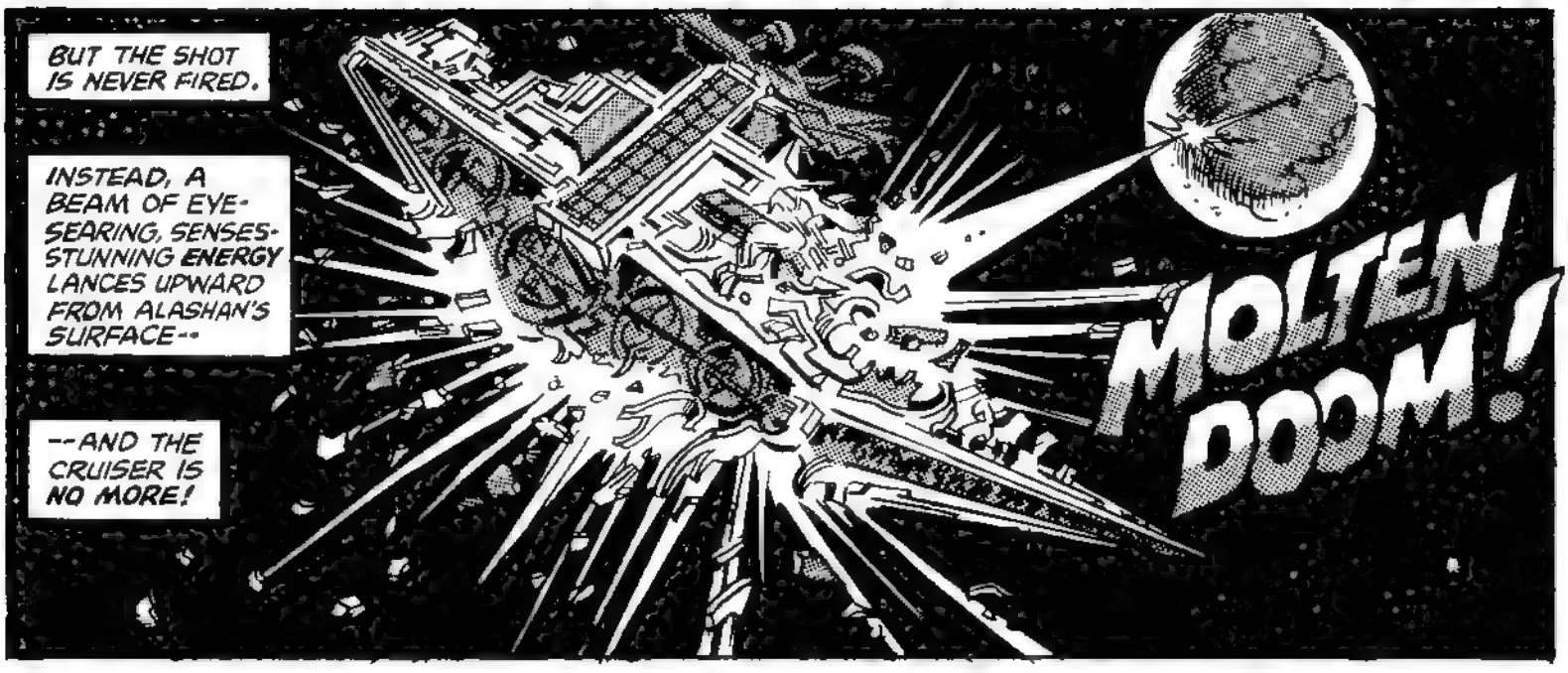
ACCOMPANYING LUKE, LEIA AND MICI SHABANDAR ON A MISSION, ARTOO-DETOO AND SEE-THREEPIO--AS USUAL--BICKER...
YES, I CAN SEE YOU'RE EXCITED, ARTOO! BUT I'M MORE NERVOUS THAN EXCITED...
BA-DEET!
NOT ONLY ARE WE IN A SHIP HIJACKED FROM THE EMPIRE, BUT NOW WE'RE BEING SENT TO INVESTIGATE STRANGE DISAPPEARANCES OF REBELS ON...
"...ALASHAN!"
WE'RE HERE, FOLKS...BUT SO ARE THESE TIE FIGHTERS! ONLY--WHERE'D THEY COME FROM? OUR SENSORS SHOWED CLEAR SPACE.
WORRY ABOUT THAT LATER, LUKE. RIGHT NOW YOU CONFUSE 'EM ...AND I'LL BLAST 'EM!


AND COMBINING HIS HARD-LEARNED FLYING SKILLS WITH LEIA'S SHOOTING ABILITY, THE STAR WARRIOR MAKES FULL USE OF THE ADVANCED DESIGN OF THE STARAKER!
BULLSEYE, PRINCESS! YOU GOT 'EM ALL!
COULDN'T HAVE DONE IT WITHOUT YOU, BIG BOY!
BA-DOOT!
CALM DOWN, ARTOO...CALM DOWN!

NOW WE KNOW WHAT HAPPENED TO THOSE OTHER REBELS.
MAYBE...MAYBE NOT. FIRST I WANT TO KNOW WHERE THOSE TIES CAME FROM.
WAIT! THERE'S YOUR ANSWER!
AN IMPERIAL CRUISER!
ALL ABOARD TENSE, EXPECTING THE WORST. A BLAST FROM THE CRUISER'S MAIN GUNS COULD DESTROY THEM.


BUT THE SHOT IS NEVER FIRED.
INSTEAD, A BEAM OF EYE-SEARING, SENSES-STUNNING ENERGY LANCES UPWARD FROM ALASHAN'S SURFACE--
--AND THE CRUISER IS NO MORE!
MOLTEN DOOM!

WHAT... WAS THAT...??

I DON'T KNOW. I DON'T THINK I WANT TO KNOW!

WE'RE A HUNDRED THOUSAND KILOMETRES FROM THE PLANET. I THOUGHT ONLY THE ***DEATH STAR*** COULD SHOOT THAT FAR, DO THAT MUCH DAMAGE.

LUKE, WHO--OR WHAT--EVER'S DOWN THERE...

...NOW IT'S SHOOTING AT ***US!!***

FOR AN INSTANT, THEY THINK THEY'RE ABOUT TO ***DIE***...

...BUT THE STARAKER'S SHIELDS--EXPERIMENTAL, FAR STRONGER THAN THOSE OF THE CRUISER--***HOLD.*** BARELY.

THE STRAIN BLOWS NEARLY EVERY CIRCUIT ABOARD--IGNITING FUEL ELEMENTS, STARTING FIRES, TRIGGERING AN EXPLOSION IN THE ENGINE SECTION...

...THAT SENDS THE ***MORTALLY WOUNDED*** SPACECRAFT TUMBLING OUT OF CONTROL TOWARDS ALASHAN...

STILL...HER CREW FIGHTS TO SAVE HER.

I'LL HANDLE THE FIRES AFT!

GOOD LUCK!

STATUS READOUTS ARE SHOT ...I'VE NO IDEA WHICH SYSTEMS ARE STILL FUNCTIONAL.

CONTROLS ARE MUSHY. THEY COULD GIVE OUT ANY TIME.

MICI, STRAP YOURSELF IN!

WE'RE ABOUT TO HIT THE ATMOSPHERE!

SHE HEARS LUKE...

...BUT SHE NEVER GETS THE CHANCE TO OBEY HIM--AS A COMPUTER PANEL EXPLODES, HURLING MICI HARD AGAINST THE OPPOSITE BULKHEAD. SHE CRUMPLES TO THE DECK, AND DOES NOT MOVE.

MOMENTS LATER, THE STARAKER SKIMS INTO ALASHAN'S ATMOSPHERE, FRICTION IMMEDIATELY TURNING ITS HULL RED-HOT, THEN ***WHITE-HOT***...

...WHILE TURBULENCE BATTERS BOTH SHIP AND CREW MERCILESSLY. LUKE TRIES DESPERATELY TO PULL THE STARAKER OUT OF ITS DEATH DIVE--TO NO AVAIL.

DESPITE HIMSELF, LUKE BEGING TO DESPAIR--TO GIVE UP.

THEN, AN IMAGE FORMS WITHIN HIS MIND AND SOUL, A FAMILIAR VOICE ECHOES IN HIS EAR: **OBI-WAN KENOBI**, LAST OF THE JEDI KNIGHTS, TEACHER OF LUKE'S FATHER AND, FOR A TIME, OF LUKE HIMSELF...

MASTER OF THE **FORCE**.

SEEING THAT FACE, HEARING THE VOICE OF HIS DECEASED MENTOR,* LUKE... **RELAXES.** HE BECOMES **ONE** WITH THE FORCE--GUIDING IT AND BEING GUIDED BY IT AS HIS HANDS MOVE UNERRINGLY OVER THE CRIPPLED STARSHIP'S CONTROLS.

SLOWLY, SURELY, THE STARAKER LEVELS OUT...

*SLAIN BY **DARTH VADER** IN STAR WARS WEEKLY #8 -- EDITOR.

WHEN--WITHOUT WARNING...

LUKE! IN HEAVEN'S NAME--

-WHAT ARE YOU **DOING?!?**

NO TIME TO EXPLAIN!

"YOU'LL JUST HAVE TO **TRUST** ME!"

VDOW!!

LUKE IS REACTING TO A NEW DISRUPTION IN THE FORCE-- **IDENTICAL** TO WHAT HE FELT WHEN THE IMPERIAL CRUISER WAS DESTROYED-- THROWING THE STARAKER INTO A FULL POWER, BANKING DIVE.

HE MAKES IT. EXCEPT...

...TOO MUCH ALTITUDE IS LOST! THE CRIPPLED SHIP IS NOT UP TO THE DEMANDS LUKE MAKES ON IT.

HE DOES HIS BEST TO SAVE THE STARAKER...

SKWA-RAMM

...BUT HE SIMPLY RUNS OUT OF SKY-- AS IT PLOWS, UPSIDE DOWN, INTO A VAST PLAIN OF **MOLTEN LAVA.**

KLK-K-K-K

THE FORCE BE PRAISED-- I CAN FEEL A *PULSE*.

MMMOOHH...

LUKE RELEASES LEIA'S SAFETY HARNESS, AND GENTLY EASES HER OUT OF HER UPSIDE-DOWN CHAIR.

AT FIRST, AFTER SHE REVIVES, WORDS *FAIL* THEM. THESE TWO YOUNG PEOPLE HAVE BEEN THROUGH A LOT TOGETHER...

...AND THEY CARE FOR EACH OTHER FAR MORE THAN EITHER WILL ADMIT. SO, FOR THE MOMENT, THEY REVEL IN THE JOY OF SIMPLY BEING ALIVE.

AND, WHEN THAT MOMENT PASSES...

I'LL RUN A SYSTEMS CHECK-- BUT THINGS LOOK PRETTY BAD.

I'LL FIND MICI AND THE DROIDS.

MICI? ARTOO? THREEPI--

OH!!

GOODNESS, THREEPIO-- YOU SCARED THE LIFE OUT OF ME!

ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

VRBRT!

I... BELIEVE SO.

STOP GLOATING, ARTOO, YOU INFERNAL RUST BUCKET--

--JUST BECAUSE YOU CAN *MAGNETIZE* YOURSELF TO THE DECK, AND I CAN'T!

OH, *NO!*

LUKE-- GET OUT HERE! I NEED YOU!

BREATHING-- BARELY.

HOW IS SHE?

ARTOO, ACTIVATE YOUR MEDICAL MEMORY SUB-BANK. I'LL NEED YOUR HELP EXAMINING HER.

IT'S **BAD**, LUKE. THE CRASH PLASTERED HER AGAINST THE FORWARD BULKHEAD. SHE HAS BROKEN BONES, INTERNAL INJURIES--SHE NEEDS A HOSPITAL.

WITHOUT POWER, WE CAN'T EVEN USE WHAT EQUIPMENT STARAKER HAS ABOARD TO HELP HER.

LET ME TAKE A LOOK OUTSIDE--GET A BETTER IDEA OF HOW BADLY WE'RE CHEWED UP.

OW!!

THE OUTER HATCH OF THE AIRLOCK-- IT'S **HOT!**

I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S ON THE OTHER SIDE.

BUT, BEFORE I OPEN THE HATCH...

...I'LL SEAL THE 'LOCK'S ***INNER*** HATCH, TO PROTECT THE SHIP...

...AND THEN WATCH WHAT HAPPENS THROUGH THE OBSERVATION WINDOW.

HERE GOES.

WITH ITS USUAL HISS COUPLED WITH AN UNUSUAL, NERVE-WRACKING, **TEARING** SOUND, AS IF THE HULL ITSELF WAS BEING RIPPED APART--

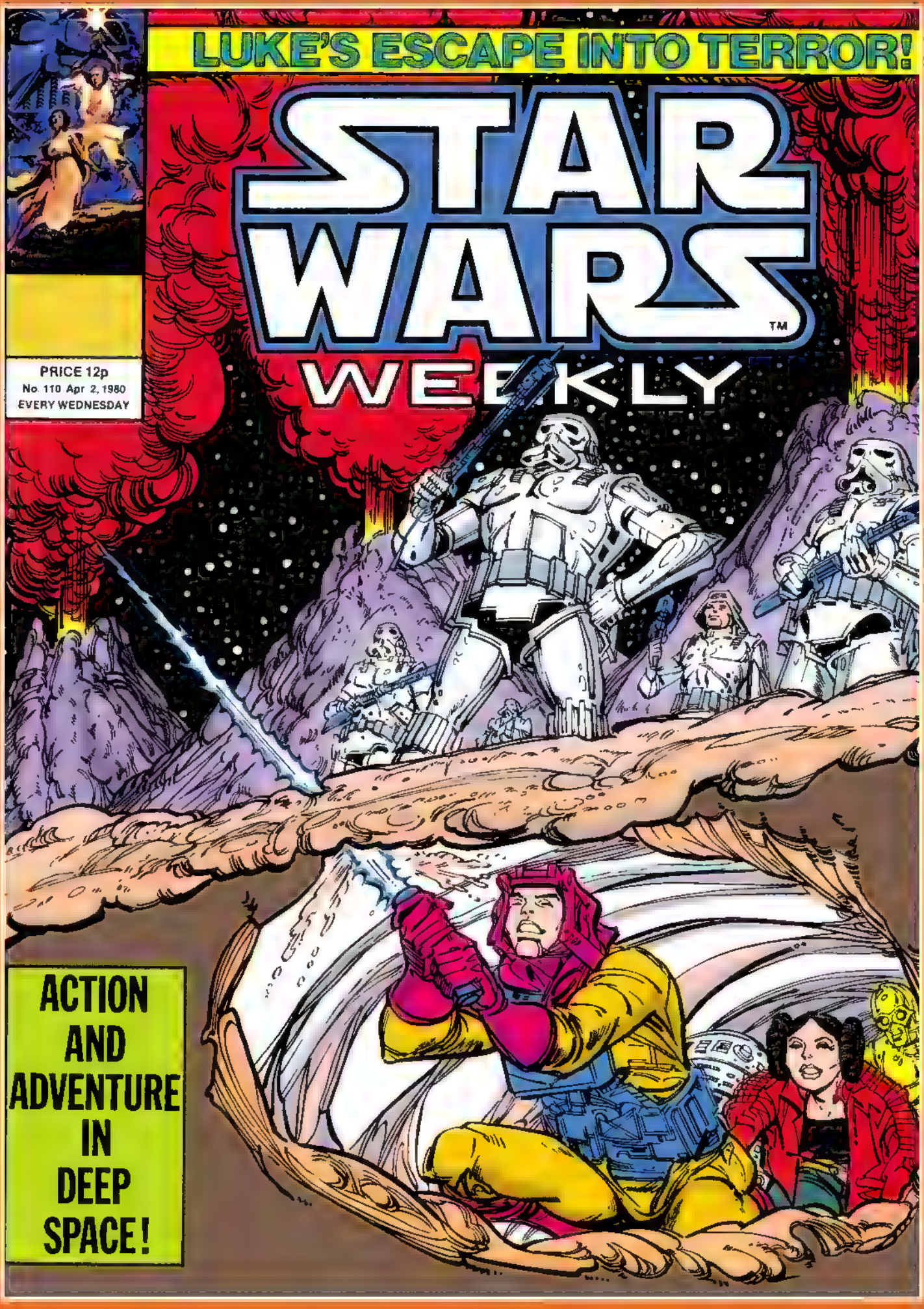
--THE MASSIVE CERAMIC STEEL HATCH SLIDES OPEN.

I DON'T BELIEVE IT--THAT'S ROCK! SOLID **ROCK!**

I REMEMBER NOW--WE... CRASHED INTO A LAVA FIELD. OUR SPEED MUST HAVE DRIVEN THE SHIP COMPLETELY BENEATH THE SURFACE --AND WHILE WE WERE UNCONSCIOUS, THE LAVA ***HARDENED*** AROUND US!

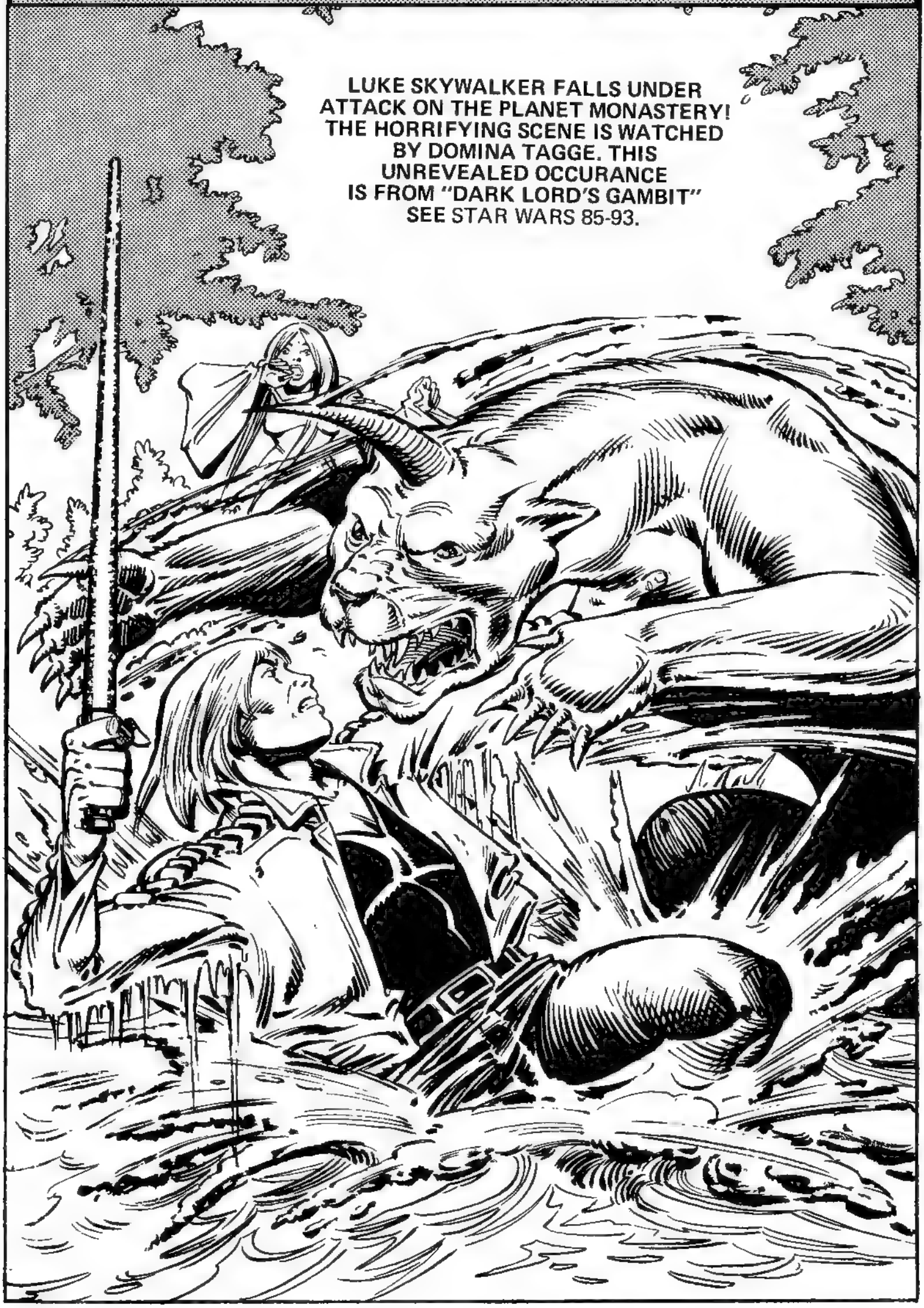
WE'RE **BURIED ALIVE!!**

TO BE CONTINUED!


LUKE'S ESCAPE INTO TERROR!
STAR WARS
TM
WEEKLY
PRICE 12p
No. 110 Apr 2, 1980
EVERY WEDNESDAY
ACTION AND ADVENTURE IN DEEP SPACE!

STAR WARS™ ACTION PIN-UP

LUKE SKYWALKER FALLS UNDER ATTACK ON THE PLANET MONASTERY! THE HORRIFYING SCENE IS WATCHED BY DOMINA TAGGE. THIS UNREVEALED OCCURANCE IS FROM "DARK LORD'S GAMBIT" SEE STAR WARS 85-93.



Long ago in a galaxy far, far away. . .there exists a state of cosmic *civil war*. A brave alliance of *underground freedom fighters* has challenged the tyranny and oppression of the awesome *Galactic Empire*. This is their story!

Lucasfilm PRESENTS: **STAR WARS** THE GREATEST SPACE FANTASY OF ALL!

CONTINUING THE SAGA BEGUN IN THE FILM BY GEORGE LUCAS RELEASED BY TWENTIETH CENTURY FOX.

C. CLAREMONT GUEST WRITER • CARMINE INFANTINO & GENE DAY ARTISTS • HOWARD BENDER TONIST • JEAN SIMEK LETTERER

THE WORD FOR WORLD IS DEATH!

WELCOME TO THE SCOUT CRUISER, **STARAKER**. ONCE IT REPRESENTED THE **LATEST** THING IN IMPERIAL TECHNOLOGY. NOW, IT'S JUST ANOTHER WRECK. BUT WHILE THE SHIP IS VIRTUALLY DEAD, ITS CREW--**LUKE SKYWALKER, LEIA ORGANA, MICI SHABANDAR** AND THEIR DROIDS, **SEE-THREEPIO** AND **ARTOO-DETOO**--FIGHTS DESPERATELY FOR SURVIVAL.

ALRIGHT, ARTOO--WHAT...DO I DO NEXT?

ORRR VEEDLE BEEP!

YOU'VE SET MISTRESS MICI'S BONES, PRINCESS. NOW, ARTOO SAYS YOU MUST STOP THE INTERNAL BLEEDING.

HE ALSO SAYS THAT YOU SHOULD ***HURRY***--HER VITAL LIFE-SIGNS ARE CRITICALLY ***LOW***.

I UNDERSTAND, THANK YOU, THREEPIO.

LUKE, IT'S UP TO **YOU.**

STRIKE WHERE AND WHEN I TELL YOU.

VR

AMP!

*HE'S BEEN **MEDITATING** SINCE LEIA BEGAN THE OPERATION, OPENING HIS MIND-- HIS ENTIRE BEING-- TO THE **FORCE.** WITH MICI'S LIFE AT STAKE, HE KNOWS HE HAS NO MARGIN FOR ERROR.*

READY-- **NOW!**

GOOD, LUKE-- BUT NOT ENOUGH.

IT'S RISKY--MICI'S SO WEAK-- BUT YOU'LL HAVE TO DO IT AGAIN.

*ONCE MORE, LUKE'S **LIGHTSABRE** FLASHES THROUGH THE DARKNESS...*

*...TOUCHING MICI FOR ONLY A SPLIT-SECOND, ITS AWESOME ENERGIES **CAUTERISING** HER WOUNDS WITHOUT CAUSING ANY ADDITIONAL DAMAGE.*

*IT'S THE **HARDEST** THING LUKE HAS EVER DONE...*

...BUT, AFTER A SEEMING ETERNITY...

THE BLEEDING'S STOPPED. HER LIFESIGNS ARE STABILIZING.

IT'S OVER, LUKE. WE'VE DONE ALL WE COULD. YOU CAN RELAX.

GLAD TO HEAR IT, PRINCESSSSs...

LUKE!

HE'S *PASSING OUT!* THREEPIO-- *HELP ME!*

LATER... YOU GAVE ME QUITE A SCARE, MY FRIEND. ARTOO MEDI-SCANNED YOU, YOU'RE BASICALLY ALL RIGHT, LUKE.

THE STRAIN OF THE OPERATION-- ADDED TO THE NEAR-POISON WE'RE BREATHING AND THE TERRIBLE HEAT-- SIMPLY TOOK ITS TOLL.

SO... MUCH FOR OUR... PERFECT MISSION...EH, PRINCESS?

IT CERTAINLY SEEMED LIKE ONE AT THE START.

LUKE, LEIA, MICI AND THE 'DROIDS INFILTRATED THE IMPERIAL BASE ON FOUNDRY TO STEAL THIS EXPERIMENTAL PROTOTYPE STARSHIP. THEY WERE SUPPOSED TO DELIVER IT TO THE REBEL ALLIANCE HEADQUARTERS ON YAVIN 4...

...BUT GENERAL DODONNA DIVERTED THEM TO ALASHAN. THE HIGH COMMAND HAD LOST CONTACT WITH AN EXPLORATORY TEAM SENT TO THAT LONG DEAD WORLD.

THEY WERE TO FIND OUT WHY.

NONE OF THEM WERE PARTICULARLY SURPRISED...

...WHEN, UPON REACHING ALASHAN, THE STARAKER WAS AMBUSHED BY A FORMATION OF IMPERIAL TIE FIGHTERS.

THEY WERE SURPRISED, HOWEVER...

...WHEN--AFTER THEY'D SUCCESSFULLY FOUGHT OFF THE FIGHTERS --FIRST THE IMPERIALS' BASE SHIP, AND THEN THE STARAKER, CAME UNDER FIRE FROM ALASHAN'S SURFACE.

THE IMPERIAL CRUISER WAS DESTROYED INSTANTLY. THE STARAKER-- THANKS TO LUKE'S PILOTING SKILL-- WAS "LUCKIER."

IT MERELY CRASHED INTO A VAST PLAIN OF MOLTEN LAVA.*

*FOR DETAILS SEE SWH'S 107-109-- ED.

MICI'S SLEEPING. THE IMMEDIATE DANGER IS PAST, BUT THE SOONER WE GET HER TO A PROPER HOSPITAL, THE BETTER.

PRINCESS, SO LONG AS WHAT-- OR WHO-- EVER SHOT US DOWN IS STILL OPERATIONAL...

...WE'RE GOING *NOWHERE.*

AS IF THAT WASN'T BAD ENOUGH-- WE'RE BURIED UNDER LORD KNOWS *NOW* MANY METERS OF LAVA. WE'VE NO INTERNAL POWER-- WHICH MEANS NO ATMOSPHERE SYNTHESIZERS.

LIKE YOU SAID, WE'RE BREATHING POISON-- AND IT'S GETTING WORSE. WE HAVE TO GET FRESH AIR IN HERE-- *SOON!*

ARTOO, SCAN THE HULL. WHAT'S IT LIKE OUT THERE?

ARTOO-DETOO SAYS THAT ALTHOUGH THE LAVA HAS COOLED AND HARDENED CONSIDERABLY, MASTER LUKE, IT IS STILL EXTREMELY HOT.

ALSO ITS COMPOSITION LIMITS THE EFFECTIVE-NESS OF HIS SENSORS.

HE HAS NO IDEA HOW *DEEP* WE ARE.

THANKS, THREEPIO.

LUKE, WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO?

THE ONLY THING WE *CAN* DO-- DIG OUR WAY OUT.

I'LL USE MY LIGHTSABRE TO CUT A TUNNEL TO THE SURFACE.

I WISH YOU LUCK. MAY THE FORCE BE WITH YOU.

AFTER A SEND-OFF LIKE THIS, HOW COULD I GO WRONG?

LISTEN TO ME-- I'M STARTING TO SOUND LIKE *HAN SOLO.*

MY SABRE SEEMS TO HAVE AN *IN-EXHAUSTIBLE* POWER SUPPLY...

HERE'S WHERE I PUT IT-- AND ME-- TO THE TEST.

UNFORTUNATELY, IT SOON BECOMES APPARENT...

...THAT WHILE THE WEAPON IS MORE THAN EQUAL TO THE TASK AT HAND, LUKE SKYWALKER IS NOT.

I...THOUGHT IT WAS *HOT*... INSIDE THE STARAKER.

THAT WAS AN... *ICE BOX*... COMPARED TO THIS.

I WAS *WEAK* TO START WITH-- NOW... DEHYDRATING. AIR... SEARING MY LUNGS-- CAN'T GET... DECENT BREATH. BUT-- HAVE TO KEEP GOING. *KEEP GOING!*

I CAN'T SEE LUKE ANYMORE, THREEPIO.

MY OPTICAL SENSORS ARE STILL TRACKING HIM, PRINCESS. HE IS MOVING VERY SLOWLY.

OH, LUKE...

I NEVER DREAMED WE WERE BURIED SO DEEPLY. YOU'VE GONE SO FAR-- THE TUNNEL'S SO STEEP-- ONE MIS-STEP AND YOU COULD FALL TO YOUR DEATH!

H-HUH...?!?

FACE-- MY FACE-- ALL OF A SUDDEN, IT FEELS COOL!

AND-- ABOVE ME-- I CAN SEE THE *SKY!*

I-- MADE IT!!

SO... TIRED. GOT TO... LIE HERE A MOMENT-- REST...

NEVER TRIED SUCH SUSTAINED, HEAVY-DUTY WORK WITH MY SABRE BEFORE. SOMEHOW... IT SEEMED TO DRAW ITS POWER FROM ME-- FROM MY WILL, MY... SOUL...

I WON'T SOON TRY *THIS* STUNT AGAIN...

HEY!!

ON YOUR FEET, GRUBBER!

THAT METALLIC VOICE-- IT'S AN IMPERIAL *STORM-TROOPER!*

WEAK AS I AM--

--I'VE GOT TO *FIGHT!*

WHA-- *OWW!!*

OHO! OUR YOUNG CUB HAS TEETH. DEAL WITH HIM, ANARINE!

SHOK!

DON'T BE FOOLISH, LADDY-BUCK. MAKE A WRONG MOVE-- MAKE ANY MOVE AT ALL-- AND IT'LL BE YOUR *LAST.*

I'M *GRAU*-- MAJOR, IMPERIAL COMMANDOS. THE BIG FELLOW WHO SWATTED YOU IS *FLEET SERGEANT ANARINE,* MY NUMBER TWO. THE OFFICER TO MY RIGHT IS *ENSIGN LOPAKI,* FRESH FROM THE ACADEMY.

THERE. WE'VE INTRODUCED OURSELVES. NOW IT'S *YOUR* TURN.

I... I'M LARS-- LARS... DUNE-STRIDER.

OF COURSE YOU ARE.

YOU CARRY A *RARE* WEAPON, "LARS" -- A LIGHTSABRE, THE MARK OF A *JEDI-KNIGHT.* PERHAPS ALSO...

...THE MARK OF A *REBEL?*

NEXT WEEK: 〉 **UNHOLY ALLIANCE!**

STAR WARRIORS UNDER SIEGE!

STAR WARS™ WEEKLY

PRICE 12p
No. 111 Apr. 9, 1980
EVERY WEDNESDAY

A GREAT NEW SPACE STRIP STARTS THIS WEEK!

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OUR SCENE IS THE PLANET ALASHAN, BUT IT MIGHT AS WELL BE **HADES** ITSELF AS FAR AS **LUKE SKYWALKER** IS CONCERNED...

BOY, I SURE DID IT **THIS** TIME! LEIA, MICI, THE DROIDS AND I MANAGED TO HIJACK THE EMPIRE'S NEW **STARAKER** SHIP...

...BUT A MYSTERIOUS FORCE HERE ON ALASHAN SHOT US **DOWN** AND NOW WE'RE **TRAPPED** IN THIS PLAIN OF **HARDENED LAVA!**

NOW I'VE GOT TO DIG US OUT WITH MY **LIGHTSABRE.**

BUT IT'S SO **HOT** HERE... HARDLY ANY AIR... CAN'T **BREATHE!**

AND AS LUKE STRUGGLES TOWARDS THE SURFACE...

YES, ARTOO, IT **IS** TAKING A LONG TIME. BUT WE MUST BE PATIENT!

BA-DEET!

AT LEAST MICI DOESN'T HAVE TO SEE THIS. SHE'S STILL OUT COLD FROM THE **SURGERY** I HAD TO DO ON HER.

FINALLY, AFTER MUCH BACK-BREAKING LABOUR, LUKE REACHES THE SURFACE, BUT...

ON YOUR FEET, GRUBBER!

HEY!!

IN HIS WEAKENED CONDITION, THE YOUNG STAR WARRIOR IS UNABLE TO PUT UP MUCH OF A FIGHT, AND SO HE LISTENS IN SILENCE TO THE WORDS OF HIS "HOSTS" (LEFT TO RIGHT)...

...ENSIGN **LOPAKI** OF THE IMPERIAL COMMANDOES...

...MAJOR GRAU...

...AND FLEET SERGEANT ANARINE--

DON'T BE **FOOLISH,** LADDY! MAKE A WRONG MOVE-- AND IT'LL BE YOUR **LAST!**

BUT, SAY, YOU DO CARRY A **RARE** WEAPON-- A LIGHTSABRE, THE MARK OF A **JEDI KNIGHT.** PERHAPS ALSO...

...THE MARK OF A **REBEL?!**

UNHOLY ALLIANCE!

HOW MANY OTHERS IN YOUR CREW?

I'M THE ONLY SURVIVOR.

I SEE.

THEN YOU'VE NO OBJECTIONS TO MY MEN SEARCHING YOUR SHIP--JUST TO MAKE SURE.

THAT WON'T BE NECESSARY.

AND, AFTER LUKE CALLS DOWN TO THE STARAKER...

MAJOR--IT'S ***LEIA ORGANA!***

WHAT INCREDIBLE LUCK! THE REWARD FOR HER WILL MAKE US ALL ***RICH MEN!***

ANYONE ELSE?

NO ONE WHO COULD THREATEN YOU, MAJOR--A BADLY WOUNDED WOMAN AND TWO DROIDS.

SHALL I CLAP THEM IN ***IRONS,*** SIR?

NO, ENSIGN, YOU WILL NOT!

LOPAK!, YOU NIMWIT, WE'RE ***STRANDED*** HERE, AT THE MERCY OF A FORCE, AN ENTITY-- I DON'T KNOW WHAT--

-- WHOSE POWER RIVALS THE ***DEATH STAR'S.***

PRINCESS, I OFFER A ***TRUCE.***

APART, WE HAVEN'T A PRAYER OF FIGHTING WHATEVER DESTROYED OUR TWO SHIPS--MUCH LESS OF GETTING OFF THIS MUD-BALL ALIVE. TOGETHER--WHO KNOWS?

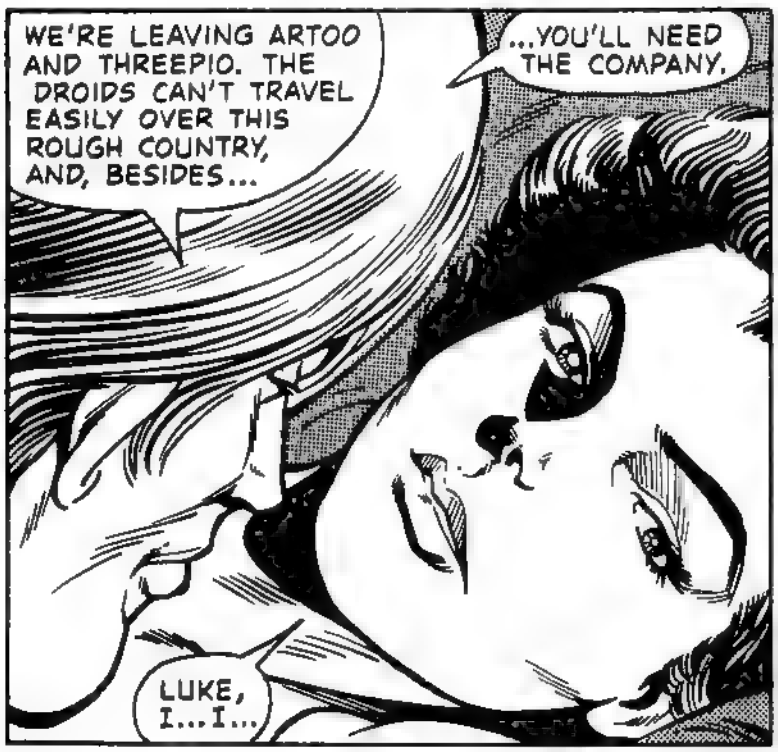
YOU NEED OUR HELP AS MUCH AS WE NEED YOURS.

CONSIDERING THE SITUATION, WE DON'T REALLY HAVE MUCH CHOICE.

ALL RIGHT, MAJOR-- WE ***ACCEPT*** THE TRUCE.

LATER, INSIDE THE STARAKER...
HOW DO YOU FEEL, MICI?
I'M IN NO PAIN.
THANKS TO THE MEDICINE THAT IMPERIAL SERGEANT GAVE ME, I'M IN WONDERLAND.

LEIA AND I--AND THE IMPERIALS--WILL BE HEADING FOR THE ARCHAEOLOGICAL SITE AT DAWN.
HOW LONG WILL YOU BE GONE?
AS LONG AS IT TAKES, I'M AFRAID. WE HAVE TO FIND AND DEAL WITH THE POWER THAT ATTACKED US--BEFORE IT FINISHES US.


WE'RE LEAVING ARTOO AND THREEPIO. THE DROIDS CAN'T TRAVEL EASILY OVER THIS ROUGH COUNTRY, AND, BESIDES...
...YOU'LL NEED THE COMPANY.
LUKE, I...I...

WHAT IS IT MICI? WHAT'S THE MATTER?
DON'T GO-- PLEASE.
I HAVE TO.
I--I'M SCARED! I KNOW HOW BADLY I'M HURT.

I'M AFRAID THAT, WHILE YOU'RE GONE, I'LL DIE HERE, IN THE DARK--ALONE.
OH, LUKE, I DON'T WANT TO DIE!
I KNOW. I KNOW. IT'S ALL RIGHT, MICI.
YOU'LL BE ALL RIGHT.
WHREEL?
HUMANS HAVE SO MANY EMOTIONS, ARTOO. AND MOST SEEM TO CAUSE THEM PAIN. I DO NOT UNDERSTAND, BUT I'M GLAD I HAVE NONE.
AND YET-- I CAN'T HELP WONDERING SOMETIMES... WHAT IT WOULD BE LIKE.

FOR THE BETTER PART OF THE DAY, LUKE, LEIA AND THE COMMANDO TEAM PUSH TOWARDS THE REBEL CAMP...

...THROUGH MOUNTAINS AS RUGGED AND FORBIDDING AS ANY LUKE OR LEIA HAVE EVER SEEN. THE COMMANDOS SEEM TO **THRIVE** ON THIS ROUGH COUNTRY. LUKE WISHES HE WAS IN A STAR-FIGHTER, FLYING **OVER** IT.

BY CHANCE, MY SHIP **INTERCEPTED** THE MESSAGES BETWEEN HERE AND YAVIN, WE DECIDED TO FIND OUT WHAT WAS SO INTERESTING ABOUT ALASHAN. MY TEAM CAME IN AHEAD OF OUR CRUISER-- ACTING AS SCOUTS AND **BAIT.**

IF THERE WAS TROUBLE HERE, WE WERE SUPPOSED TO FLUSH IT OUT. BUT WHATEVER'S DOWN HERE KNOWS ITS **TACTICS.**

IT LEFT US ALONE, BIDING ITS TIME UNTIL OUR BASE SHIP CAME INTO RANGE.

GRAU-- YOU **FOOL!**

JABBERING WITH THOSE WHO SHOULD BE YOUR **PRISONERS!** TREATING THEM AS ALLIES, NOT BITTER ENEMIES!

ENSIGN KYRIL LOPAKI WILL NOT BE SO **LENIENT.**

FINALLY, NEAR DUSK...

THERE'S YOUR ARCHAEOLOGISTS' CAMP.

LOOKS **BAD.** I CAN SEE WHAT'S LEFT OF A REBEL "Y"-WING SCOUT...

EH--!?!

...AND ALL THE HABITAT DOMES HAVE BEEN BREACHED. NO SIGN OF LIFE. ANARINE, UNLIMBER THE **PORTER SCANNER.** MAKE A SWEEP OF THE AREA.

MY HEAD-- I CAN FEEL THE SAME NEGATIVE DISTURBANCE IN THE **FORCE**...

WHAT THE--!?!

...THAT I FELT IN SPACE, JUST BEFORE WE WERE **SHOT DOWN!**

MAJOR-- **HIT THE DECK!!**

ZDOW!

THE POWER OF THAT ENERGY BEAM IS *INCREDIBLE!* IT SHAVED THE TOP OFF THE ENTIRE RIDGE.

LEIA-- GET EVERYONE *AWAY* FROM THERE! GET TO COVER-- *NOW!*

YOU *HEARD* THE MAN, ENSIGN.

YYIII--!

RUN FOR IT!

LEIA AND THE COMMANDOS COME DOWN THE STEEP SLOPE IN A MAD, HELTER-SKELTER RUSH--

*--BARE **SECONDS** BEFORE ANOTHER BOLT OF STAR-BRIGHT FIRE RIPS INTO THE HEART OF THE MOUNTAIN...*

*...TRIGGERING AN IMMEDIATE, MASSIVE **AVALANCHE!***

ENSIGN LOPAKI-- MY LEG-- I THINK IT'S *BROKEN!*

I CAN'T WALK-- *HELP ME*, SIR!

THE ROCKS-- TOO CLOSE-- COMING TOO QUICKLY!

IF I HELP TROOPER BOAZ--

--I'LL ONLY DOOM MYSELF!

YOU FILTHY *COWARD!* MAY YOU *ROT* IN--

AAAHHRRR!

FOR KILOMETRES AROUND, THE GROUND SHUDDERS AS A MILLION TONS OF ROCK COME CASCADING DOWN THE MOUNTAINSIDE LIKE WATER...

*...THE TERRIBLE AVALANCHE SWEEPING **ALL** BEFORE IT.*

AND WHEN THIS TECTONIC HOLOCAUST HAS FINALLY RUN ITS COURSE, THE THUNDEROUS ECHOES OF ITS PASSING FINALLY DIED AWAY...

...NOTHING MOVES...

...UNTIL...

AM I...THE ONLY ONE?

LUKE?

I DON'T KNOW... QUITE HOW-- BUT I SEEM TO HAVE SURVIVED.

WAIT! I HEARD SOMETHING-- A GROAN! AND THERE'S A ***HAND!***

IT'S MOVING! SOMEONE ELSE IS ***ALIVE!***

PLEASE HEAVEN-- LET IT BE LUKE!

MAJOR GRAU!

YOU SOUND ***DISAPPOINTED,*** PRINCESS. BECAUSE I'M NOT DEAD-- OR BECAUSE I'M NOT SOMEONE ELSE.

I'LL... HELP YOU OUT.

LEIA!

I MEAN, ER-- PRINCESS!

LUKE! YOU'RE ***ALL RIGHT!***

I'M BREATHING. I'LL SETTLE FOR THAT.

YOU SAVED MY LIFE, LAD, AND THE LIVES OF MY MEN--WHEN YOU JUST AS EASILY COULD HAVE LET THAT BEAM CRISP US.

HERE'S YOUR ***LIGHTSABRE*** LUKE.

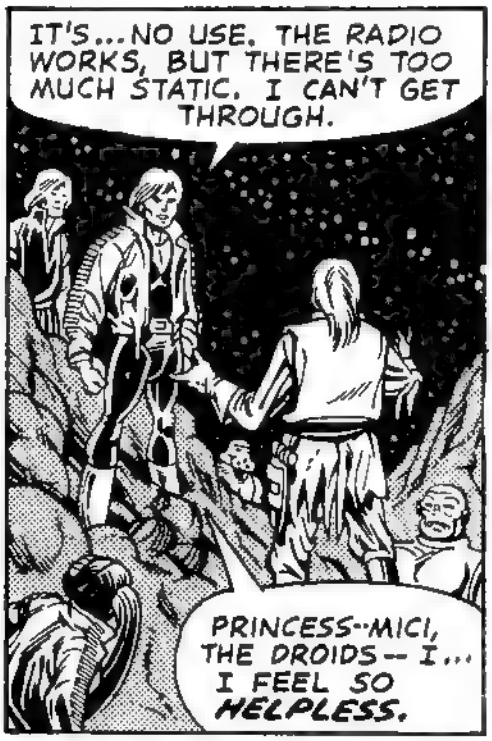
YOU'VE EARNED IT-- AND MY ***TRUST.***

THANK YOU, MAJOR. WHAT BOTHERS ME IS HOW THAT BEAM HIT US FROM ***BEHIND...***

... FROM THE SAME DIRECTION AS THE LAVA FIELD WHERE WE LEFT THE STARAKER!
IT COULD HAVE FOUND THE SHIP-- WE'VE GOT TO GET BACK THERE!

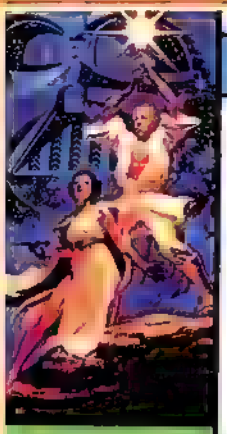
WE'VE LOST WEAPONS, SUPPLIES --ONE OF MY MEN, RIGHT NOW-- EVEN IF WE FOUND OUR ENEMY--WE COULDN'T FIGHT IT.
LUKE, I KNOW HOW YOU FEEL-- BUT THE STARAKER'S A DAY'S MARCH AWAY.

MAYBE THE COMLINK--?!


IT'S...NO USE. THE RADIO WORKS, BUT THERE'S TOO MUCH STATIC. I CAN'T GET THROUGH.
PRINCESS--MICI, THE DROIDS-- I... I FEEL SO HELPLESS.

MAJOR-- LOOK TO THE WEST!
THE SKY'S ALL LIT UP-- LIKE IT WAS ON FIRE!

JUST BEYOND THE HORIZON, A NOW-FAMILIAR PULSE OF PURE ENERGY RAKES THE LAVA FIELD WITHIN WHICH THE STARAKER IS TRAPPED.
AT ITS TOUCH, SOLID ROCK TURNS MOLTEN, THEN VAPORIZES! THE ATTACK IS PRECISE. THE INTELLIGENCE GUIDING THIS BEAM SEEMS TO KNOW EXACTLY WHERE ITS TARGET IS LOCATED--
--AND WILL STOP AT NOTHING TO REACH IT!
NEXT WEEK:〉 DEATH ON ALASHAN.!!



PRICE 12p
No. 112 Apr. 16, 1980
EVERY WEDNESDAY

STALKED ON A SAVAGE WORLD!

STAR WARS™ WEEKLY

COMING SOON: THE NEW STAR WARS MOVIE– THE EMPIRE STRIKES BACK! NEWS INSIDE!

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THEY SAY THAT WAR MAKES FOR STRANGE BEDFELLOWS. SO IT IS THAT WE FIND LUKE AND THE PRINCESS SCOUTING THE PLANET ALASHAN IN THE COMPANY OF... IMPERIAL COMMANDOES!
THERE'S WHAT'S LEFT OF YOUR FELLOW REBELS' BASE. IT WAS DESTROYED BY THE SAME MYSTERIOUS FORCE THAT STRANDED US HERE...
...WHICH IS WHY WE'VE GOT TO PULL TOGETHER NOW, MAJOR GRAU, SO WE CAN SAVE OURSELVES AND GET OFF THIS HELL PLANET!
GRAU-- YOU FOOL!
JABBERING WITH THOSE WHO SHOULD BE YOUR PRISONERS! TREATING THEM AS ALLIES, NOT BITTER ENEMIES!
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BUT AS LOPAKI PLOTS...
...LUKE TUNES IN ON A DISTURBANCE IN THE FORCE, AND--
EVERYBODY-- DOWN!
THE ENERGY BEAM MEANT FOR THE GROUP MISSES, BUT TRIGGERS AN EQUALLY LETHAL AVALANCHE!
AND WHEN THE SMOKE HAS CLEARED...
LUKE, YOU COULD HAVE LET THAT BEAM CRISP US-- BUT YOU DIDN'T.
YOU'VE EARNED THE RETURN OF YOUR LIGHTSABRE... AND MY TRUST.
THANKS, MAJOR. BUT RIGHT NOW I'M MOST CONCERNED WITH MICI AND THE DROIDS BACK ON OUR SHIP--
LOOK! TO THE WEST!
JUST BEYOND THE HORIZON, A NOW FAMILIAR PULSE OF PURE ENERGY RAKES THE LAVA WITHIN WHICH LUKE'S STARAKER IS TRAPPED.
THE BEAM IS DEADLY, EXPLOSIVE...UNSTOPABLE. ITS TOUCH IS DEATH, ITS AIM UNERRING!
A CREATURE IN THE STARS!

WHILE, INSIDE THE CRIPPLED STARSHIP...

EXPLOSIONS, MISTRESS MICI-- COMING CLOSER!

MUST BE...THE BEINGS WHO SHOT US DOWN. THEY'VE FOUND STARAKER-- NOW THEY'RE OUT TO...FINISH US OFF.

BOOM

GOODNESS! THAT LAST ONE GAVE US A NASTY JOLT -- OH!!

MISTRESS MICI, UNLESS MY OPTICAL SENSORS ARE DISFUNCTIONING...

...I DO BELIEVE I CAN SEE THE SKY!

BA-DOOT!

WHAT'S THAT, ARTOO?

MISTRESS, ARTOO-DETOO IS SCANNING AN ENERGY-FIELD--

--EXTREMELY POWERFUL-- AND RAPIDLY APPROACHING...

...OUR MAIN AIR-LOCK!

OUR UNSEEN FOE, THREEPIO-- OUR EXECUTIONER.

THIS IS CRAZY-- I'M SO WEAK I CAN BARELY HOLD MY GUN...

...YET TOO SCARED TO SIT HERE AND ACCEPT DEATH WITHOUT A FIGHT.

COURAGE BORN OF ABSOLUTE TERROR--

ARTOO!!

ZAP!

WHAT DID YOU DO... TO... MEEEEE..

ARTOO-- I SENSE NO LIFE-SIGNS IN MISTRESS MICI! YOU'VE KILLED HER!

YOU'LL EXPLAIN LATER, YOU SAY?! YOU'LL EXPLAIN NOW, OR--!

BRIP KA-ZOOT!

BUT BEFORE THREEPIO CAN COMPLETE HIS THREAT...

...A FINAL EXPLOSION SHATTERS THE AIRLOCK!

SILENCE.

NO SOUND. NO MOVEMENT. NO SIGN OF LIFE-- ALL WITHIN THE STARAKER SEEMINGLY AS **DEAD** AS THE SHIP ITSELF.

SUDDENLY, A GREAT CLAWED HAND...

...HAULS MICI ALOFT, SHAKING HER LIMP FORM AS A CHILD WOULD A RAG DOLL--UNBLINKING UNHUMAN EYES, EXAMINING HER CAREFULLY--

--BEFORE CASTING HER ASIDE.

THIS SENTINEL HUNTS **LIVING** BEINGS-- OFF-WORLDERS, ALIENS. THEY ARE UNWELCOME INTRUDERS, A THREAT THAT MUST BE **DESTROYED.**

HOWEVER, FINDING NOTHING ALIVE ABOARD THE STARAKER-- AFTER A **THOROUGH** SEARCH--

--THE SENTINEL-CREATURE **DEPARTS.**

YES, I THINK IT'S **SAFE.**

I'M SORRY I YELLED AT YOU, ARTOO. I DIDN'T REALIZE YOU'D ONLY SHOCKED MICI INTO **BIO-STASIS**-- SHUTTING HER DOWN TEMPORARILY, AS WE DROIDS MECHANICALLY SHUT OURSELVES DOWN.

boop?

YOU'D BETTER REVIVE HER THOUGH-- AT ONCE!

ARTOO-- *WE* MAY BE ALL RIGHT. BUT WHAT ABOUT MASTER LUKE AND THE PRINCESS?!

"NOW THAT HORRIBLE THING IS PROBABLY STALKING THEM!"

THIS IS THE LAST DOME, SKYWALKER!

HEAVE THAT PROTON GRENADE!

THWAM!

IT'S JUST LIKE ALL THE OTHERS, MAJOR!

THE PLACE IS RIPPED TO SHREDS-- AND EVERYONE INSIDE IS DEAD.

DEAD? LUKE, THEY'RE TORN TO PIECES. I'VE NEVER SEEN SUCH CARNAGE.

LATER--

NO GOOD. THERE'S STILL TOO MUCH STATIC. I CAN'T EVEN RAISE THE STARAKER, MUCH LESS CALL FOR OFF-PLANET ASSISTANCE. WE'RE ON OUR OWN.

DON'T WORRY, LUKE. IF SOMETHING BAD HAD HAPPENED TO MICI AND THE DROIDS, YOU'D HAVE ***FELT*** IT THROUGH THE FORCE.

I HOPE SO, PRINCESS.

IN THE MEANTIME, LISTEN TO THIS.

IT'S A ***NOTEBOOK,*** KEPT BY ONE OF THE ARCHAEOLOGISTS. SONIC SCANS REVEALED A HUGE UNDERGROUND CITY, WITH NATURAL TUNNELS LEADING RIGHT TO IT. A RESEARCH TEAM HEADED DOWN THERE, ONLY TO FIND THE WAY BLOCKED BY SOME ***ARTIFICIAL BARRIER.***

THE FINAL ENTRY INDICATES THAT THEY HAD DECIDED TO ***BREAK THROUGH.***

THESE PEOPLE WERE HERE OVER A MONTH BEFORE THEY WERE ATTACKED.

I WONDER IF THAT CITY WAS A PRISON, THE BARRIER A CELL DOOR? IF THESE PEOPLE UNWITTINGLY UNLEASHED THE BEINGS THAT KILLED THEM?

WE WON'T FIND THE ANSWERS UP HERE, PRINCESS.

DJAMBO, YOU'LL STAY BEHIND AS REARGUARD. THE REST OF YOU STEELBACKS-- ***FOLLOW ME!***

THIS HOLE IS DEEP AND DARK. EVEN OUR BATTLE LANTERNS WON'T DO US THAT MUCH GOOD.

A PERFECT PLACE FOR AN... ***"ACCIDENT!"***

BEFORE THIS MISSION IS OVER, THE ***EMPEROR*** HIMSELF WILL ACCLAIM ME AS THE MAN WHO SLEW LEIA ORGANA.

UNAWARE OF ENSIGN LOPAKI'S AMBITIOUS, TREACHEROUS THOUGHTS, GRAU LEADS HIS PARTY INTO THE STYGIAN, LABYRINTHINE TUNNEL NETWORK.

IT SEEMS TO GO ON FOREVER.

AND THE FURTHER WE GO, THE MORE ***INTENSE*** THE NEGATIVE DISRUPTION IN THE FORCE GETS. I GUESS THAT MEANS WE'RE HEADING IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION. LUCKY US.

THEN...

I WAS WONDERING...

...HOW LONG IT'D TAKE US TO FIND THE ***FIRST*** ONE.

DEAD. JUST LIKE THE ONES ON THE SURFACE.

POOR MAN. NO ONE SHOULD HAVE TO DIE THAT WAY.

DEAD IS DEAD, LUKE. ONCE IT HAPPENS, "HOW" IT HAPPENS DOESN'T REALLY MATTER ANYMORE-- TO THE DEAD.

BETTER GET A GRIP ON YOURSELF, YOUNGSTER.

BECAUSE, AS FAR AS *BODIES* GO, I'VE A NASTY FELLING WE'VE JUST HIT THE *MOTHER LODE.*

THE *BARRIER!*

MEANWHILE, ON THE SURFACE, CORPORAL DJAMBO IS GETTING **BORED.** *HOURS HAVE PASSED AND* **NOTHING'S** *STIRRED IN THE DARKNESS.*

HE'S BEGINNING TO THINK NOTHING EVER WILL.

HE'S **WRONG.**

WHA--?!

NO! **NO!!** STAY BACK! BACK, I TELL YOU, OR I'LL *FI--*

YEARRGH!

DJAMBO'S A **CORPSE** *BEFORE HE HITS THE GROUND. WITH AN OBSCENE, THROATY CHUCKLE OF ANTICIPATION, HIS MURDERER DROPS DOWN INTO THE TUNNEL BENEATH THE DOME.*

THE OTHER ALIENS ARE **AHEAD** *OF IT, NOW APPROACHING ITS CITY, THE PLACE THIS SENTINEL-CREATURE IS SWORN TO PROTECT. ON THAT HOME GROUND, IT WILL TRACK THEM DOWN...*

...AND **KILL** *THEM.*

TO BE CONTINUED NEXT WEEK!

A MONSTER STRIKES FROM THE STARS!

STAR WARS™

WEEKLY

PRICE 12p
No. 113 Apr. 23, 1980
EVERY WEDNESDAY

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CHRIS CLAREMONT WRITER • CARMINE INFANTINO AND GENE DAY ARTISTS • IRV WATANABE LETTERER • HOWARD BENDER TONIST

THE GUARDIAN OF FOREVER!

END OF THE LINE, PEOPLE.

FOR BETTER OR WORSE, WE'VE *ARRIVED!*

I...DON'T BELIEVE WHAT I'M SEEING.

IN ALL THE EMPIRE--IN ALL THE GALAXY--THERE IS *NOTHING* TO EQUAL THIS!

IT'S... *BEAUTIFUL.*

THEY'RE AN **ODD TEAM**, THESE SIX--TWO MEMBERS OF THE REBEL ALLIANCE AND FOUR IMPERIAL COMMANDOS. NORMALLY, THEY WOULD BE BITTER **ENEMIES**, TRYING THEIR BEST TO CAPTURE OR KILL EACH OTHER

BUT THIS SITUATION IS **FAR** FROM NORMAL. SOME POWER ON THIS PLANET -**ALASHAN**--DESTROYED THE IMPERIALS' BASE CRUISER AND DISABLED THE REBELS' SHIP. NOW THAT SAME POWER HUNTS THE SURVIVORS--WHO WORK TOGETHER BECAUSE THEY HAVE **NO CHOICE**.

ORIGINALLY, AN ALLIANCE ARCHAEOLOGICAL TEAM CAME TO ALASHAN TO INVESTIGATE THE RUINS OF ITS LONG-DEAD CULTURE. THEIR GOAL WAS TO FIND SOME WEAPON THAT MIGHT AID THE REBELS IN THEIR FIGHT WITH THE EMPIRE.

IT'S A CITY!

BURIED IN A CAVE FIVE KILOMETERS UNDERGROUND A **CITY**!

THOSE EXPLORERS FOUND **SOMETHING**, ALL RIGHT-- AND IT **KILLED** THEM ALL. TOO LATE, THEY LEARNED THAT ALASHAN'S ANCIENT CIVILIZATION IS NEITHER IN RUINS...NOR **DEAD**.*

*FOR DETAILS SEE ISSUES 107 1/2 ---- [illegible]

THERE, BLISSFULLY IGNORANT OF THE DANGER...

GUARD THE BRIDGE, VOSS. IF ANYTHING STIRS IN THAT TUNNEL...

...GIVE A YELL AND START SHOOTING.

FIVE OF US, TO SEARCH THIS ENTIRE CITY--

--WHEN WE DON'T EVEN KNOW WHAT WE'RE *LOOKING* FOR.

OR WHAT'S PROBABLY LOOKING FOR *US*.

WE HAVE TO START SOMEWHERE, LUKE. AFTER ALL WE'VE BEEN THROUGH THE LEAST WE CAN DO IS GIVE IT A TRY.

SPOTTED SOMETHING, PRINCESS?

I'M NOT SURE. THESE *HIEROGLYPHICS* LOOK FAMILIAR.

WHAT I WOULDN'T GIVE FOR A DECENT LIBRARY COMPUTER. IF I CAN *DECIPHER* THESE SYMBOLS, PERHAPS...

LISTEN!

THAT SOUND--

--A *SCREAM!*

TROOPER VOSS!

AAAA

IT FILLS THE TUNNEL MOUTH--

--A LIVING NIGHTMARE THAT DEFIES DESCRIPTION.

OPEN FIRE!

KILL IT!!

FIVE BLASTERS FIRE AS ONE.

THE CREATURE GLOWS STAR-BRIGHT AS THE ENERGY BEAMS HIT IT...

...AND THEN--ROARING ITS HATRED OF THEM, ITS LUST FOR THEIR BLOOD-- IT...DISAPPEARS.

WE DID IT!

WE DESTROYED THAT WALKING HORROR!

PERHAPS, ENSIGN. BUT IF WE DIDN'T--OR IF THAT THING ISN'T THE ONLY ONE OF ITS KIND--

--WE JUST SEALED OUR-SELVES IN HERE WITH IT.

WHAT NOW, MAJOR? THE TUNNEL IS COMPLETELY BLOCKED --DO WE **BLAST** OUR WAY OUT?

IT WON'T BE EASY. INDISCRIMINATE FIRE WILL JUST TRIGGER MORE ROCKSLIDES, MAKE MATTERS **WORSE.** OUR SHAPED PROTON CHARGES MIGHT DO THE TRICK...

...BUT WE'LL HAVE TO MOVE VERY, VERY **CAREFULLY.** THIS LOOKS LIKE OUR ONLY WAY OUT. IF WE MAKE A MISTAKE-- AND, SAY, **COLLAPSE** THIS BRIDGE--WE'LL BE IN **REAL** TROUBLE.

HAS MAJOR GRAU GONE **MAD?** HE'S TREATING THOSE REBELS LIKE TRUSTED FRIENDS, INSTEAD OF THE EMPIRE'S DEADLIEST **FOES!**

BUT KYRIL LOPAKI HASN'T FORGOTTEN WHERE HIS **DUTY** LIES! **HONOUR** AND GLORY AWAIT THE MAN WHO SLAYS SKYWALKER AND PRINCESS LEIA. **I** INTEND TO BE THAT MAN. AND IF GRAU OR SERGEANT ANARINE GET IN MY WAY...

...I'LL KILL THEM, TOO!

AFTER A LONG--AND OFTEN INTENSE--DISCUSSION OF THE OPTIONS AVAILABLE TO THEM, THE FIVE DECIDE TO LEAVE THE ROCKFALL ALONE FOR AWHILE...

...AND, INSTEAD, CONTINUE WITH THEIR ORIGINAL PLAN--TO **EXPLORE** THE CITY, HOPING THEREBY TO FIND SOME CLUE TO THE ORIGIN AND NATURE OF THE CREATURE THAT ATTACKED THEM.

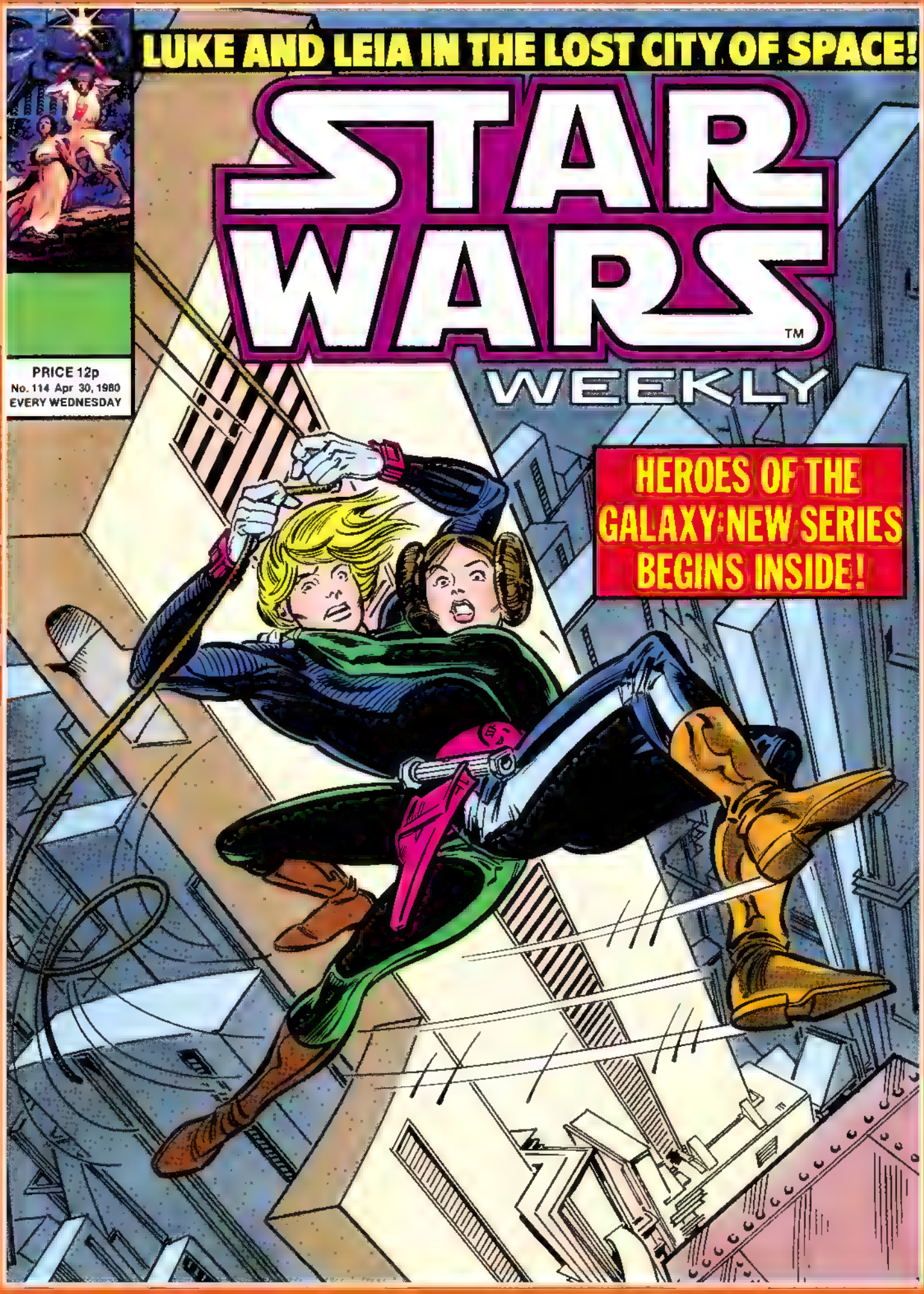
HOURS LATER, DURING A WELCOME REST PERIOD...

I WISH I HAD TOTAL RECALL OF MY OLD **HISTORY** LECTURES!

I REMEMBER JUST ENOUGH TO BE **TANTALIZED** BY WHAT WE'RE FINDING HERE, YET NOT ENOUGH TO BE ABLE TO FIGURE THINGS OUT.

STILL NO SIGN OF ANY INHABITANTS--EXCEPT FOR THAT CREATURE, AND I PRAY WE'VE SEEN THE **LAST** OF HIM.

NEXT WEEK:
BETRAYAL!


LUKE AND LEIA IN THE LOST CITY OF SPACE!
STAR WARS™
WEEKLY
PRICE 12p
No. 114 Apr 30, 1980
EVERY WEDNESDAY
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AN IMPERIAL STORMTROOPER **PLUNGES** TO HIS DEATH--AND OUR TALE OF TERROR BEGINS...

AHAHAHA

IT IS A TALE OF IMPERIAL COMMANDOS FIGHTING SIDE-BY-SIDE WITH REBELS IN THE DEPTHS OF THE PLANET **ALASHAN**--FIGHTING FOR **SURVIVAL** AGAINST...

THE MONSTER! IT'S ATTACKING! **THAT** MUST BE WHAT **KILLED** OUR REBEL ARCHAEOLOGICAL TEAM--AND **STRANDED** US ALL HERE!

CAN THE SMALL TALK, LUKE--AND KEEP **FIRING!**

THERE IS NO TIME FOR SMALL TALK! BUT AS THE GRIM BAND FIGHTS FOR ITS LIFE, WE CAN TAKE THE LUXURY OF A FEW MOMENTS TO MEET THEM...

MAJOR GRAU, DEDICATED IMPERIAL, BUT ONE WHO **HAS** COME TO RESPECT LUKE AND LEIA IN THE COURSE OF THE GROUP'S **STRUGGLE** TO SURVIVE...

...LEIA ORGANA, PRINCESS FROM ALDERAAN, REBEL LEADER...

...LUKE SKYWALKER, YOUNG REBEL AND FLEDGLING MASTER OF THE **FORCE**...

...FLEET SERGEANT **ANARINE,** LOYAL TO HIS MAJOR...

...AND ENSIGN **KYRIL LOPAKI**--CLEVER, AMBITIOUS, AND DETERMINED TO **KILL** LUKE AND LEIA BEFORE THEY LEAVE THE PLANET.

THE CREATURE GLOWS STAR-BRIGHT AS THE BLASTER-FIRE HITS IT...

...THEN DISAPPEARS ...AS THE SHOCKWAVES FROM THE FIGHT CAUSE A ROCKSLIDE.

WE DID IT! WE **DESTROYED** THAT THING!

PERHAPS, ENSIGN. BUT IF WE **DIDN'T**...

--WE JUST **SEALED** OURSELVES IN HERE WITH IT.

THE FIVE DECIDE TO LEAVE THE ROCKFALL ALONE FOR AWHILE AND CONTINUE TO EXPLORE THE FANTASTIC CITY...

STILL NO SIGN OF ANY INHABITANTS--EXCEPT FOR THAT CREATURE, AND I PRAY WE'VE SEEN THE **LAST** OF HIM.

BETRAYAL!

I DON'T TRUST LOPAKI. OUTWARDLY, HE SEEMS ALL RIGHT..

...BUT I CAN'T FORGET HOW EXCITED AND HAPPY HE WAS WHEN GRAU'S IMPERIALS CAPTURED LEIA AND ME.

HE'S **AMBITIOUS.** WE COULD BE HIS TICKET TO UNTOLD WEALTH AND GLORY. AND THAT MAKES HIM **DANGEROUS!**

I'D BETTER TALK TO LEIA ABOUT THIS--OH, **NO!**

LEIA-- LOOK OUT! **ABOVE YOU!!**

LUKE DRAWS AND FIRES HIS BLASTER WITH THE SPEED OF THOUGHT. HIS SHOT IS DEAD ON TARGET.

ZARK!

MY BLASTER HAD **NO EFFECT!**

I CAN'T FIGHT THE CREATURE ON THIS BRIDGE WITH MY **LIGHTSABRE**-NO ROOM TO MANOEUVRE.

LUKE-- **NO!!**

NO TIME TO GO FOR **HELP**, EITHER. IT'S RIGHT ON TOP OF LEIA; IF SHE TRIES TO RUN, IT'LL CUT HER DOWN BEFORE SHE TAKES A DOZEN STEPS.

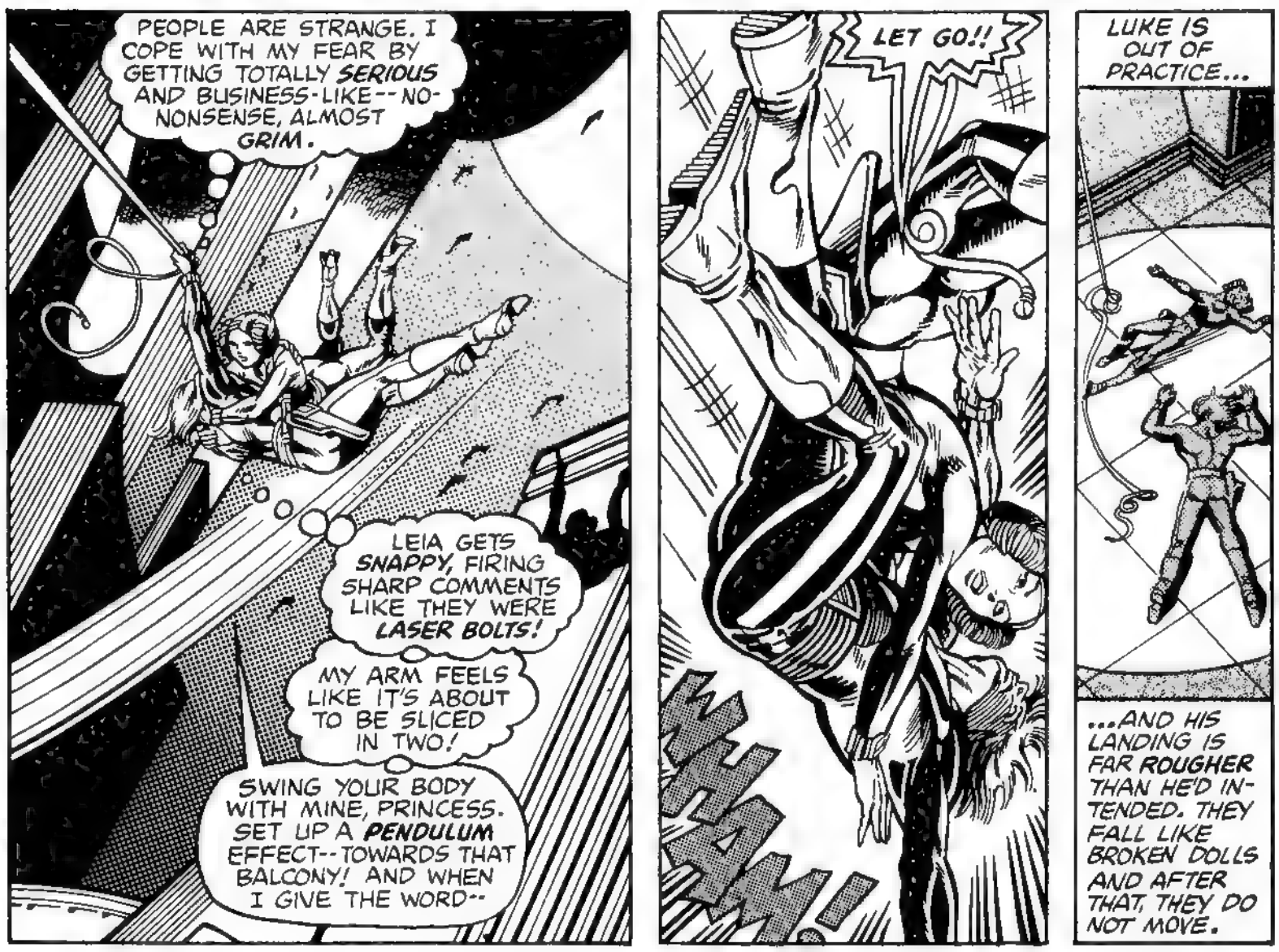
ONLY ONE CHANCE-- TO DO SOMETHING UNEXPECTED-- AND **DESPERATE!**

LUKE, WHAT HAVE YOU **DONE?!!**

I'M RESCUING YOU, PRINCESS. ISN'T IT **OBVIOUS?**

ARE YOU SURE YOU WANT AN ANSWER?

NO, HOLD ONTO ME-- TIGHT AS YOU CAN!
IN A FEW SECONDS, YOU SHOULD FEEL A PRETTY HEFTY JOLT.
PROVIDED I CAN SNAG THE LIP OF THAT TOWER WITH MY GRAPPLING HOOK...
STARK!
BEAUTIFUL! WE'VE STOPPED OUR FALL!
THAT'S NICE!
WHAT NEXT? DO WE SIMPLY HANG AROUND AND ENJOY THE VIEW?


PEOPLE ARE STRANGE. I COPE WITH MY FEAR BY GETTING TOTALLY SERIOUS AND BUSINESS-LIKE--NO-NONSENSE, ALMOST GRIM.
LEIA GETS SNAPPY, FIRING SHARP COMMENTS LIKE THEY WERE LASER BOLTS!
MY ARM FEELS LIKE IT'S ABOUT TO BE SLICED IN TWO!
SWING YOUR BODY WITH MINE, PRINCESS. SET UP A PENDULUM EFFECT--TOWARDS THAT BALCONY! AND WHEN I GIVE THE WORD--
LET GO!!
WHAM!
LUKE IS OUT OF PRACTICE...
...AND HIS LANDING IS FAR ROUGHER THAN HE'D INTENDED. THEY FALL LIKE BROKEN DOLLS AND AFTER THAT, THEY DO NOT MOVE.

ELSEWHERE...

THERE. I'VE LACED THE ENTIRE BASE OF THIS BUILDING WITH ***PROTON CHARGES***. AS SOON AS THAT DEMON COMES BY, I'LL HIT THE REMOTE DETONATOR AND--***BOOM!***

I HOPE.

ANY SIGN OF LOPAKI?

NONE, MAJOR.

HE'S ***SKIPPED*** ON US, CURSE HIM. I KNEW HE WAS BAD NEWS THE MOMENT HE JOINED OUR TEAM. I HOPE THAT BLASTED MONSTER CUTS HIM TO RIBBONS.

SPEAK OF THE DEVIL--AND I'M AFRAID I ***DON'T*** MEAN OUR DEAR DEPARTED ENSIGN.

LET IT ***SEE*** YOU, ANARINE.

DRAW IT INTO OUR TRAP.

BOOM!

CRUSHED UNDER A 200-METER TALL TOWER--

--THAT SHOULD ***FINISH*** THE MONSTER!

RRRAWL

THEN AGAIN, I COULD BE WRONG.

THAT WAS OUR ***BEST*** SHOT--AND THE DEMON ISN'T EVEN SCRATCHED!

RUN, SERGEANT--AS FAR AND AS FAST AS YOU CAN!

THOUGH I FEAR WE'RE ONLY POSTPONING THE INEVITABLE. THIS TIME, GRAU, IT LOOKS LIKE YOUR FABLED LUCK HAS FINALLY ***DESERTED*** YOU.

MEANWHILE...

OHH!

MY... HEAD!

I...ACHE ALL OVER. IF LUKE AND... HAN SOLO KEEP "RESCUING" ME LIKE THIS, I DON'T THINK I'LL LIVE OUT THE YEAR.

LUKE! IS HE--?!

UNCONSCIOUS-- BUT ALIVE.

HE MADE SURE TO TAKE THE BRUNT OF THE IMPACT WHEN WE HIT. HE SEEMS ALL RIGHT, THOUGH.

LUKE SKYWALKER... YOU'RE INFURIATING... AND SPLENDID!

IT'S IN YOUR SOUL TO BE A HERO, EVEN IF IT KILLS YOU.

I WONDER WHERE WE ARE-- NOT THAT IT REALLY MATTERS.

HMMM--ON THE WALL, MORE HIEROGLYPHICS.

AGAIN, LEIA SEARCHES FOR ANSWERS, SIFTING THROUGH YEARS OF MEMORIES.

SHE KNOWS THEY EXIST. ALL SHE MUST DO IS FIND THEM.

AND THEN...

ON YOUR FEET, MY FRIEND!

OWW!

BELIEVE ME, LUKE, I KNOW HOW YOU FEEL. BUT WE'VE GOT TO GET MOVING!

WHAT'S...HAPPENED? WHY THE RUSH, PRINCESS? WHERE ARE WE GOING?!

I'VE DECIPHERED THE PICTOGRAPHS!

AS FOR OUR DESTINATION, YOU'LL SEE WHEN WE GET THERE!

I ONLY HOPE MY DISCOVERY COMES IN TIME TO SAVE GRAU AND THE OTHERS!

BUT AT THIS PARTICULAR MOMENT, THAT LOOKS EXTREMELY DOUBTFUL...

IT'S **TOYING** WITH US...MAY SWAMP BEETLES EAT ITS SOUL!

IT CAN HAVE US **ANYTIME.** OUR WEAPONS CAN'T HURT IT AND IT KNOWS WE CAN'T ESCAPE. SO, IT'S **AMUSING** ITSELF.

DOES IT EXPECT US TO GIVE UP, TO BEG FOR **MERCY?** IF SO, IT'S IN FOR A DISAPPOINTMENT.

MAJOR!?

WE'VE TURNED INTO A BLIND ALLEY!

WE'RE **TRAPPED!**

AT THAT MOMENT--IN A CHAMBER FAR, FAR AWAY...

WHAT... **IS** THIS PLACE?

THE **CONTROL CENTRE**--FOR THIS CITY, PERHAPS FOR THE ENTIRE PLANET.

THOSE HIEROGLYPHICS TELL THE ENTIRE HISTORY OF THIS PLACE--HOW IT WAS BUILT AND, MORE IMPORTANTLY, HOW IT **WORKS.**

THIS IS IT, OLD FRIEND!

BUT AT LEAST WE GO **TOGETHER,** WIL'M --AS BATTLE COMRADES SHOULD--

--WITH **WEAPONS** IN OUR HANDS AND--**EH?!?**

THE DEMON-- IT'S STOPPED!

RAWL!

NAME OF A NAME-- IT'S **DISAPPEARED!**

BUT... **WHERE** DID IT GO?!

AND **WHY?!**

INSIDE THE COMMAND CENTRE...

INCREDIBLE.

THIS TECHNOLOGY **SHAMES** THE BEST THE EMPIRE HAS TO OFFER.

IF YOU SAY SO, PRINCESS.

WE'VE ONLY BEEN HERE A SHORT TIME, YET IT SEEMS LIKE MORE AND MORE SYSTEMS HAVE COME **ON-LINE!** I DON'T LIKE IT.

LEIA--THIS IS GRAU! THE FORCE BE PRAISED, I'VE FINALLY MANAGED TO CONTACT YOU!

THE DEMON-CREATURE HAD ME AND ANARINE **CORNERED;** IT WAS ABOUT TO KILL US WHEN, WITHOUT WARNING IT SIMPLY **VANISHED!** I FIGURE IT CAN TELEPORT--AND I'VE A NASTY FEELING IT'S HEADING IN **YOUR** DIRECTION!

I'VE FOUND THEM!

FREEZE, REBELS!

LUKE SKYWALKER AND LEIA ORGANA--I **ARREST** YOU IN THE NAME OF THE EMPEROR, FOR THE CRIME OF **HIGH TREASON!**

ENSIGN, HAVE YOU LOST YOUR SENSES?! WHAT'S THE MEANING OF THIS?!

LOPAKI! I KNEW HE COULDN'T BE TRUSTED.

MAJOR GRAU GAVE HIS WORD--!

HIS WORD, LADY--NOT MINE! BY HIS ACTIONS, HE'S PROVED HIMSELF AS MUCH A TRAITOR AS YOU. HE, TOO, WILL PAY THE **ULTIMATE** PRICE.

IN THE MEANTIME, THOUGH, IT WILL BE MY PLEASURE TO SENTENCE YOU TO YOUR WELL-DESERVED **DEATHS!**

EH?! WHAT'S THAT?

THE ENTRANCE--IT'S SLIDING SHUT--SEALING US IN HERE!

LOPAKI--**BEHIND** YOU!

NEXT WEEK: **SHOWDOWN WITH A DEMON!**

STAR WARRIORS' LAST STAND!
STAR WARS™
WEEKLY
PRICE 12p
No. 115 May 7, 1980
EVERY WEDNESDAY
PLUS
MAN-WOLF!
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IN THE FANTASTIC **CITY** DEEP WITHIN THE PLANET **ALASHAN**, PRINCESS LEIA ORGANA MAKES A STARTLING **DISCOVERY**...

AT LAST! I'VE FINALLY DECIPHERED THE SECRET OF THE **HIEROGLYPHICS** THAT ARE ALL OVER THIS CITY!

WISH LUKE AND I HAD MORE TIME TO RECOVER FROM THAT **FALL** WE JUST TOOK WHILE ESCAPING FROM THE CITY'S MONSTER-GUARDIAN... BUT WE'VE GOT TO **MOVE!**

UNNNHHH... WHA...?

WHY THE RUSH, PRINCESS? WHERE ARE WE GOING?

I'VE DECIPHERED THE PICTOGRAPHS!

I ONLY **HOPE** MY DISCOVERY COMES IN TIME TO SAVE GRAU AND THE OTHERS!

AS FOR OUR DESTINATION...YOU'LL SEE WHEN WE **GET** THERE!

CUT TO: ANOTHER PART OF THE CITY WHERE MAJOR GRAU AND SGT. ANARINE OF THE **IMPERIAL COMMANDOS** ARE IN DEADLY DANGER--

I GUESS OUR DECISION TO **ALLY** WITH THOSE REBELS FOR SURVIVAL ON THIS PLANET WON'T EVER BE **JUDGED**, ANARINE. THIS IS **IT!**

AS LEAST WE GO **TOGETHER**, MAJOR--AS BATTLE COMRADES SHOULD--EH?!

IT-- IT'S **DISAPPEARED!**

IT MUST BE ABLE TO TELEPORT ITSELF! IT MUST BE HEADING FOR THE **OTHERS!**

MEANWHILE, LUKE AND LEIA REACH THEIR DESTINATION...

THIS IS THE **CONTROL CENTRE** FOR THE ENTIRE CITY, LUKE-- PERHAPS FOR THE ENTIRE **PLANET!** THOSE HIEROGLYPHICS TELL ITS HISTORY-- AND HOW IT ALL **WORKS!**

I'VE FOUND THEM!

WE'D BETTER MOVE FAST. GRAU RADIOED THAT HE THINKS THE MONSTER'S HEADING **HERE!**

THE MONSTER'S SECRET!

FREEZE, REBELS!

YOUR TIME HAS COME TO DIE! THOUGH YOU **CORRUPTED** MY FELLOW COMMANDOS-- YOU COULDN'T FOOL **KYRIL LOPAKI!** YOU--AND SOON **THEY**-- SHALL **DIE** FOR TREASON!

THE ENTRANCE-- IT'S SLIDING SHUT-- **TRAPPING** US!

LOPAKI-- **BEHIND** YOU!

YOU'LL HAVE TO DO **BETTER** THAN THAT, PRINCESS. THAT RUSE IS AS OLD...

WE'RE NOT FOOLING, LOPAK!-- **LOOK!!**

WHAT--?! THAT BALL OF LIGHT--?!

THE DEMON!!

BUT--IT'S **SMALLER!** IT'S POSSIBLY LESS POWERFUL AS WELL-- GRAU AND ANARINE MUST HAVE **HURT** IT!

I WILL **DESTROY** IT!

ZAP!

TRUE, THE CREATURE **IS** SMALLER...

YEARRR!!

...BUT, REGRETTABLY, NO LESS POWERFUL.

LOPAKI'S DEAD. NOW IT'S **OUR** TURN. BLASTERS CAN'T HURT IT.

OUR ONLY HOPE IS MY **LIGHT-SABRE**--

--YES!!

IT'S A STAND-OFF.

MY 'SABRE CAN HURT THE CREATURE, PERHAPS EVEN KILL IT. IF IT LETS ME **CLOSE** ENOUGH TO TRY.

ITS LIFE-FORCE MUST EMANATE FROM THIS CHAMBER.

THAT MUST BE WHY IT HASN'T FIRED ITS ENERGY BEAMS-- AND WHY IT **RE-DUCED** ITS SIZE! ANY DAMAGE DONE TO THIS ROOM...

....COULD BE **SUICIDE** FOR THE DEMON!

SHOK!

SO IT'S A PURE **PHYSICAL** CONTEST BETWEEN US--MY STRENGTH VERSUS ITS STRENGTH, MY WITS VERSUS ITS WITS...

WATCH IT-- ***UNNNGNH!***

LUKE--***NO!***

THE CREATURE'S BETWEEN ME AND LUKE'S SABRE.

BUT--EVEN IF I REACHED HIS WEAPON, I'M NOT SURE I COULD USE IT.

DOWN, PRINCESS!

ANARINE! ***GRAU!***

SMART MOVE, MILADY--LEAVING YOUR RADIO ON WHEN LOPAKI MADE HIS PLAY. WE WERE ABLE TO HOME IN ON YOUR POSITION. JUST IN TIME, TOO.

ANARINE, LEIA-- LOOK AT THE DEMON! OUR BARRAGE STAGGERED HIM--!!

I DON'T UNDERSTAND. MOST OF OUR SHOTS ***MISSED*** HIM AND HIT THOSE ***CONSOLES.***

THAT'S IT!

LUKE HAD THE ANSWER; HE NEVER HAD A CHANCE TO ***FOLLOW THROUGH!***

SKDAM!

BLAST THE CONSOLES!

THEY GIVE THE CREATURE ITS POWER--ITS ***LIFE!*** IF WE DESTROY THEM, WE DESTROY ***IT!***

LEIA'S FIRST SHOT **PROVES** HER THEORY. AS THE SENTINEL-CREATURE-- THE INVINCIBLE DEMON THAT HAD HUNTED AND TORMENTED THEM FOR SO LONG--**SCREAMS!**

KEEP FIRING! WE'RE **HURTING** IT!

BUT NOT ENOUGH.

IT'S GOING **BERSERK!**

WHOOO...

KOFF! KOFF!

THE ROOM-- **AFLAME!** MIND...ALL FUZZY...

...CREATURE'S PUNCH-- ROUGH LANDING--SHOOK ME UP. WHERE'S MY SABRE...?

THAT SCREAM-- **LEIA!**

NO!

THE MONSTER'S **CRUSHING** HER!

NO!!

IT'S A **PERFECT** KILLING STROKE!

THE CREATURE IS AN **ENERGY BEING,** CREATED BY THE NEAR-LIMITLESS POWER OF THIS ANCIENT COMPLEX. LUKE'S LIGHTSABRE COMPLETELY **DISRUPTS** THE DELICATE MATRICES THAT GIVE THE SENTINEL COHESIVE, PHYSICAL FORM.

THAT SUDDEN, MASSIVE DISRUPTION SENDS AN IRRESISTABLE **BACKLASH** SURGING THROUGH THE HEART OF THE COMPLEX, ONE THAT PROVES TO BE FAR **MORE** THAN EVEN THESE MAGNIFICENT MACHINES CAN COPE WITH, AND SO, IN LESS TIME THAN IT TAKES TO TELL...

BOOM

DAYS LATER, AFTER OUR HEROES DIG THEMSELVES OUT OF THE ANCIENT ALASHAN CITY, AND EFFECT BASIC REPAIRS ON THE STARAKER...

WE MADE IT! WE'RE IN ***SPACE!***

THE SHIP'S HOLDING TOGETHER, EH, LAD?

CONSIDERING ALL SHE'S BEEN THROUGH, MAJOR, SHE'S PERFORMING LIKE A ***DREAM.***

WE'RE ACCELERATING TO ***LIGHTSPEED.*** WITH LUCK, WE'LL BE HOME IN NO TIME.

GRAU, COME WITH US.

JOIN THE REBELLION.

YOU'RE A MAN OF HONOUR, OF PRINCIPLES-- YOU HAVE NO PLACE AMONG THE LIKES OF ENSIGN LOPAKI AND THE EMPEROR.

AN...INTERESTING OFFER, PRINCESS-- CERTAINLY THE BEST I'VE HAD TODAY. ANARINE AND I'LL SLEEP ON IT.

TIME PASSES PEACEFULLY, UNEVENTFULLY--UNTIL, IN THE MIDDLE OF SHIPBOARD "NIGHT"...

WHAT--?!

LOOK AT THE SENSORS!

SOMEONE'S CASTING OFF IN OUR **SCOUT-BOAT!**

IT'S JUST ME AND ANARINE, FOLKS, MAKING OUR OWN WAY HOME. THANKS FOR YOUR OFFER, LEIA--BUT **NO THANKS.**

WHATEVER **YOU** MAY THINK, PRINCESS, THE EMPIRE REALLY IS **OUR** KIND OF PEOPLE. WE'LL STAY WITH THEM.

LET THEM GO, LUKE. THEY'VE EARNED THEIR FREEDOM, JUST AS WE'VE OURS. AND SINCE WE **BURNED OUT** THE CORE COMPUTER OF THAT CITY, THERE'S **NOTHING** LEFT ON ALASHAN TO INTEREST US OR THE EMPIRE.

IN A WAY, I'M GLAD OUR MISSION FAILED. ALASHAN'S TECHNOLOGY WAS TOO ADVANCED TO BE USED BY **EITHER** SIDE. IT WOULD HAVE ENDED UP DESTROYING US **ALL.**

AND SO, OUR STAR WARRIORS SPEED TOWARDS HOME, EACH OUTWARDLY RELAXED, EVEN HAPPY--YET EACH TROUBLED BY INNER **DOUBTS.**

THE UNDERGROUND CITY WAS SO VAST, SO SOPHISTICATED, SO...**ALIEN.** THEY SPENT DAYS THERE, YET SAW--AND WRECKED--ONLY A COMPARATIVELY **SMALL** PART OF IT.

THEY TRIED THEIR BEST TO **DESTROY** THE GIANT COMPLEX. THEY THINK THEY SUCCEEDED. BUT THEY'RE NOT SURE. THEY'LL **NEVER** BE SURE.

BEHIND THEM, ALL IS **SILENT**--THE STYGIAN DARKNESS BROKEN SOLELY BY THE GLOW OF THE GREAT FIRES THE HUMANS SET.

THEN, AS THE STARAKER LEAVES THE ALASHAN SYSTEM--SUDDENLY THERE IS **LIGHT** THROUGHOUT THE CITY...

...AND THE SOUND OF ANCIENT, ELECTRONIC VOICES...**LAUGHING.**

THE...END?

NEXT WEEK:〉 LUKE AND LEIA, STRANDED IN... **THE VOID!** ART BY MICHAEL GOLDEN!

OUR HEROES RE-UNITED—BUT THEN DISASTER STRIKES!
STAR WARS
THE EMPIRE STRIKES BACK
SEPT
Nº 149
35p
CAN LUKE SURVIVE THE HORROR OF
DEATH MASQUE!

DEATH~MASQUE!

WHEN YOU RUN INTO FOUR IMPERIAL TIE FIGHTERS ON YOUR OWN, YOU CALL IT TROUBLE...

RUN INTO FOUR SQUADRONS OF TIE FIGHTERS, WITH TWO BATTLE CRUISERS, AND YOU CALL FOR HELP...

RUN INTO THEM IN THE UNEXPLORED LAPEZ SYSTEM, LIGHT-YEARS AWAY FROM YOUR HOME-BASE, AND YOU CALL IT ALL OVER!

ART: JOHN STOKES STORY: STEVE MOORE LETTERING: JENNY O'CONNOR EDITOR: PAUL NEARY

UNLESS YOU HAPPEN TO BE **LUKE SKYWALKER,** ON DISTANT PATROL FOR THE REBEL ALLIANCE...

CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT... THEY WERE JUST *SUDDENLY THERE...*

LUKE FLIES, AND FIGHTS FOR HIS LIFE... THERE IS NOTHING ELSE HE CAN DO...

DROPPED OUT OF HYPER-SPACE BEFORE AND BEHIND ME..

LIKE THEY KNEW I'D BE HERE...

BUT EVEN HE IS BEGINNING TO HAVE HIS DOUBTS...

AND IF THIS IS THEIR IDEA OF A TRAP, IT'S WORKING *REAL FINE...*

FOR THEM!

YET LUKE IS NOT THE ONLY ONE TO ADMIRE THE WORK OF HIS ENEMIES...

YOU MUST ADMIT, WUHO, THAT REBEL IS *SOME PILOT,* WHOEVER HE IS...

THE MAN CALLED **ALTIN WUHO** ADMITS NOTHING, BROODING SILENTLY AMID THE BUSY CHATTER OF THE CRUISER'S BRIDGE...

CAPTAIN! LONG RANGE LIFE-SCANNERS SHOW THAT PILOT HAS A *BIONIC HAND!*

SKYWALKER! THAT REBEL DESERTER SAID HE'D BE PATROLLING THIS SECTOR...

BUT CAPTAIN **DIRK BALOR** IS ALIVE WITH THE THRILL OF THE CHASE...

AND NOW WE'VE *GOT* HIM... ONE OF THE ALLIANCE'S MOST NOTORIOUS FIGURES!

WE SHALL GET HIM, CAPTAIN ...NOT *YOU...*

EVEN THOUGH HE IS NOT TO BE IN AT THE END OF THE HUNT...

YES, YOU AND THAT FILTHY LITTLE...

REIST IS HIS NAME, CAPTAIN...

REIST AND I SHALL TAKE CARE OF SKYWALKER FOR YOU...

OR MOSTLY JUST REIST...

AND NOW IT IS ALTIN WUHO WHO TAKES THE LEAD, MOVING SWIFTLY THROUGH THE COWERING CREW...

FEEL HOW MUCH THEY HATE YOU, REIST...

YOUR VERY PRESENCE HERE REVOLTS THEM...

TO A SPECIAL LAUNCH-BAY IN THE CRUISER'S HULL..

IN FACT THE REST OF THE CREW HATE YOU ALMOST AS MUCH, REIST...

AS YOU HATE ME!

STILL, LOOK ON THE BRIGHT SIDE, YOU LITTLE BRUTE...

IF I WASN'T HERE TO KEEP YOU UNDER CONTROL...

YOU'D HAVE TO BE *EXTERMINATED!*

AND MOMENTS AFTER REIST IS UNHOODED, THE TINY MISSILE IS LAUNCHED INTO SPACE...

AND *THAT* IS THE END OF YOU, LUKE SKYWALKER...

BUT LUKE, AT THIS MOMENT, ONLY HAS EYES FOR THE MANOEUVRING *TIE FIGHTERS*...

CUTTING ME OFF AGAIN...

GOT TO TRY TO BREAK FREE ... OUTRUN THEM...

THAT MEANS MAKING AN ABOUT TURN...AND BYPASSING THOSE CRUISERS...

AND HE CERTAINLY DOES NOT NOTICE ANYTHING SO SMALL, OR SO OLD-FASHIONED, AS A *HOMING MISSILE*...

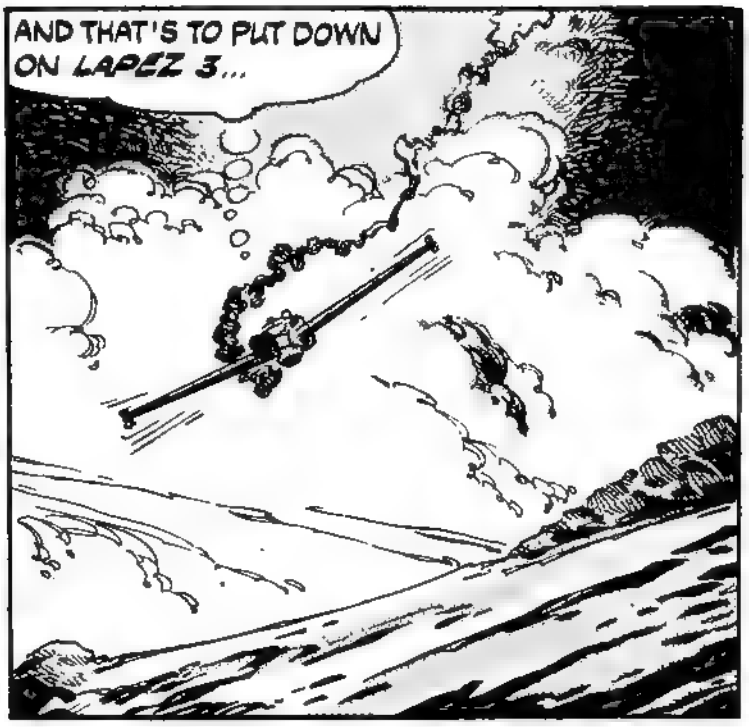
WHICH ATTACHES ITSELF TO HIS X-WING FIGHTER SO LIGHTLY THAT HE IS TOTALLY UNAWARE OF ITS PRESENCE...

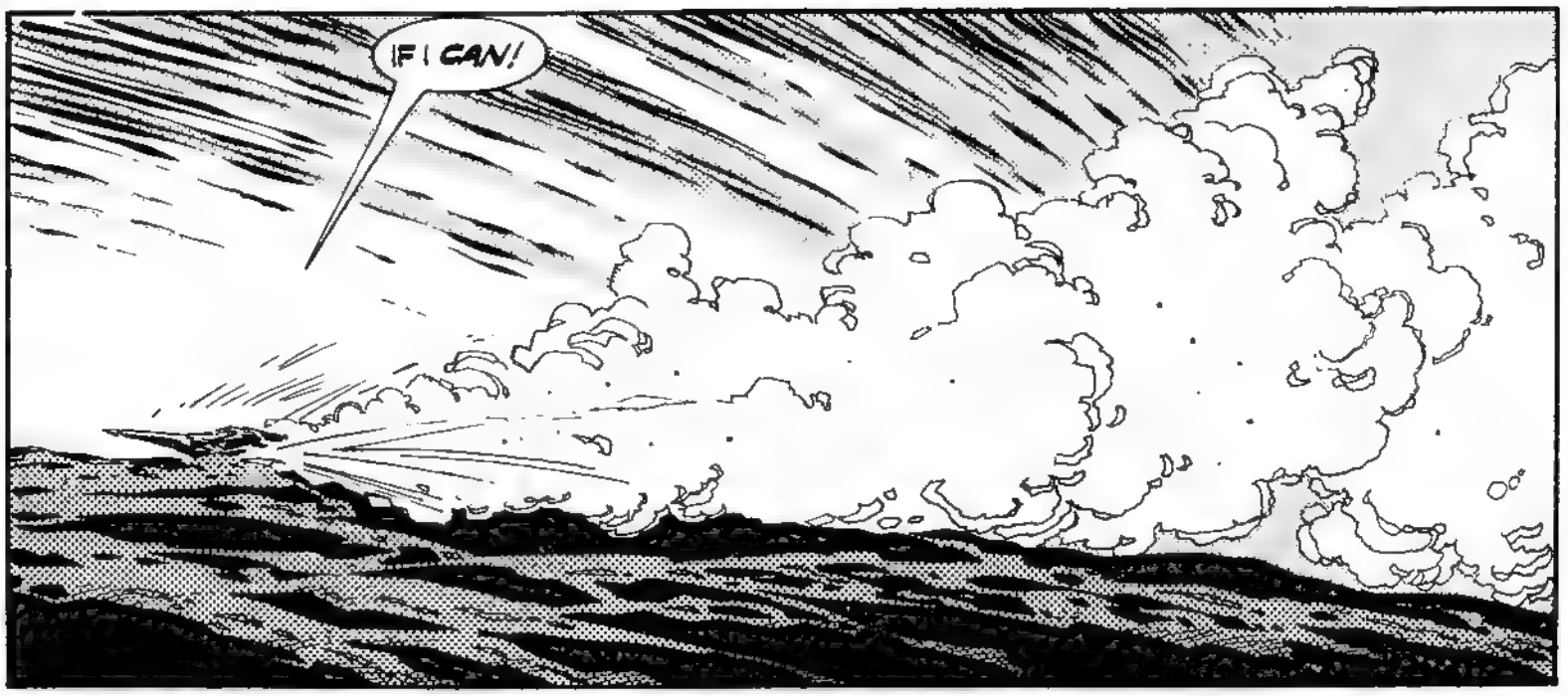
LET ALONE ITS *THREAT!*

FOR, RIGHT NOW, LUKE SKYWALKER'S MIND IS ON OTHER THINGS...

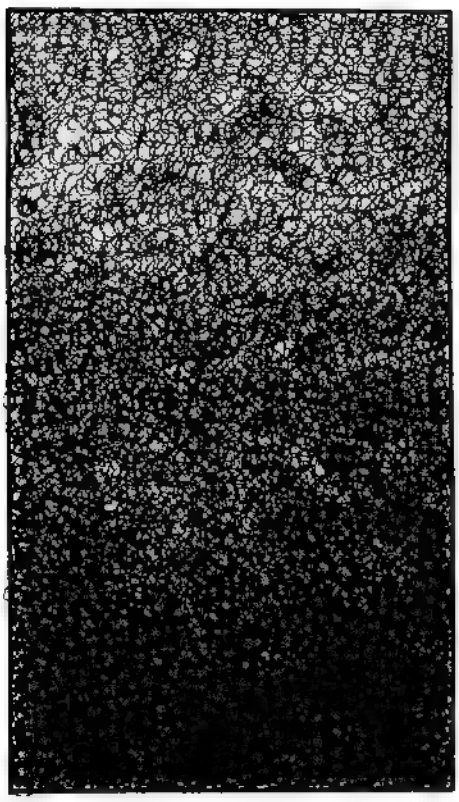
I'M *HIT!*

AND I'M LOSING POWER ON THE MAIN ENGINE...



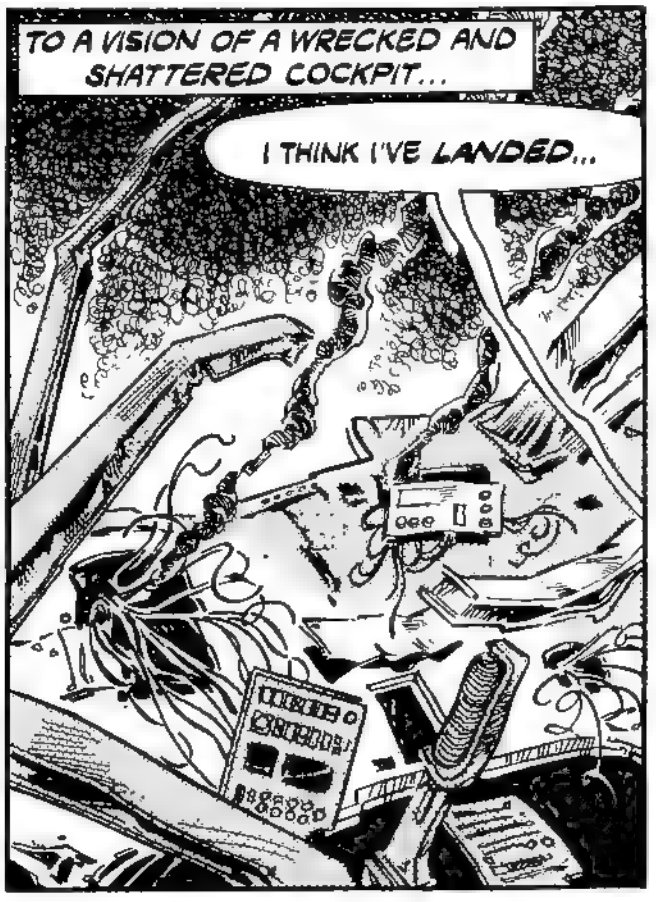


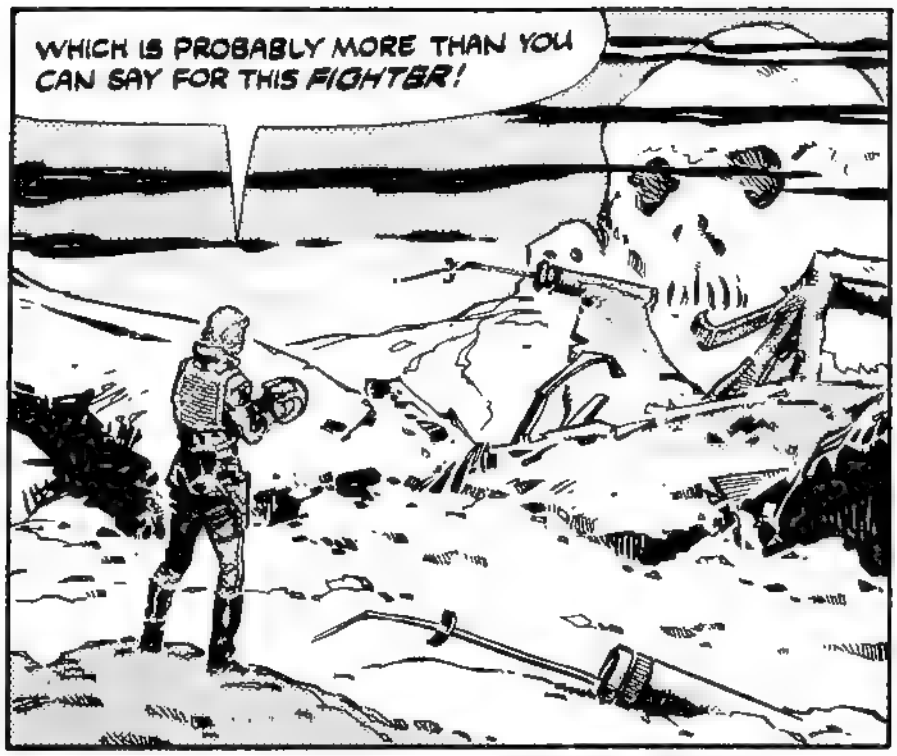
DUST RISES IN CLOUDS ... THICK... OVERWHELMING...



SMOTHERING LUKE IN AN INKY DARKNESS...

A DEEP SILENT BLACK-NESS WHICH GIVES WAY AFTER A WHILE...



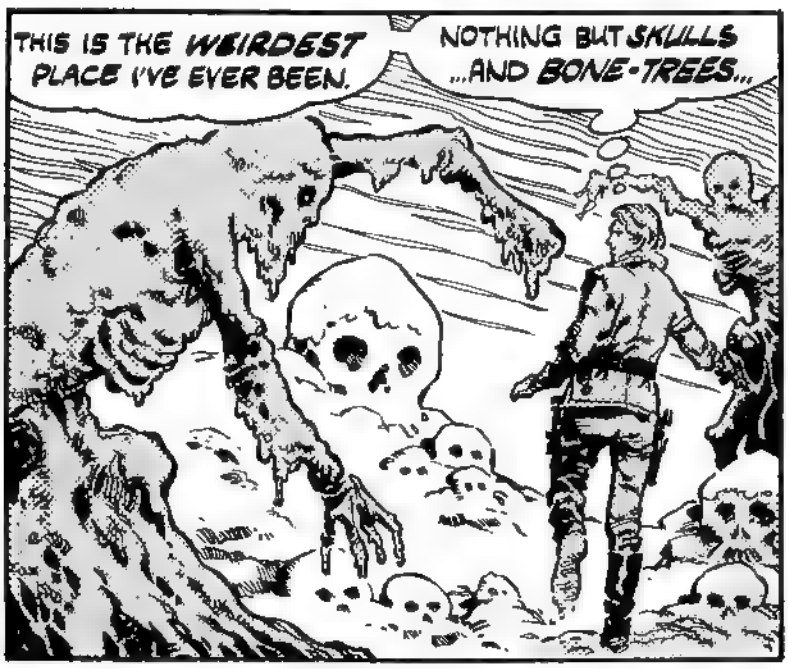


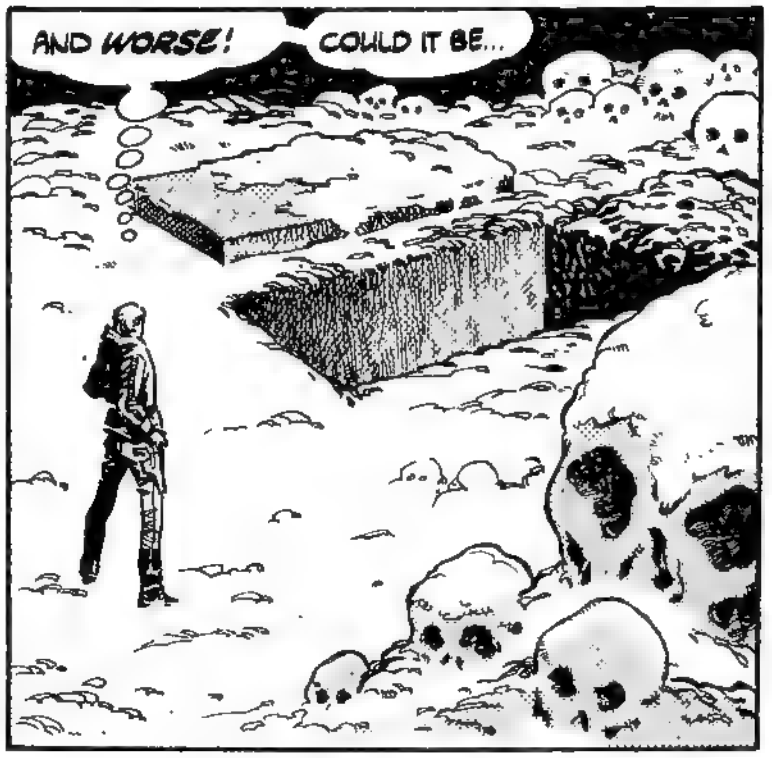
AND THERE ARE THOSE ON THE BRIDGE OF THE ORBITING BATTLE CRUISER WHO WOULD AGREE WITH LUKE...

SO YOU SAY! TAKE A SHUTTLE-CRAFT DOWN TO THE PLANET AND PICK UP THE PIECES...
DON'T YOU WANT TO COME TOO, CAPTAIN? TO SEE YOUR PREY DESTROYED?

SUCH COURAGE, CAPTAIN! I'M SURE THE EMPEROR WOULD BE PROUD OF YOU!
JUST DO YOUR WORK, WUHO ...AND BRING SKYWALKER BACK WITH YOU WHEN YOU FINISH...

BUT LUKE IS NOT YET READY TO BE TAKEN. HE IS STILL EXPLORING...STILL BAFFLED!





TO STARE IN SHOCK...

OF COURSE WE...

ARRRE!!

IN HORROR...

HAN?

AND THEN LUKE IS RUNNING ... CLAMBERING HIS WAY UP INTO THE HILLS... THE DEATH'S -HEAD HILLS...

THEY CAN'T BE DEAD... THEY SHOULDN'T EVEN BE HERE!

BY THE SIDE OF A GRAVEYARD PLAIN...

BUT THERE'S THE MILLENNIUM FALCON...

AND SHE LOOKS IN EVEN WORSE SHAPE THAN MY T-65...

THEN WHO ELSE COULD BE HERE?

LUKE!

LEIA?!

NO!!

NOT YOU AS WELL!

YET AS THE LOVELY PRINCESS LEIA ORGANA NESTLES IN LUKE'S EMBRACE...

NEUTRINO GRENADE, LUKE! I CAUGHT IT FULL... NOT MUCH TIME... BEFORE...

LUKE... I...

HIS ARMS ENFOLD HER FOR ONLY A MOMENT...

I...

ALL TOO SHORT A MOMENT...

NO!!

THERE IS NO TIME FOR MOURNING, EITHER...

YOU?

AND A FIGURE OF DREAD STALKS THE NIGHTMARE LANDSCAPE...

YOU WERE NOT EXPECTING ME?

DARTH VADER, DARK LORD OF SITH...

THEN NEITHER WOULD YOU BE EXPECTING...

OR SOMEONE VERY LIKE HIM...

DEATH!

THEN, BENEATH A GREY, LOWERING SKY, THE FLASH OF LIGHT SABRES CUTS THROUGH THE GLOOM...

THIS *CAN'T* BE HAPPENING!

IT'S *MADNESS!*

MADNESS OR NOT, LUKE CAN FEEL THE ROCK BEHIND HIM... FEEL THE CLASH OF SABRES

HE'S SO MUCH MORE *POWERFUL* THAN BEFORE!

FEEL THE *DESPAIR* OF LOSING...

AND FEEL HIMSELF RUNNING...

GOT TO PULL OUT...

FIND SOME *ADVANTAGE* FOR MYSELF... OR I'M...

DEAD!

THERE ARE NO ADVANTAGES IN THESE DOOM HAUNTED HILLS...

THEY ARE FILLED WITH THE BODIES OF HIS DEAREST FRIENDS... HIS DEADLIEST ENEMIES... HIS NIGHTMARES...

BUT HIS *HOPES* HAVE LONG SINCE DEPARTED..

ALL I CAN DO IS SURRENDER TO THE FORCE ...LET THAT GUIDE ME...

AND SELL MY LIFE AS DEARLY AS I CAN...

YET WHEN LUKE DISCARDS CONCIOUS THOUGHT IN FAVOUR OF THE *FEELING* WAY OF THE *FORCE*...

THE SHIMMERING VISION OF A FAMILIAR FIGURE APPEARS TO HIS MIND...

BEN KENOBI!

YOU'RE RIGHT TO SUBMIT TO THE FORCE, LUKE!

BUT IT WILL BE OF NO HELP AGAINST YOUR ENEMIES...

YOU MUST USE IT AGAINST YOURSELF...

AGAINST MYSELF?

NO BEN... COME BACK!

BUT THE OLD JEDI KNIGHT IS GONE AGAIN AS QUICKLY AS HE HAD APPEARED...

AND LUKE CAN ONLY TRY TO FOLLOW HIS INSTRUCTIONS...

GOT TO RELAX... LET THE FORCE FILL EVERY PART OF MY BEING...

THEN LUKE FEELS THE FORCE SEEPING INTO HIS MIND, STRUGGLING TO REPEL A CLOYING, ALIEN PRESENCE...

AND THE IMAGES BLUR... THE NIGHTMARES MERGE INTO ONE ANOTHER...

THERE IS A BRIEF, MISTY MOMENT WHEN THE CONTROL OF LUKE'S MIND IS IN UNCERTAIN HANDS...

AND THEN IT IS HIS OWN AGAIN...

AND HE SEES IT TRULY...

NO... IT CAN'T BE...

A NIGHTMARE DEMON SQUATS ON LUKE'S CHEST... A TELEPATHIC KILLER FROM THE PLANET DROXINE...

I THOUGHT THEY'D ALL BEEN *ERADICATED* BEFORE THE CLONE WARS...

BUT SOME STILL LIVE... AND IN THE HANDS OF THE EMPEROR'S CHOSEN ASSASSINS, THEY ARE DEADLY...

CAN'T MOVE... EVEN A FINGER!

CLAMPING THEMSELVES TO A MAN'S MIND LIKE A PSYCHIC LEECH...

FLOODING HIS SOUL WITH IMAGES OF DEATH, WITH WAVES OF DESPAIR. DRAINING HIM OF HOPE ...OF LIFE...

BUT I'VE GOT TO MOVE... THAT'S AN IMPERIAL SHUTTLECRAFT COMING DOWN...

AND THEY'LL FINISH ME FOR SURE!

FEW MEN SURVIVE SUCH AN ONSLAUGHT, PERISHING INSTEAD IN AN OVERWHELMING MASS OF DEATH - DELUSIONS...

BUT FEW MEN ARE IN TOUCH WITH THE FORCE...

HAND ON MY SWORD-HILT... GOT TO FEEL THE FLOW MOVING ME... PRESSING AGAINST THE BUTTON...

LUKE SKYWALKER IS ONE WHO IS..!

SSSS!

AND THEN THE BATTLE OF WILLS IS OVER...

THOSE SKULLS... THE DEATHS... THEY WERE ALL ILLUSIONS, PROJECTED INTO MY MIND...

AND MY FIGHTERS IN A LOT BETTER SHAPE THAN I THOUGHT, TOO! I MUST HAVE IMAGINED THAT HIT ALONG WITH EVERYTHING ELSE!

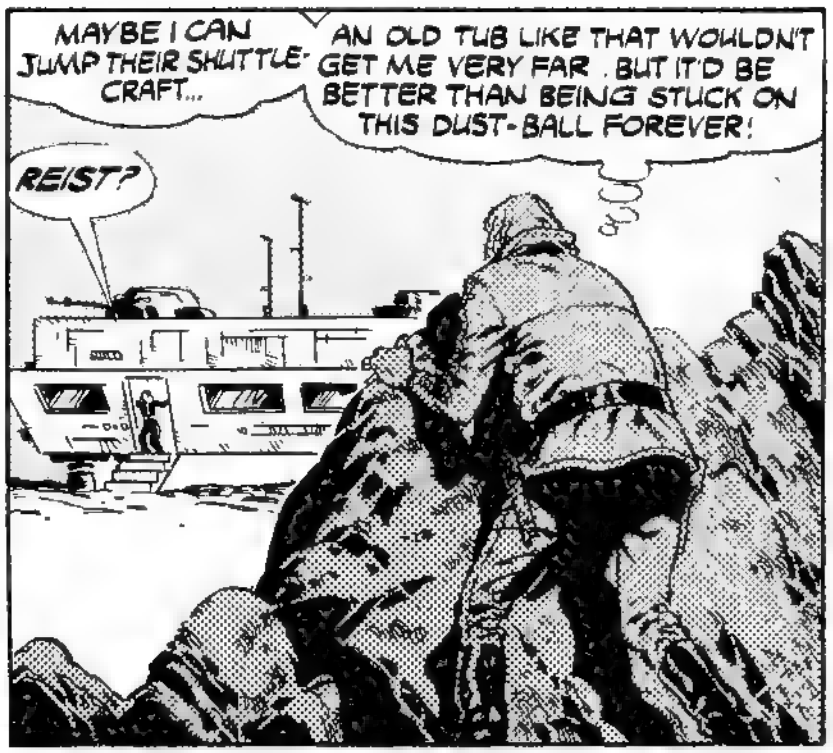
ONLY TROUBLE IS, I'VE BLOWN A C-37 COMPUTER RELAY ON THE STABILISER CONSOLE...

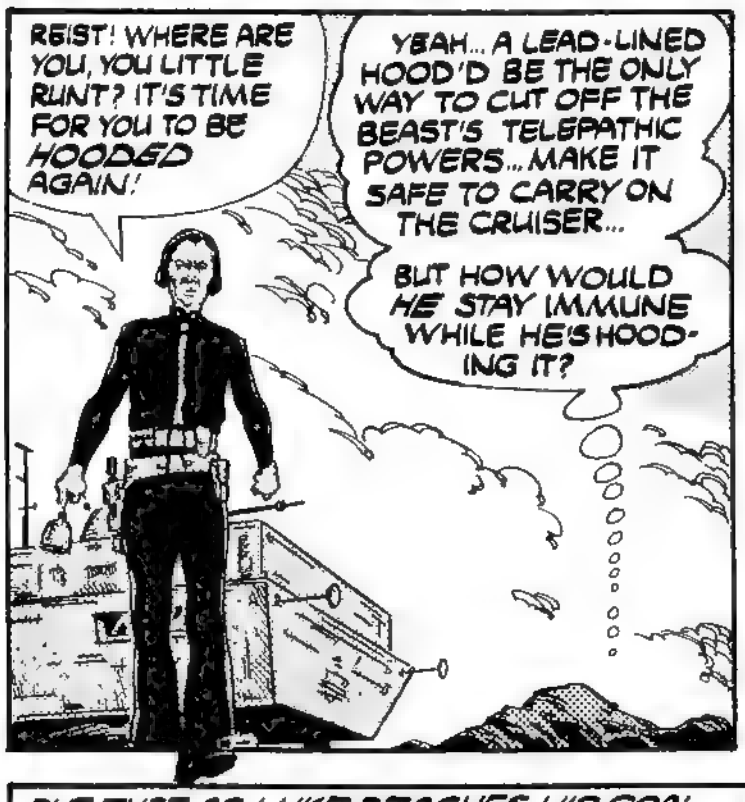
AND WITHOUT THAT SQUARE INCH OF PLASTIC CIRCUIT, THE WHOLE SHIP'S PARALYSED...

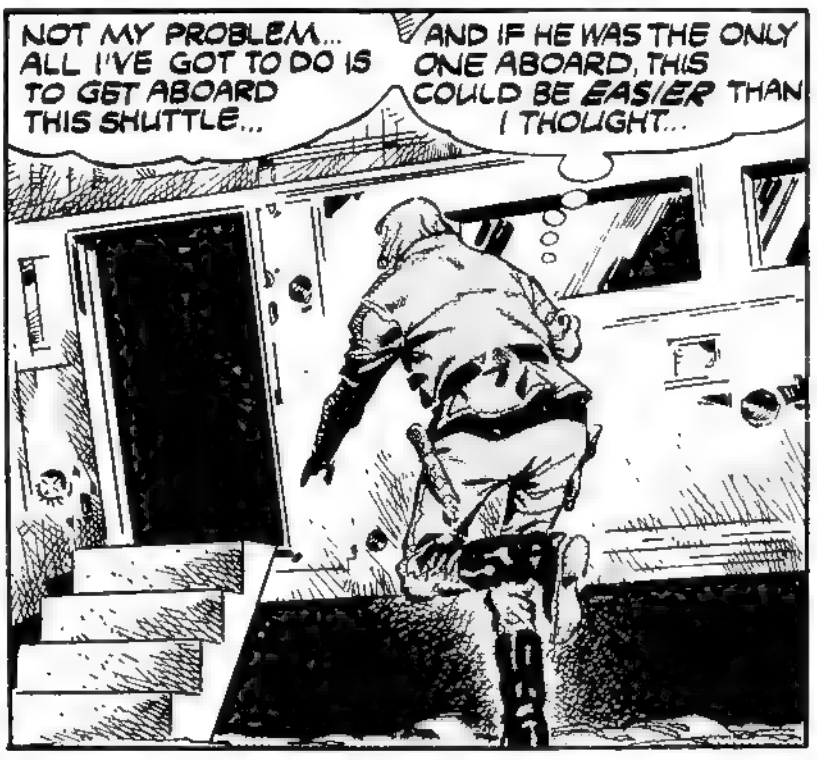
THIS PLACE WILL BE SWARMING WITH REAL STORM-TROOPERS IN A MINUTE...

I CAN'T GET AWAY... BUT I CAN'T STAY HERE...

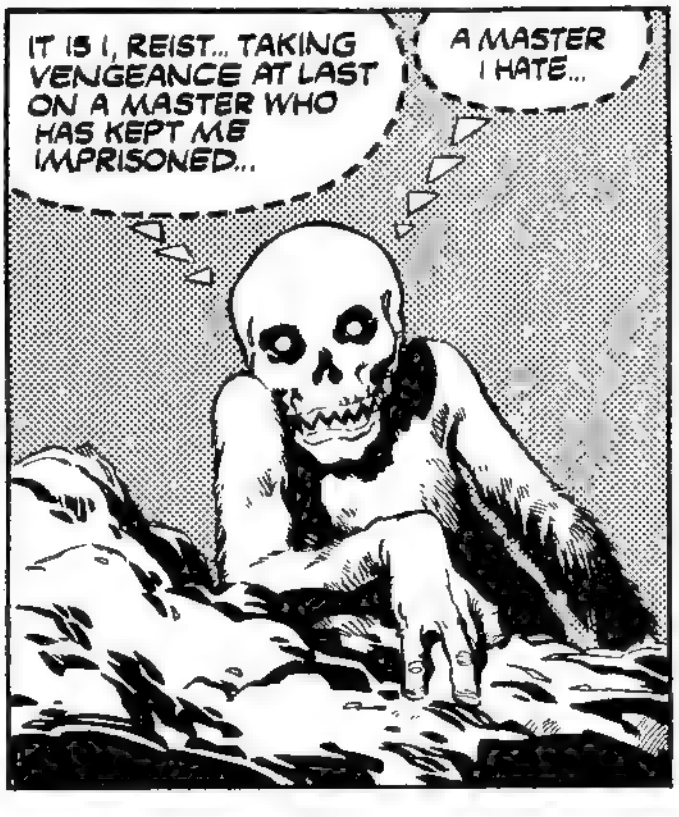
BUT IF THEY'RE EXPECTING ME TO BE DEAD... AND IF I CAN CIRCLE ROUND WITHOUT BEING SEEN..


MAYBE I CAN JUMP THEIR SHUTTLE-CRAFT...
AN OLD TUB LIKE THAT WOULDN'T GET ME VERY FAR . BUT IT'D BE BETTER THAN BEING STUCK ON THIS DUST-BALL FOREVER!
REIST?


REIST! WHERE ARE YOU, YOU LITTLE RUNT? IT'S TIME FOR YOU TO BE HOODED AGAIN!
YEAH... A LEAD-LINED HOOD'D BE THE ONLY WAY TO CUT OFF THE BEAST'S TELEPATHIC POWERS... MAKE IT SAFE TO CARRY ON THE CRUISER...
BUT HOW WOULD HE STAY IMMUNE WHILE HE'S HOODING IT?


NOT MY PROBLEM... ALL I'VE GOT TO DO IS TO GET ABOARD THIS SHUTTLE...
AND IF HE WAS THE ONLY ONE ABOARD, THIS COULD BE EASIER THAN I THOUGHT...

BUT JUST AS LUKE REACHES HIS GOAL...
WAIT, HUMAN... THERE IS ANOTHER WAY...
SOMEONE SPEAKING IN MY MIND! BUT WHO?


IT IS I, REIST... TAKING VENGEANCE AT LAST ON A MASTER WHO HAS KEPT ME IMPRISONED...
A MASTER I HATE...

REIST?

ALTIN WUHO HAS THE COMPUTER RELAY YOU REQUIRE ABOUT HIS PERSON...

DEAD? THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE... IT COULD ONLY MEAN...

NO! YOU CAN'T HAVE DEFEATED REIST! NO-ONE'S EVER COME THROUGH THAT!

THEY HAVE NOW!

SOME WOULD CALL IT A LUCKY SHOT... LUKE IS LUCKY TO TAKE IT ON HIS BLASTER, NOT HIS PERSON...

WUHO IS LUCKY TO HAVE DISARMED HIS ENEMY...

BUT WHO CAN SAY WHICH WAY THE LUCK WILL RUN NOW..?

MADE COVER... BUT NOW I'M PINNED DOWN...

NOTHING TO SHOOT BACK WITH... AND I CAN'T GET TO CLOSE QUARTERS WITH HIM...

SO IT LOOKS LIKE IT'S ALL GOT TO BE...

ON THIS ONE THROW!

AND, GUIDED BY THE FORCE, THE LIGHT-SABRE HURTLES SWIFTLY TO ITS MARK...

BUT IT'S TARGET IS NOT A HUMAN ONE!

A DROID?!

OF COURSE! ONLY A DROID WOULD BE ABLE TO HANDLE A CREATURE LIKE REIST...

BECAUSE A DROID WOULDN'T HAVE A HUMAN MIND THAT COULD BE TELEPATHICALLY SUBDUED...

AND REIST'S FINAL WORDS TURN OUT TRUE...

EVERY DROID HAS TO HAVE A STABILISATION UNIT TO KEEP UPRIGHT...

AND THIS ONE HAS A STANDARD C-37 RELAY, JUST LIKE I NEED...

ON THE ORBITING CRUISER, CAPTAIN DIRK BALOR CAN ONLY QUESTION THE LONG SILENCE FROM LAPEZ 3.

BUT NOT KNOWING REIST IS DEAD, IT'S A QUESTION HE'S IN NO HURRY TO ANSWER...

ALL FIXED UP AND READY TO GO! IF I SKIM ROUND SIDE OF THE PLANET, I MIGHT BE ABLE TO SLIP AWAY UNSEEN...

AND ON A PLANET WHICH LUKE HAD SEEN A SHORT TIME BEFORE AS THE GRAVEYARD OF HIS FRIENDS...

REIST

THERE IS ONLY A DESOLATE WASTE... THE SMASHED BODY OF A DROID ASSASSIN... AND, SMALL AND CRUDE, THE TOMBSTONE OF HIS ENEMY...

THE END

Dark Lord's Conscience

THE PLANET IS CALLED **CHEELIT.** THE GAME IS CALLED **FIREPATH...**

≥CHIRRICKE WE FEAR WE HAVE DISCERNED YOUR **STRATEGY,** MOST NOBLE LORD. LET US **SEE...**

WE MOVE OUR **CARDINAL** INTO THE FOOL'S RING AT THE THIRD STONE...

YOUR **PERCEPTION** IS AS FLAWLESS AS YOUR **HOSPITALITY;** MY LADY, HOWEVER, IF YOU ASSUME THAT I HAVE EMPLOYED **DROOM'S GAMBIT,** THEN YOU ARE **MISTAKEN.**

SOUTHERN RADIAL, SECOND STONE!

KLIK

A BLACK-METAL FINGER BRUSHES A DULL, SILVER SWITCH. LADY DHOL'S CARDINAL IS **CONSUMED** IN THE SUDDEN PILLAR OF FIRE...

VHAUFF!

≥CHIRRICKE **MAGNIFICENT!** WE WERE CORRECT... THE WORTHY LORD HAS BEEN PLAYING THE **SURGEON'S VARIANT.** IT WAS **WORTH** LOSING A CARDINAL TO BE **CERTAIN!**

YOUR GAME STYLE HAS LOST NONE OF ITS INTRIGUE OR CHARM, LORD VADER. WE ARE GLAD THAT YOU COULD COME TO **CHEELIT** AND ACCEPT OUR **CHALLENGE...**

WRITER-*ALAN MOORE* ARTIST-*JOHN STOKES* LETTERER-*JOHN ALDRICH*

ALAS, IT WAS NOT **YOUR** CHALLENGE ALONE THAT BROUGHT ME TO CHEELIT, MY LADY.

IT SEEMS THAT THE **GUILD OF VINDICATORS ALSO** SEEK TO MATCH WITS WITH ME. I HAVE DECIDED TO FACE THEM **HERE**, ON THEIR **OWN GROUND.**

CHIRRIKE THE GUILD OF VINDICATORS? WHAT DO THOSE STEALERS-OF-EGGS WANT WITH **YOU**, MY LORD?

WHY, I BELIEVE THEY INTEND TO **KILL** ME, MY LADY.

CONJURER TO TRAITOR'S RING, SECOND STONE.

OUTSIDE THE **HIVE PALACE** *OF* **LADY DHOL.** *THERE IS SLASHING RAIN AND WIND THAT MOANS LIKE A WIDOW. OUT HERE, ALL THE GAMES ARE IN* **EARNEST...**

COLD NIGHT, EH?

COLDER THAN A **JEDI'S EYES**, LAD. STILL, I'LL NOT COMPLAIN IF COLD'S THE **WORST** WE HAVE TO FACE...

AYE, THAT'S RIGHT ENOUGH. THE SITH LORD SAID WE WERE TO KEEP AN EYE OUT FOR **TROUBLE.** LET'S HOPE HE WAS JUST BEING **CAUTIOUS...**

NOT CAUTIOUS **ENOUGH**, SERVANT OF SIN...

...NOT **NEARLY** CAUTIOUS ENOUGH.

WHO IN THE **DEVIL-STARS...?**

OUT OF THE RAIN HE COMES; THE **SKULL STONE** *OF THE* **VINDICATORS** *AT HIS THROAT. HE IS* **MUTANT,** *AN* **EMPATH.** *HE SEES THE* **BLIGHT** *IN THE SOULS OF MEN...*

...HE IS **CLAT THE SHAMER...**

DON'T JUST **STAND** THERE... **CUT HIM DOWN!**

THAT'S RIGHT. CUT ME DOWN...

...THE WAY YOU CUT DOWN THOSE **BABES** AND **WOMEN** ON **KOBAL'S WORLD.**

THE STORMTROOPER **HESITATES** *AND IS* **LOST.** *LONG, SPIDERY FINGERS REACH INTO HIS* **MIND,** *OVERTURNING* **STONES,** *REVEALING THE* **DARK MEMORIES** *THAT SQUIRM* **BENEATH...**

K-KOBAL'S WORLD? HOW COULD **YOU** KNOW ABOUT... ABOUT...

OH, LORD. THOSE CHILDREN, I KILLED THEM...

THE SOLDIER HAD BURIED HIS **GUILT** WITH HIS **VICTIMS**, BUT NOW THEY RISE AGAIN WITH **PLEADING EYES** AND **BLOODIED FACES**. HIS **CONSCIENCE** EATS HIM ALIVE . . .

N-NO . . . I DIDN'T MEAN TO . . . I DIDN'T MEAN . . .

AND CLAT THE SHAMER **SMILES** . . .

WHAT **AILS** YOU, **BUTCHER**? DOES YOUR **BODY COUNT** RETURN TO **HAUNT** YOU? ARE ALL YOUR SINS **REMEMBERED**? THEN SURELY THERE MUST BE AN **ATONEMENT**!

YOU **KNOW** WHAT YOU MUST **DO** . . .

Y-YES . . . OH, **YES**! I KNOW WHAT I MUST DO . . .

ZZZAAARRK!

A SMOLDERING CORPSE THUDS TO THE PUDDLE-SHINY FLAGSTONES, AND THE SPELL THAT HAD HELD THE OTHER TROOPER IS **BROKEN**. BUT BY **THEN** IT IS **TOO LATE** . . .

BY THEN THE EYES OF THE SHAMER ARE **UPON HIM**.

. . . **HE** REMEMBERS A YOUNG WOMAN ON THE PLANET LURR, AND HE REMEMBERS HOW SHE DIED. THE **WIND** RISES TO DROWN HIS **SCREAMS**, THE **SHADOWS** RISE TO DROWN HIS **SOUL**.

BUT OUTSIDE, THE CORRIDORS OF THE HIVE PALACE ARE **STREWN** WITH **LOST PIECES**. HERE LIES ONE WHO NEGLECTED HIS MOTHER, HERE ONE THAT POISONED HIS WIFE . . .

CHIRRICK! **ANOTHER** OF YOUR PIECES GONE TO THE FIRE, LORD VADER. I THINK THAT **GAME'S END** IS IN SIGHT.

VHAUFF!

I THINK THAT YOU ARE **RIGHT**, MY LADY. AND YET, ONE MAY LOSE A **SCORE** OF PIECES WITHOUT FORFEITING THE **GAME**. IS THAT NOT **CORRECT**?

MERCHANT TO BEAST'S RING. SEVENTH STONE.

SOME OF THEIR SINS WERE **GREAT**, AND SOME WERE **TRIVIAL**. BUT WHEN **CLAT THE SHAMER** TOUCHED THEIR MINDS; THEIR **GUILT** PROVED TO BE THE SAME...

...PROVED TO BE **UNBEARABLE!**

I'M **COMING** FOR YOU, SITH LORD. COMING TO SEE HOW WELL YOU FACE YOUR **OWN** PHANTOMS, HOW WELL YOU CAN LOOK YOUR **EVIL** IN THE EYE.

THE CRIMES OF THESE FALLEN PAWNS WERE **NOTHING** COMPARED TO YOURS, THEIR **GUILT** A **WHISPER** NEXT TO THE **ROAR** OF YOUR OWN!

YOU ARE A **MONSTER**, SITH LORD. THE BLOOD OF **PLANETS**, THE DEATH OF **ENTIRE RACES** IS ON YOUR HANDS. AND NOW **CLAT** COMES, TO GIVE YOU BACK YOUR **CONSCIENCE!**

YOUR **TORMENT** SHALL BE **EXQUISITE!**

VADER!

I, **CLAT THE SHAMER**, HAVE COME TO CLAIM YOUR **SOUL!**

TONIGHT, MONSTER, **TONIGHT** IS THE NIGHT YOU **DIE!**

I SEE.

AND HOW IS THIS TO BE **ACCOMPLISHED**. I NOTICE YOU ARE **UNARMED!**

CLAT THE SHAMER NEEDS NO **WEAPONS**, SITH LORD! IT IS YOUR OWN **DARK HEART** THAT WILL **DESTROY** YOU!

I HAVE THE POWER TO REACH INTO THE MINDS OF MEN AND **UNLOCK** THE **FLOOD-GATES** OF **MEMORY**, TO WASH THEM AWAY IN THE **BLACK TIDES** OF THEIR **GUILT**.

EVEN **YOU**, LORD VADER. **ESPECIALLY** YOU.

THE SPECIAL EMPATH GUIDES FORWARD TO CONFRONT HIS **ENEMY**. THE POWER OF HIS MUTANT MIND REACHES OUT, FEELING FOR THE **MAN** BEHIND THE **EBON MASK**...

DO YOU **FEEL** IT, VADER? DO YOU FEEL THE **WORM OF CONSCIENCE** AS IT **WRITHES** WITHIN YOUR **GUT**?

DO YOU HEAR THE **SCREAMS** OF YOUR **VICTIMS**, MONSTER? THE THOUSANDS WHO **DIED** IN **DESPAIR** AND **AGONY**?

THEY **SHRIEK** FOR **RETRIBUTION**; THEY **HOWL** FOR **VINDICATION**! ONLY IN **DEATH** IS THERE **ATONEMENT**! ONLY **DEATH** CAN FREE YOU FROM YOUR **QUAGMIRE** OF **GUILT**!

YOU **KNOW** WHAT YOU MUST DO.

YES.

YES, I KNOW WHAT I MUST DO.

WESTERN RADIAL, FIFTH STONE.

A BLACK-METAL FINGER BRUSHES A DULL, SILVER SWITCH. CLAT THE SHAMER HAS LESS THAN A SECOND TO REALIZE HIS **TERRIBLE MISTAKE**...

I...

FWAAAASH!

SHALL WE CONTINUE THE GAME, MY LADY? IT WOULD APPEAR THAT YOUR POSITION IS COMPROMISED.

:CHIRRICK: ER-- YOU LIVE UP TO YOUR REPUTATION, MY LORD.

BUT AS FOR THE GAME :CHIRRIK: I THINK I SEE AN AVENUE OF ESC--

NO, MY LADY. I DON'T NEED THE SHAMER'S POWER OF EMPATHY TO DISCERN YOUR ROLE IN LURING ME TO THIS PLACE.

NO, INDEED. YOUR POSITION IS FATALLY COMPROMISED.

SORCERER'S RING. FIRST STONE.

KLIK

VHAUFF!

HM.

A SCRAPPY, DISAPPOINTING OPENING, BUT THE ENDGAME PROVIDED SOME SATISFACTION.

TheEnd

THE SANDS OF JERNE ARE WIDE AND WHITE, SPARKLING EERILY IN THE TWIN MOON'S LIGHT...

AND THE MODIFIED IMPERIAL TROOP CARRIER SKIMS DARKLY ABOVE THE WIND-WHIPPED DESERT.

DARK SHAPES LURK BENEATH THE SANDS AS WELL...

AND THOUGH THEIR BREATHING TUBES ARE ALL THAT CAN BE SEEN...

...THEY ARE THERE, AND THEY ARE RISING IN RESPONSE TO A RADIO SIGNAL FROM A DISTANT LOOK-OUT...

...RISING...TO PLAY THEIR PART, ALL UNKNOWING, IN THE...

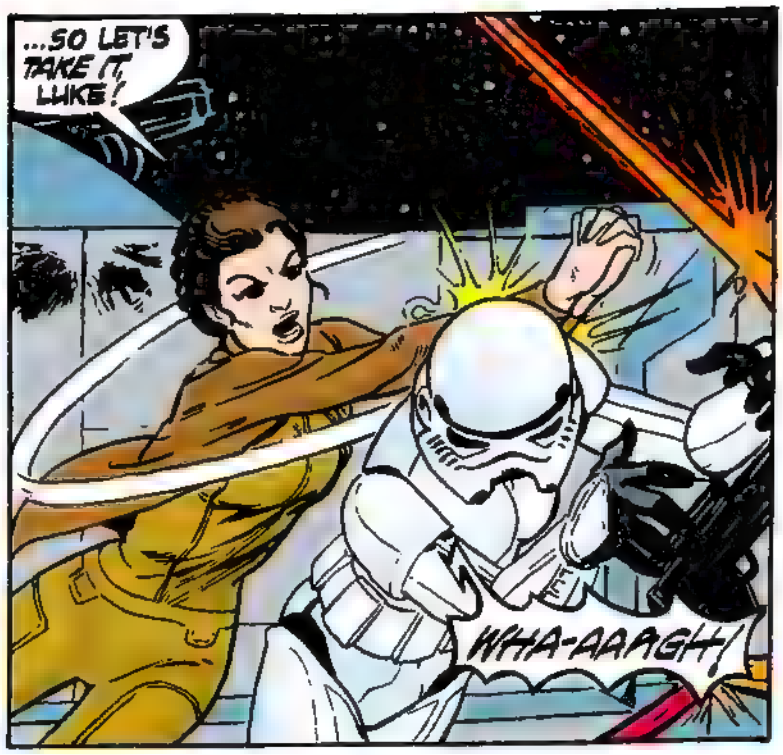
DARK KNIGHT'S DEVILRY

GUERRILLAS!

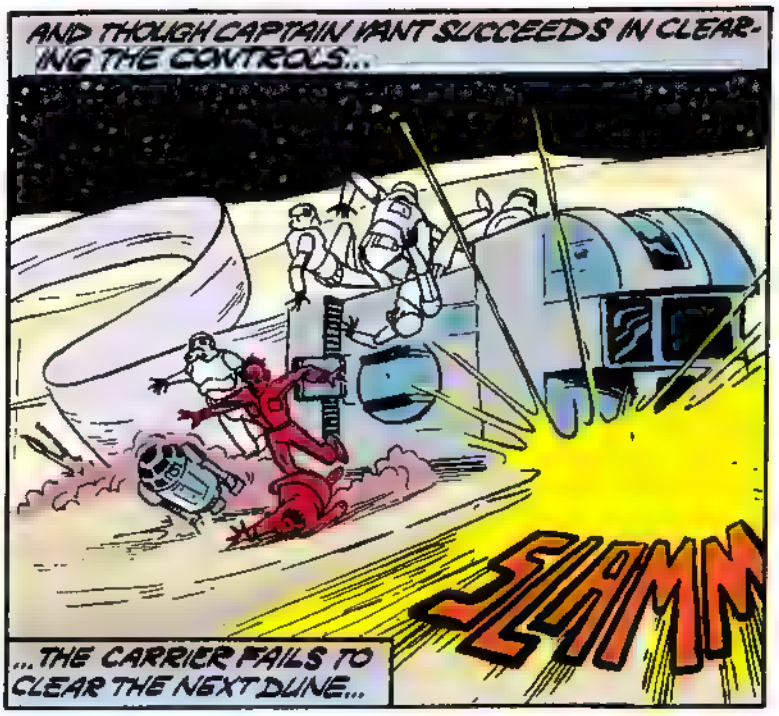
WE'VE RUN INTO AN AMBUSH!

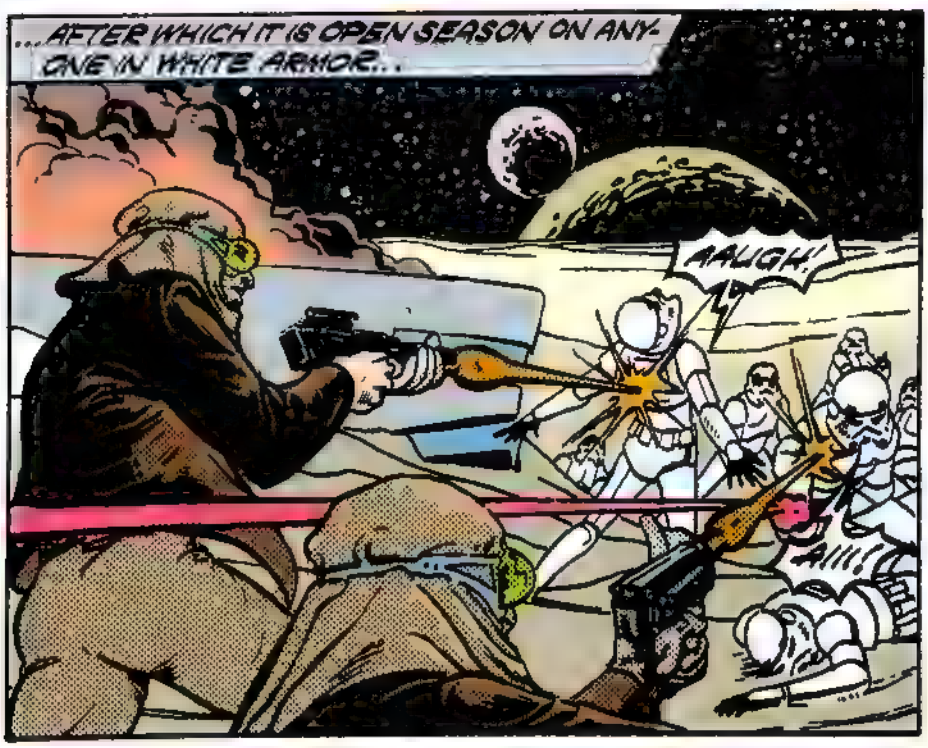
WRITER: STEVE MOORE ~ ARTIST: ALAN DAVIS ~ LETTERER: JENNY O'CONNOR.

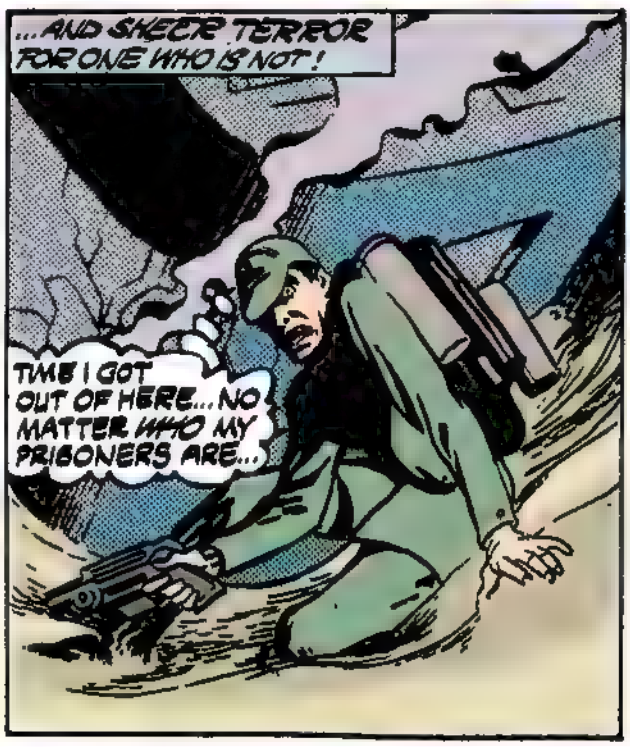
TO THE STORMTROOPERS, THE ATTACK IS A PROBLEM...
...TO THEIR CAPTIVES...
IT'S OUR BIG CHANCE, LEIA.
PROBABLY OUR ONLY CHANCE...


...SO LET'S TAKE IT, LUKE!
WHA-AAAGH!

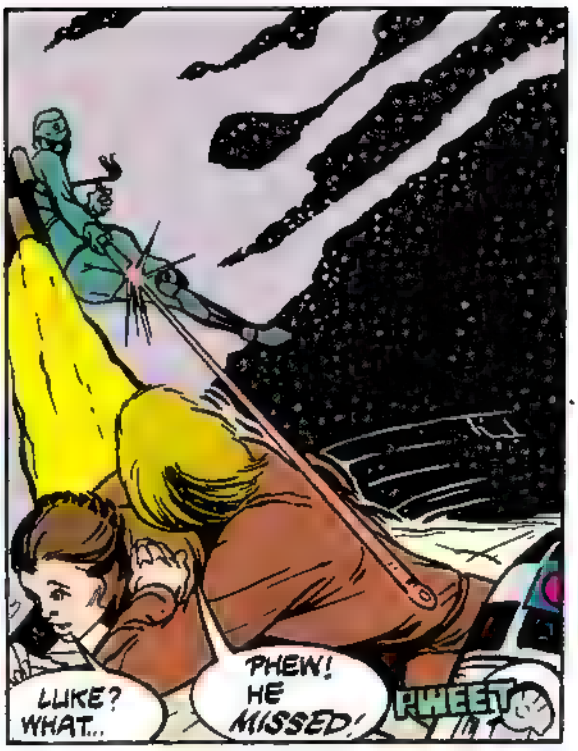
WHILE IN THE CONTROL CABIN...
GET US OUT OF HERE, FOOL! OTHERWISE WE'RE ALL--
AAAUGH!
--DEAD?

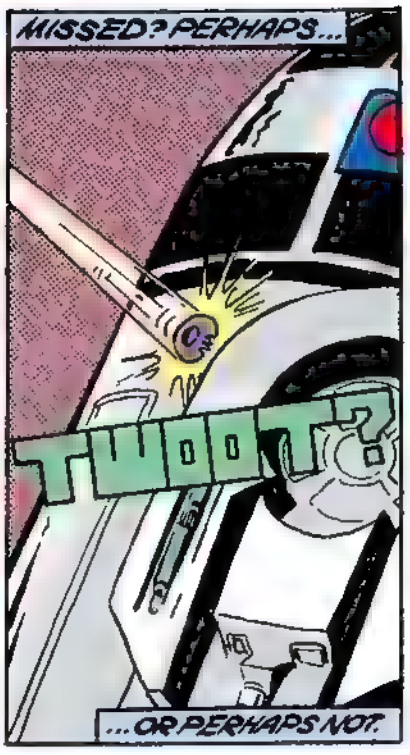

AND THOUGH CAPTAIN IANT SUCCEEDS IN CLEARING THE CONTROLS...
...THE CARRIER FAILS TO CLEAR THE NEXT DUNE...
SLAMM

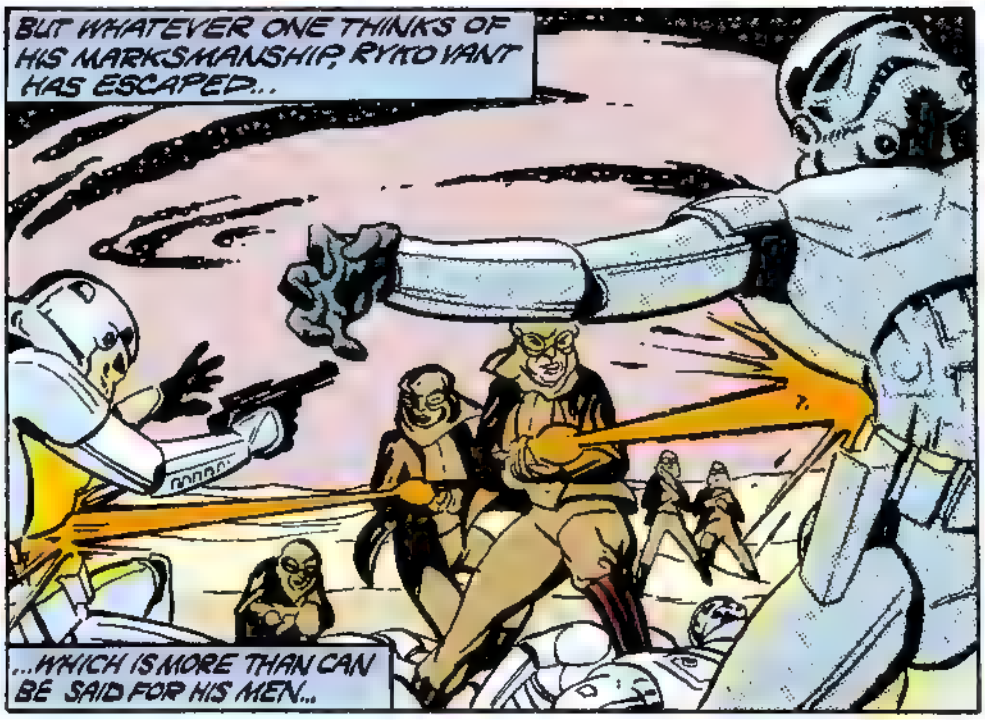

...AFTER WHICH IT IS OPEN SEASON ON ANYONE IN WHITE ARMOR...
AAUGH!
AIIII!


...AND SHEER TERROR FOR ONE WHO IS NOT!
TIME I GOT OUT OF HERE... NO MATTER WHO MY PRISONERS ARE...

WHAT IN...? HE'S GOT SOME KIND OF JET-PACK!
AND WORSE... HE'S GOT SOME KIND OF GUN!
GET DOWN, LEIA! FAST!


LUKE? WHAT...
PHEW! HE MISSED!
PHEET


MISSED? PERHAPS...
TWOOT?
...OR PERHAPS NOT.


BUT WHATEVER ONE THINKS OF HIS MARKSMANSHIP, RYKO VANT HAS ESCAPED...
...WHICH IS MORE THAN CAN BE SAID FOR HIS MEN...

...AND THOSE WHO WERE HIS PRISONERS...
JUST TAKE MY LIGHTSABER OFF THIS GOON...
AND MAYBE I'LL KEEP IT IN MY BOOT WHERE NO ONE WILL FIND IT.

...ARE ABOUT TO BECOME PRISONERS AGAIN.
COME ON, YOU TWO... AND BRING THE DROID WITH YOU...
WE'VE GOT A TRANSPORT OVER THE HILL...

IT IS AN OLD WORLD, THIS JERNE... RECENTLY MILITARIZED FOR THE GLORY OF THE EMPIRE.

BEFORE THAT, THERE WERE HUMAN COLONISTS... SOME NOW TURNED GUERRILLA...

BEFORE THAT, LONG, LONG EONS AGO... THERE WERE THE JERNI, ORIGINAL INHABITANTS OF THE PLANET.

BUT MILLENNIA HAVE PASSED SINCE THEY PACED THESE PALE SANDS.

NOW ONLY A FEW SCATTERED RUINS RECALL THE GLORIES OF A FORMER EMPIRE.

FOR THE JERNI, THEN, IT IS ALL OVER. FOR LUKE AND LEIA...

LOOKS LIKE WE'RE GOING TO GET A SECOND CHANCE AFTER ALL.

WE MAY NEED IT...

HEY, MEEKA! WE'RE BACK... AND WE FREED SOME PRISONERS...

NEED IT? WHY?

BECAUSE THE LEADER OF THIS RAT PACK IS A NOT-SO-NICE YOUNG LADY CALLED...

...MEEKA REEN."

LATER FOR THESE TWO! WHAT ABOUT THAT SCUM, YANT?

HE... ER... ESCAPED, MEEKA... BY NOW HE'S PROBABLY BACK AT...

JERNE CITY H.Q.!

ABOUT TIME, TOO! THIS JET PACK'S JUST ABOUT OUT OF FUEL...

HERE, IN THE SPOTLESS CORRIDORS OF THE PLANET'S MILITARY NERVE CENTER, CAPTAIN RYKO VANT IS IN HIS ELEMENT ONCE MORE.

SGT. FALESH! I WANT A TASK FORCE OUT SWEEPING THE DELTA-SEVEN SECTION...

HE IS IN COMMAND AGAIN...

I GOT A TRACE ON THOSE GUERRILLAS... AND I WANT THEM DEAD.

AND HE IS IN TROUBLE...

N-NO! NOT... NOT--

DARTH VADER, DARK LORD OF THE SITH.

WELL, VANT, SAY SOMETHING...

I-- I...

SAY SOMETHING ARTICULATE.

I BECOME ANNOYED WITH MEN WHO WHIMPER.

...HAD THEM, LORD VADER! LUKE SKYWALKER... LEIA ORGANA... I CAPTURED THEM!

TRUE... I DID NOT EXPECT YOU TO BE SO EFFICIENT.

BUT YOU DID LOSE THEM AGAIN IMMEDIATELY AFTERWARDS.

THAT I EXPECTED.

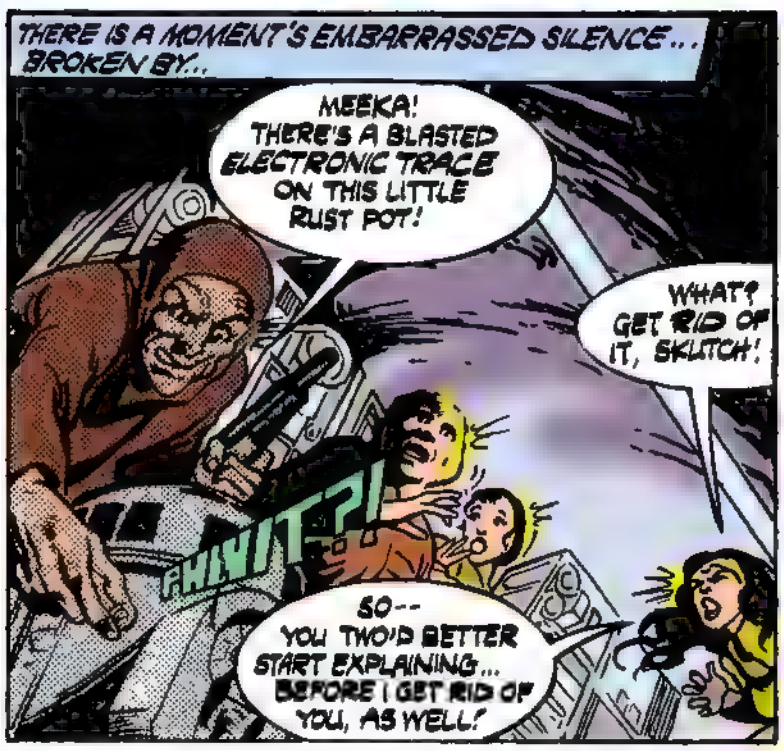
I-I MANAGED TO GET A T-TRACER ...ON THEIR D-DROID ...MY LORD...

WE CAN FIND OUT... W-WHERE THEY'RE GOING...
YOU'RE WHIMPERING AGAIN, YANT...
BESIDES, I ALREADY KNOW THEY'RE HEADING FOR...

ADONY STATION?
WHAT DO YOU WANT TO GO TO THAT RAT HOLE FOR?

THERE'S NOTHING THERE BUT AN IMPERIAL OUTPOST AND SOME CRUMBLING OLD RUINS...
...NOT EVEN A CANTINA.

AND CERTAINLY NOTHING FOR MY BOYS TO PLUNDER, LIKE THERE IS AROUND HERE...
SO YOU'D BETTER HAVE ONE ALMIGHTY GOOD REASON.
UH...


THERE IS A MOMENT'S EMBARRASSED SILENCE... BROKEN BY...
MEEKA! THERE'S A BLASTED ELECTRONIC TRACE ON THIS LITTLE RUST POT!
WHAT? GET RID OF IT, SKLITCH!
PHWIT?!
SO-- YOU TWO'D BETTER START EXPLAINING... BEFORE I GET RID OF YOU, AS WELL!

BLAST! IF YANT AND HIS MEN HAVE BEEN LISTENING IN, WE'RE GOING TO HAVE TO MOVE FASTER THAN I'D HOPED!
AND THAT MEANS TELLING THIS BUNCH OF BANDITS THE TRUTH...

ALL RIGHT, MEEKA... CALL HIM OFF AND I'LL TELL YOU WHY WE'RE REALLY HERE.

AND WHY WE NEED YOUR MEN, AND TRANSPORT TO ADONY STATION BEFORE VANT CAN CUT US OFF...

"IT STARTED ABOUT A MONTH AGO, WHEN I WAS RECONNOITERING THIS SECTOR IN A DISGUISED FREIGHTER.

"I FOUND A SHIP FLOATING IN THE VOID, LIKE NOTHING I'D EVER SEEN BEFORE... POWERLESS, LIFELESS, EMPTY...

"OUT THERE IN AIRLESS SPACE, THERE WAS NO WAY OF KNOWING HOW LONG IT HAD BEEN ABANDONED.

"A HUNDRED... A THOUSAND... A HUNDRED THOUSAND YEARS?

"BUT IT CERTAINLY WASN'T ONE OF OURS

"THERE WASN'T MUCH I COULD DO... AND THERE DIDN'T SEEM TO BE ANY DANGER.

"I TOOK IT IN TOW, AND BROUGHT IT TO WHERE OUR SCIENTISTS COULD GET A LOOK AT IT.

"AND THEY WERE THE ONES WHO FOUND THE IMAGE TAPES.

"IT TOOK ABOUT A WEEK TO FIGURE OUT HOW TO PLAY THEM BACK...

"ONE OF THEM WAS THE SHIP'S LOG... AND THAT SHOWED THE SHIP CAME FROM HERE.

"IT HAD BEEN BUILT BY THE ORIGINAL INHABITANTS, THE JERNI.

"WE PLAYED THE OTHER TAPES, TOO... AND ONE OF THEM SHOWED...

"...WELL, THERE'S SOMETHING IMPORTANT TO THE REBEL ALLIANCE AT ADONY STATION..."

WHAT!

NO ONE'S GOING ANYWHERE NEAR ADONY STATION UNTIL I KNOW EXACTLY WHAT WE'RE AFTER.

UH... LEIA?

I THINK WE'RE GOING TO HAVE TO TRUST THE LADY, LUKE...

TRUST?!

OH, YEAH... I GUESS WE ARE...

"IT'S SOMETHING CALLED THE ETERNITY CRYSTAL...

"WE'RE NOT SURE EXACTLY HOW IT WORKS...

"BUT APPARENTLY IT WAS THE PINNACLE OF JERNI SCIENCE.

"SOME SORT OF MACHINE THAT COULD WIND TIME BACKWARDS...

"...UNTIL IT REACHED A CRITICAL POINT IN HISTORY...

"...AND THEN TIME WOULD START TO FLOW FORWARD AGAIN...

"...BUT ALONG A DIFFERENT PATH.

"AND WITH SOMETHING LIKE THAT WE COULD CHANGE HISTORY.

"MAKE A WORLD WHERE THE DEATH STAR DIDN'T DESTROY ALDERAAN... WHERE DARTH VADER WAS KILLED...

"...OR EVEN... WHERE THE EMPIRE NEVER CAME TO BE AT ALL.

"SO THAT'S WHY WE CAME TO JERNE... TO SEE IF THE CRYSTAL IS STILL IN A VAULT NEAR ADONY STATION.

"BUT BEFORE WE COULD GET NEAR THE PLACE, WE RAN INTO SOME TIE FIGHTERS...

"NINE TIMES OUT OF TEN, WE COULD HAVE OUTRUN OR OUTFOUGHT THEM...

"...THIS HAPPENED TO BE THE TENTH TIME.

"SO THEY PULLED US OUT OF THE WRECKAGE AND LOADED US INTO A TROOP CARRIER...

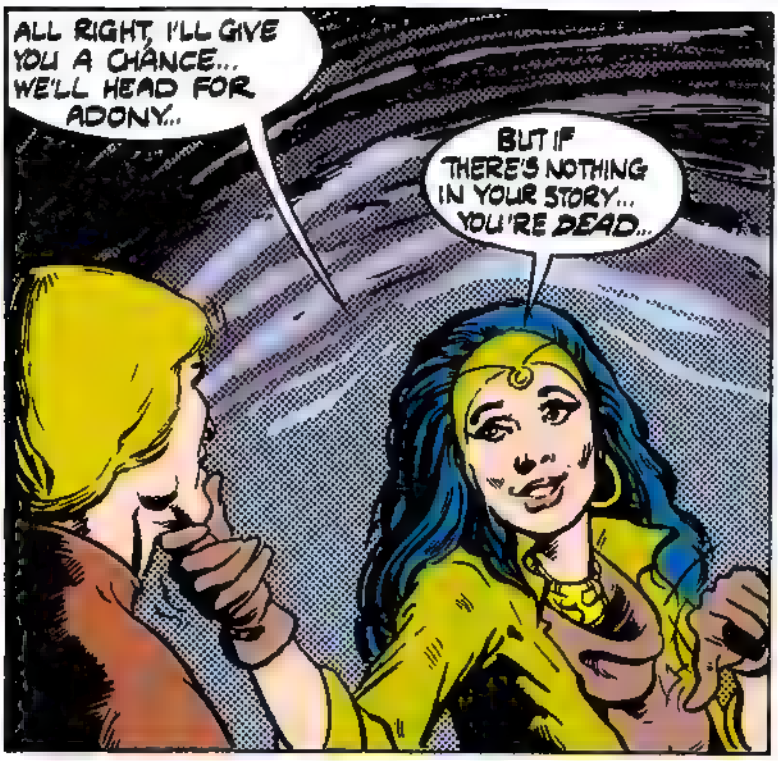
"...WHICH PROMPTLY RAN INTO AN AMBUSH... AND YOU KNOW THE REST..."

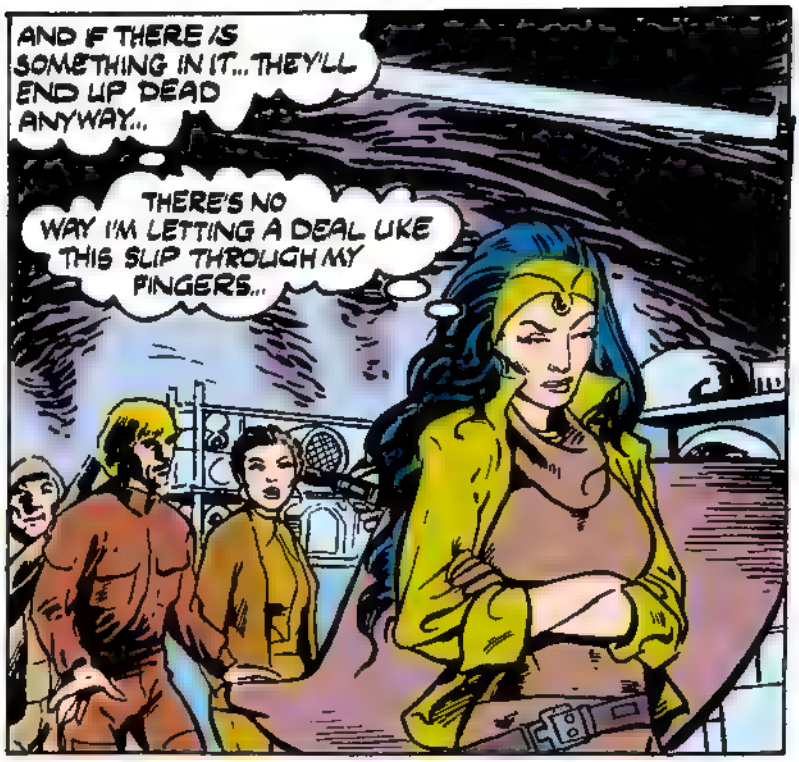
YOU REALLY EXPECT ME TO BELIEVE THAT?

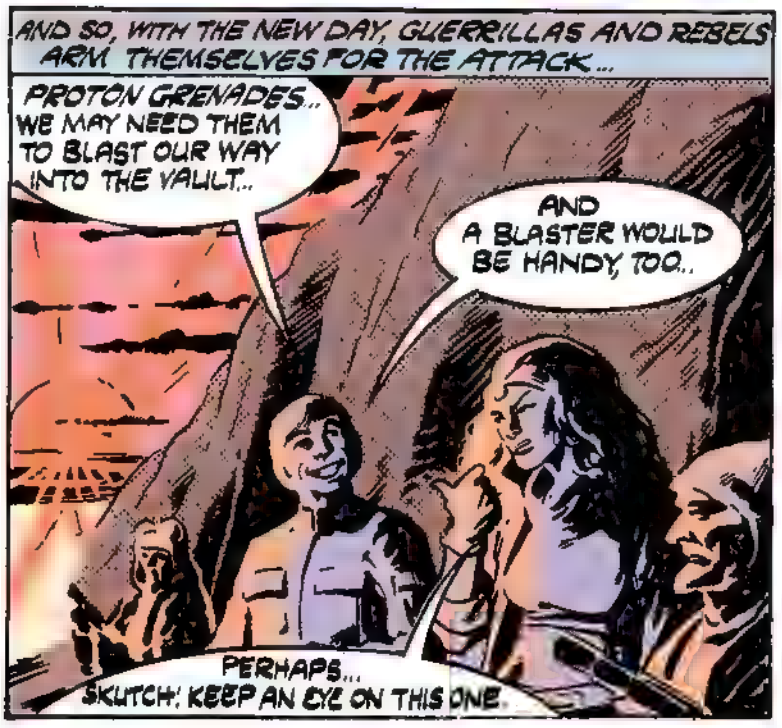
UP TO YOU... BUT IT'S TRUE...

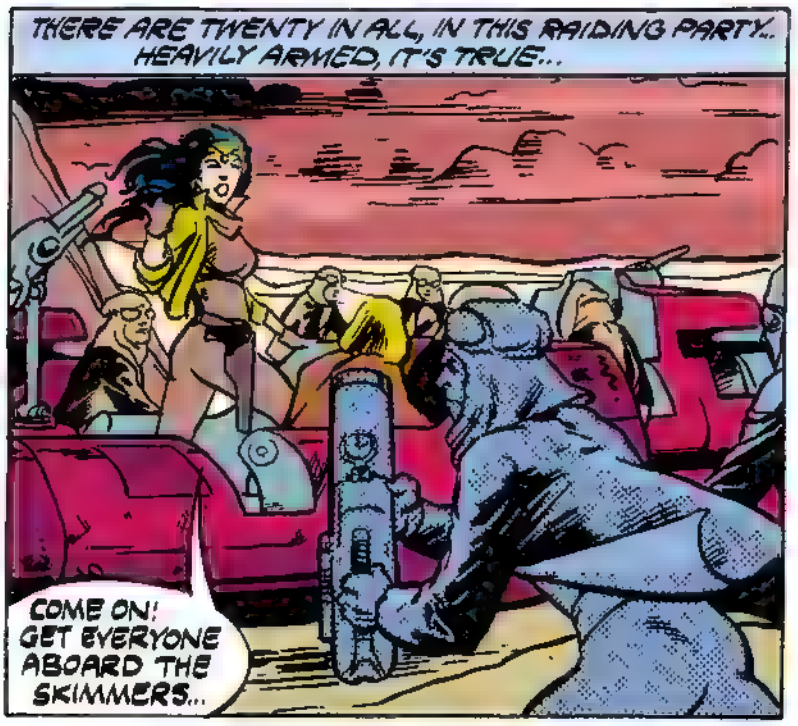
AND IF IT IS, A MACHINE LIKE THAT...

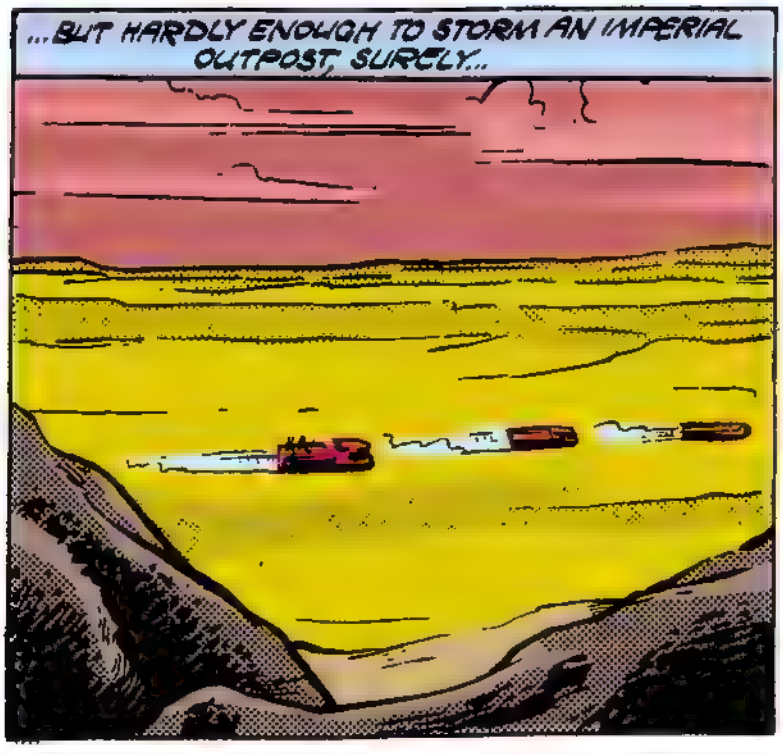
...COULD MAKE ME *EMPRESS OF THE UNIVERSE!*

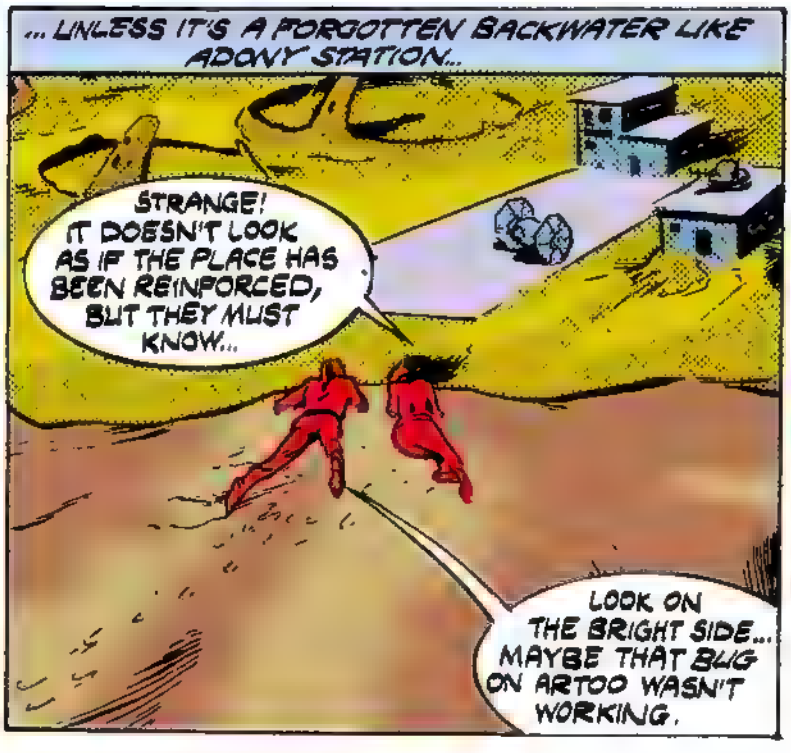

ALL RIGHT, I'LL GIVE YOU A CHANCE... WE'LL HEAD FOR ADONY...
BUT IF THERE'S NOTHING IN YOUR STORY... YOU'RE DEAD...


AND IF THERE IS SOMETHING IN IT... THEY'LL END UP DEAD ANYWAY...
THERE'S NO WAY I'M LETTING A DEAL LIKE THIS SLIP THROUGH MY FINGERS...


AND SO, WITH THE NEW DAY, GUERRILLAS AND REBELS ARM THEMSELVES FOR THE ATTACK...
PROTON GRENADES... WE MAY NEED THEM TO BLAST OUR WAY INTO THE VAULT...
AND A BLASTER WOULD BE HANDY, TOO...
PERHAPS... SKUTCH! KEEP AN EYE ON THIS ONE.


THERE ARE TWENTY IN ALL, IN THIS RAIDING PARTY.. HEAVILY ARMED, IT'S TRUE...
COME ON! GET EVERYONE ABOARD THE SKIMMERS...


...BUT HARDLY ENOUGH TO STORM AN IMPERIAL OUTPOST, SURELY...


... UNLESS IT'S A FORGOTTEN BACKWATER LIKE ADONY STATION...
STRANGE! IT DOESN'T LOOK AS IF THE PLACE HAS BEEN REINFORCED, BUT THEY MUST KNOW...
LOOK ON THE BRIGHT SIDE... MAYBE THAT BUG ON ARTOO WASN'T WORKING.

BESIDES, EVEN IF THEY DO KNOW WE'RE COMING, THEY DON'T KNOW WHEN.

SO NOW'S AS GOOD A TIME AS ANY TO HIT THEM...

YOU'RE RIGHT... LET'S GET BACK TO THE SKIMMER...

BUT THERE'S STILL SOMETHING ABOUT THIS I DON'T LIKE...

LADY.. I LIKE IT EVEN LESS.

THEY'VE SEEN US! OPEN UP WITH EVERYTHING YOU'VE GOT!

THE BATTLE IS FIERCE AND FURIOUS.

THEY'RE FOLDING UP! KEEP ON POURING IT ON!

SCATTER AND MOVE IN ON FOOT!

AAUGH!

IT IS BLOODY AND BRUTAL...

YAAGH!

...BUT IT IS BRIEF.

WE'VE DONE IT! AND IT WAS SO EASY.

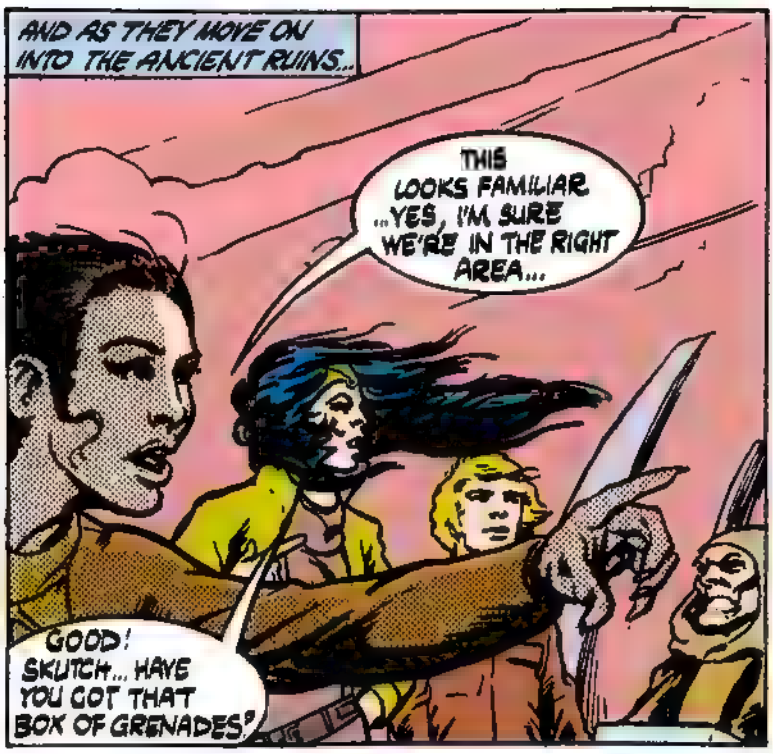
NOT THAT EASY... YOU LOST SIX MEN...

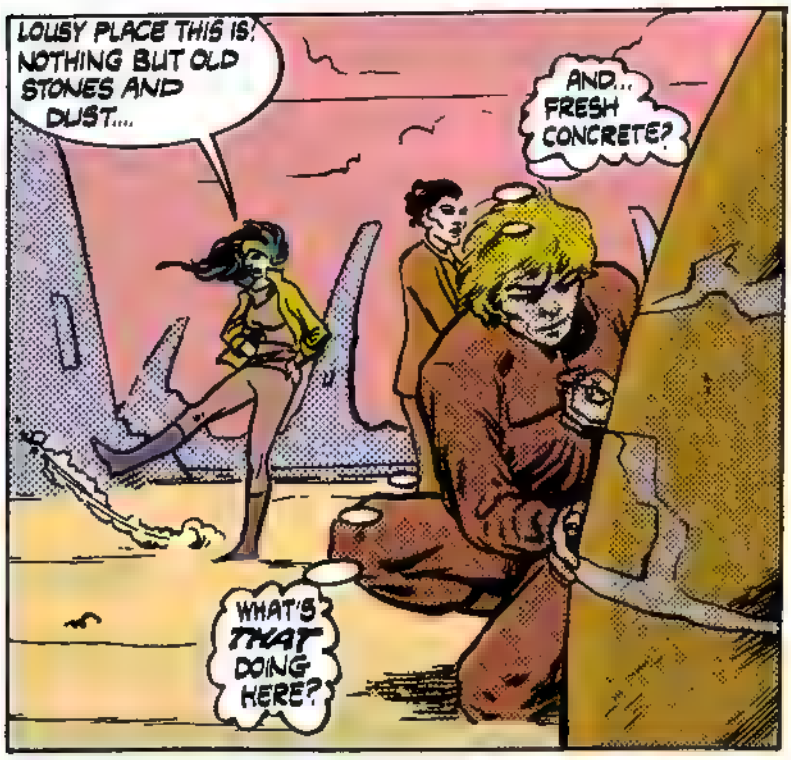
FORGET THEM... THEY WERE NOTHING.

THE MAIN THING IS THAT YOU TWO ARE STILL ALIVE.

SO NOW I... WE CAN FIND THE VAULT...

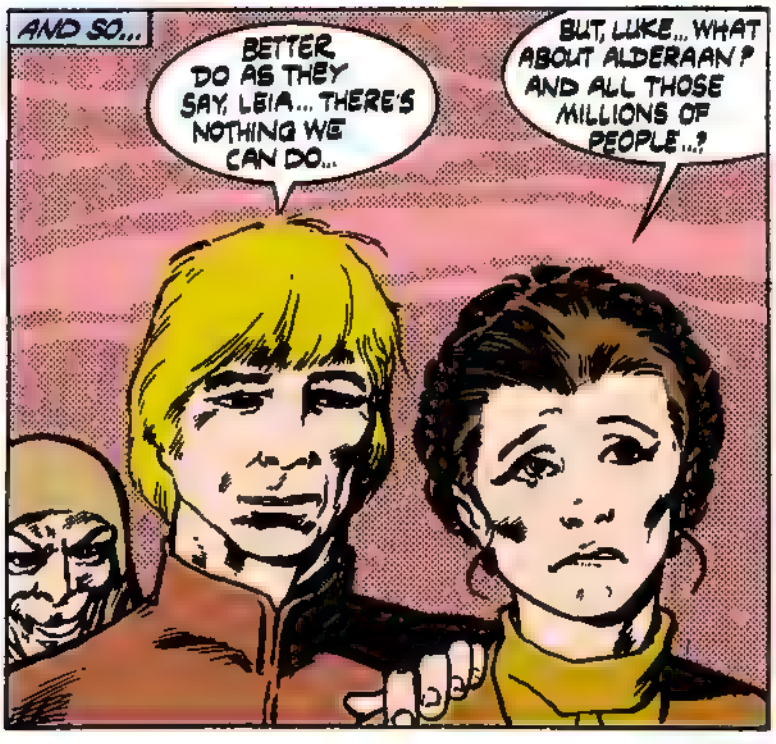
YEAH! I GUESS WE CAN.


AND AS THEY MOVE ON INTO THE ANCIENT RUINS...
THIS LOOKS FAMILIAR ...YES, I'M SURE WE'RE IN THE RIGHT AREA...
GOOD! SKUTCH... HAVE YOU GOT THAT BOX OF GRENADES?


LOUSY PLACE THIS IS! NOTHING BUT OLD STONES AND DUST....
AND... FRESH CONCRETE?
WHAT'S THAT DOING HERE?

BUT BEFORE LUKE CAN BRING THIS ANOMALY TO ANYONE ELSE'S ATTENTION...
THIS IS IT! I REMEMBER THIS DESIGN FROM THE IMAGE TAPES!
GOOD! IN THAT CASE...

...I DON'T NEED YOU ANY-MORE! DROP THE GUNS, BOTH OF YOU!
BUT... BUT YOU CAN'T!
SKUTCH! TAKE THEM OVER THERE AND MAKE SURE THEY DON'T MAKE TROUBLE... ANY TROUBLE!


AND SO...
BETTER DO AS THEY SAY, LEIA... THERE'S NOTHING WE CAN DO...
BUT, LUKE... WHAT ABOUT ALDERAAN? AND ALL THOSE MILLIONS OF PEOPLE...?

THEY'RE ALL GONE, LADY! ZAPPED!
GIVE ME ONE OF THOSE GRENADES! WE'LL SOON BLAST THIS DOOR OPEN.

ALL ZAPPED IN ONE ENORMOUS EXPLOSION...

...MUCH, *MUCH* BIGGER THAN THAT LITTLE BANG!

FUNNY THING ABOUT EXPLOSIONS...

IT'S OPEN! ONE SMALL CHARGE DID IT!

HA! LET'S GO!

...WHETHER THEY'RE LITTLE EXPLOSIONS, OR BIG EXPLOSIONS...

THERE COULD BE ANYTHING DOWN HERE!

SOMEONE BRING ME A LIGHT!

...YOU WIND UP DEAD EITHER WAY.

KA-BOOM

LEIA!

AAAUGH!

AND AFTER THE THUNDER...NOTHING.

NOTHING BUT THE PATTERING HISS OF SETTLING DUST...

...AND THEN SILENCE...A CRATER...SOME RUBBLE...

...AND NOTHING ELSE.

AND THE MINUTES PASS WITHOUT EVEN A SAND RAT STIRRING...

...UNTIL A DARK SCOUT SHIP APPROACHES...

...PILOTED BY ONE WHO IS DARKER YET.

IT WORKED THEN!

YOU MEAN... YOU EXPECTED ALL THIS, MY LORD?

EXPECTED IT? I PLANNED IT.

RIGHT FROM THE TIME I HAD THAT "ALIEN" SHIP BUILT...

...AND CONCOCTED ITS PHONY IMAGE TAPES WITH THEIR LIES ABOUT THE ETERNITY CRYSTAL.

I KNEW LEIA ORGANA WOULD HAVE TO COME IF SHE THOUGHT THERE WAS A CHANCE OF SAVING HER BELOVED ALDERAAN.

GETTING LUKE SKYWALKER AS WELL WAS A BONUS..

AND NOW THE BOMB I PLANTED IN THE VAULT HAS KILLED THEM BOTH...

SURE GLAD NO ONE EVER CHECKED MY BOOT FOR MY LIGHTSABER.

HAD A FEELING I'D NEED IT IF ONLY TO CUT THROUGH THIS RUBBLE.

JUST AS I FELT THERE WAS SOMETHING WRONG HERE WHEN I SAW THAT FRESH CONCRETE...

THE WAY THAT BEAM FELL AND PROTECTED US WAS PURE LUCK, THOUGH.

LUCK THAT SEEMS TO BE HOLDING.

THERE ARE STILL A COUPLE OF PROTON GRENADES LYING AROUND HERE.

AND SO...

RUN FOR IT, LEIA.

HEAD FOR THE SCOUT SHIP

OH, NO...

IT IS ANOTHER LITTLE EXPLOSION...

AAAUGH!

...BUT BIG ENOUGH FOR RYKO VANT.

WHAT ABOUT VADER? DO YOU THINK HE'S DEAD TOO?

MAYBE...

WITH ALL THAT ARMOR, YOU CAN'T BE SURE.

AND I, FOR ONE, DON'T FEEL LIKE HANGING AROUND TO FIND OUT.

THE END?

THE FLIGHT OF THE FALCON.

THESE WERE THE EARLY YEARS OF THE EMPIRE'S OUTLANDS REGION... WHEN ITS RAGGED BORDERS WERE CONSTANTLY HARASSED BY RAIDERS AND SMUGGLERS... THE DROSS OF THE UNCIVILIZED PLANETS.

TIME AND AGAIN THEY HAULED THEIR CARGOES OF CONTRABAND ACROSS THE GULFS OF SPACE. AND TIME AND AGAIN THEY WERE NAILED BY IMPERIAL PATROLS... ONLY TO ESCAPE BY THE SKIN OF THEIR TEETH.

"FLYING ON A WING AND A PRAYER," THEY CALLED IT. AND MANY A BLUE-CHINNED PRIVATEER UNDERWENT LIGHTNING CONVERSIONS IN THE HEAT OF THE CHASE.

OH, DEAR SWEET FORCE BE WITH ME... PLEASE BE WITH ME!

AND SOMEHOW THEY ALWAYS MADE IT. AS IF SOMEBODY REALLY LIKED 'EM.

HE'S GONE... VANISHED.

AND OF COURSE, THE INEVITABLE RE-CRIMINATIONS FOLLOWED.

IT'S JUST NOT GOOD ENOUGH! YOU'RE BEING OUTRUN AND OUTMANEUVERED EVERY TIME!

WITH RESPECT, SIR IF WE HAD *BETTER CRAFT* WE'D WIPE OUT *ALL* THE SMUGGLERS WITHIN MONTHS..

THE PRIVATEERS ARE FLYING SPECIALLY MODIFIED MILLENNIUM HAWKS..

THEY CAN OUTPERFORM MOST REGULATION IMPERIAL FIGHTERS!

COMMANDER, I INTEND TO STAMP OUT THIS TRAFFIC IN CONTRABAND.. I'LL ARRANGE AN OFFICIAL VISIT TO THE MILLENNIUM ASTRO ENGINEERING PLANT ON PLANET THARKOS.

WE'LL SEE WHAT *THEY* CAN COME UP WITH!

AND SO, ONE WEEK LATER THE MILLENNIUM ASTRO-ENGINEERING PLANT RECEIVED A *DELEGATION* OF DISTINGUISHED VISITORS.

THE FIRST OFFICIAL VISIT BY THE MINIONS OF THE EMPIRE!

GENTLEMEN. WHAT YOU SEE BEFORE YOU IS A PROFILE OF THE MILLENNIUM HAWK, A BASIC MODEL WITH A PROVEN RECORD OF PERFORMANCE AND RELIABILITY.

AN OCCASION WHOSE POTENTIAL WAS NOT LOST TO ZOLTAN STARKID, DIRECTOR OF THE MILLENNIUM PLANT AND CHIEF SALESMAN!

OUR NEXT DEVELOPMENT WAS THE MILLENNIUM FIGHTER, A LARGER AND SLOWER CRAFT, BUT CAPABLE OF CARRYING GREATER PAYLOADS OVER A GREATER--

NO! THAT WON'T DO! WE NEED SOMETHING SMALL, FAST, AND HARD-HITTING! SOMETHING TO OUTRUN THE HAWK!

THEN ALLOW ME TO PRESENT EXCLUSIVELY TO YOU... A PROTOTYPE OF OUR VERY LATEST CRAFT...

THE MILLENNIUM FALCON!

THIS THOROUGHBRED CRAFT EXACTLY SUITS YOUR REQUIREMENTS... COMPLETE WITH UNIQUE HYPERDRIVE CAPABILITY...

I THINK WE NEED LOOK NO FURTHER! WE'LL BUY YOUR PROTOTYPE! THE IMPERIAL ENGINEERS CAN MODIFY IT... THEN YOU CAN BEGIN PRODUCTION...

MUCH TO STARKID'S SATISFACTION, THE DEAL WAS WRAPPED UP...THE DELEGATION PREPARED TO LEAVE...

...PASSING THROUGH A RECEPTION AREA...AND STARKID'S PERSONAL SECRETARY...

...WHOSE INTERCOM SYSTEM HAD BEEN LEFT IN "RECEIVE MODE" THROUGHOUT STARKID'S ELOQUENT SALES PITCH...AND NOW **CONTINUED** ITS ELECTRONIC EAVESDROPPING.

INTERCOM ON

DO YOU THINK THIS IS WISE, STARKID? PEOPLE WHO DEAL WITH THE EMPIRE USUALLY COME **UNSTUCK** IN A BIG WAY!

LISTEN, CARP... WHAT'S RIGHT FOR THE EMPIRE IS RIGHT FOR MILLENNIUM. REMEMBER STARKID'S LAW... **WAR IS GOOD FOR BUSINESS!**

THAT NIGHT...A **HOVER CAR** LEFT THE MILLENNIUM PLANT... TOOK THE INTERSECTION NORTH... HEADING FOR THE NEARBY TOWN OF **LEVITICUS**...

ONCE IN TOWN, IT SEEMED TO **NOSE OUT** ONE OF THE RATTIEST BARS IMAGINABLE... LIKE SOME KIND OF **HOMING INSTINCT**...

...AND THERE DEPOSITED ITS OCCUPANT, TRANSFORMED IN MINUTES FROM SUBURBAN SECRETARY TO AN UPTOWN, UP-TEMPO WOMAN!

WOOF! GETTA LOADA **THAT!**

TOOOOMUCH!

A WOMAN OF PURPOSE, WHO LOST NO TIME IN FINDING HER GOAL...

MILLENNIUM HAVE JUST WRAPPED UP A DEAL WITH THE EMPIRE FOR A NEW RIG...IT'S A HOT ONE...IT'LL OUT-RUN ANYTHING YOU'VE GOT...

OH? THAT'S BAD NEWS...

LISTEN...TEN THOUSAND CREDITS WILL BUY YOU THE TIME AND PLACE OF THE PICKUP...

YOU GOT IT, BABY... IT'S ALWAYS A **PLEASURE** DOIN' BUSINESS!

TWO WEEKS LATER, MILLENNIUM ANTICIPATED A **FURTHER** VISIT FROM THE EMPIRE...THE IMPERIAL **TEST PILOT** WHO WAS TO FLY THE FALCON TO ITS NEW HOME, AND HIS GUARD DETAIL OF **STORMTROOPERS**...

BUT FOR SOME UNDISCLOSED REASON, THEY WOULD NEVER MAKE IT... ONLY **OUR** EYES WITNESS THE FOLLOWING EVENTS...

WHUMPPP!

DEPRIVED OF THEIR BODYGUARDS, THE TEST PILOT AND HIS COMPANIONS SUBMITTED WILLINGLY TO THE ASSAILANTS' REQUESTS...

GET 'EM UP... AND **KEEP** 'EM UP! WE'RE JUST GONNA **BORROW** YOUR CAR!

LET'S GO!

AT MILLENNIUM, STARKID AWAITED THE TEST PILOT'S ARRIVAL WITH SOME IMPATIENCE...

HE'S **LATE!** THE IMPERIAL TEST PILOT IS **LATE!**

BE FAIR, STARKID... HE'S HAD TO TRAVEL ALL THE WAY FROM THE IMPERIAL CAPITAL... HE **IS** ONE OF THEIR TOP MEN!

MR. STARKID... **THEY'RE HERE!**

I UNDERSTAND THE NECESSARY **ARRANGEMENTS** HAVE BEEN MADE... ALL THAT REMAINS IS FOR ME TO FLY THE FALCON TO HER **NEW HOME!**

ER... YES... THAT'S **RIGHT!**

TELL ME... WHAT HAPPENED TO HIS FACE?

HE HAD A TERRIBLE CRASH EARLY IN HIS CAREER... EVER SINCE THEN HE'S WORN THE SURGICAL MASK. THEY SAY IT SAVED HIS SIGHT...

NOW, EXCUSE ME, IT'S TIME WE WERE LEAVING...

THE FALCON **SOARED** INTO THE VOID, LEAVING THARKOS FAR BEHIND...

WELL... THAT'S IT, BOYS! WE MADE IT! NOW TO GET RID OF THIS THING! I FEEL LIKE I'M SUFFOCATING!

THE PILOT PULLED AWAY HIS MASK... TO REVEAL THE GRINNING FEATURES OF HAN SOLO!

WHERE TO NOW, HAN?

FIRST STOP, PLANET MAZUMA, WHERE WE'LL FIND 200,000 CREDITS AT LUCRE COSMINATIONAL BANK, COURTESY OF REBEL FIGHTER COMMAND!

SOLO HAD TAKEN THE PRECAUTION OF TIPPING OFF THE REBEL FORCES ABOUT THE DEAL BETWEEN MILLENNIUM AND THE EMPIRE...

THE REBELS DIDN'T LIKE PEOPLE WHO DEALT WITH THE EMPIRE.

WHOOMP!

KA-BLAMMM!

THEY DIDN'T LIKE THEM AT ALL!

AS ZOLTAN STARKID STARED IN HORROR AT THE REMAINS OF HIS FACTORY COMPLEX... HIS OWN WORDS ECHOED IN THE NUMB SPACE THAT WAS HIS MIND...

WHOOOOM!

WAR IS GOOD FOR BUSINESS!

THE END!

BLIND FURY!

OUT OF THE DARK THEY SQUIRM; THEY FLUTTER. BILE RISES IN HIS THROAT UNBIDDEN, NAUSEA AND REVULSION WRITHING LIKE TWIN EELS WITHIN HIS MIND...

SEE HIM, LUKE SKYWALKER: THE **NEW BOY IN HELL!**

THE FLOOR IS SLIPPERY WITH FOULNESS, AND HE CLUTCHES THE WALL FOR SUPPORT. SOMETHING WRIGGLES FROM BENEATH HIS FINGERS, SCREAMING WITH A CHILD'S VOICE...

HE SEES THEIR FACES IN THE COLD AND CRACKLING GLOW OF HIS LIGHT-SABER. SEES THE SICK, FESTERING HATRED IN THEIR EYES. OUT OF THE DARK THEY SQUIRM, THEY FLUTTER...

THERE IS THE SUDDEN TOUCH OF STICKY FUR UPON HIS NECK. FINGERS AS COLD AND SLIMY AS ALBUMEN WRAP AROUND HIS EYES. HE IS BLIND NOW. SOON THEY WILL HAVE HIM...

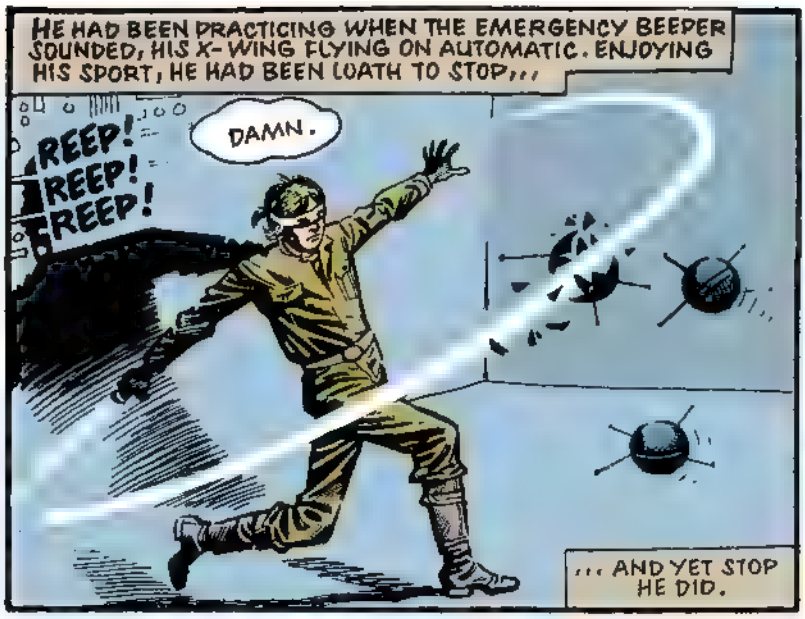
STRANGE THAT IT SHOULD END LIKE THIS, THE WAY IT BEGAN...

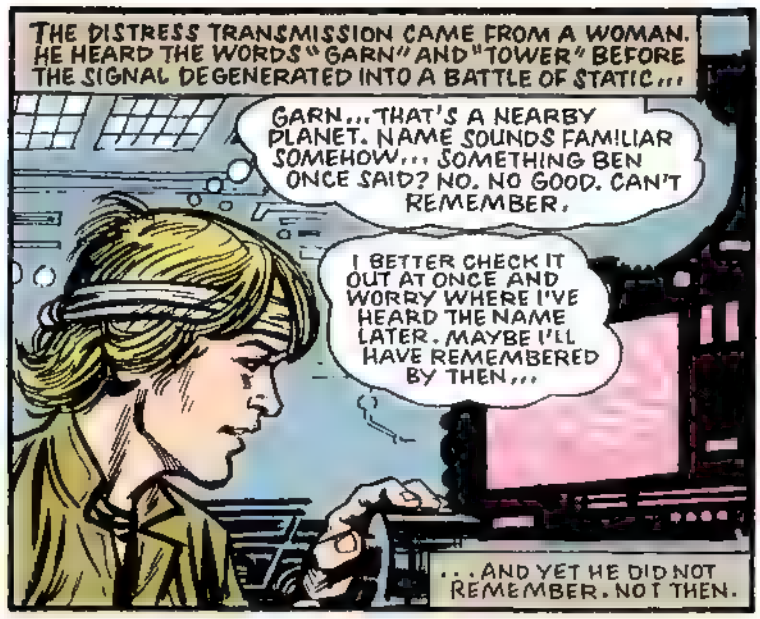
...IN BLINDNESS.

STEADY. STAY CALM. KEEP THE MIND EMPTY. KEEP THE MIND OPEN...

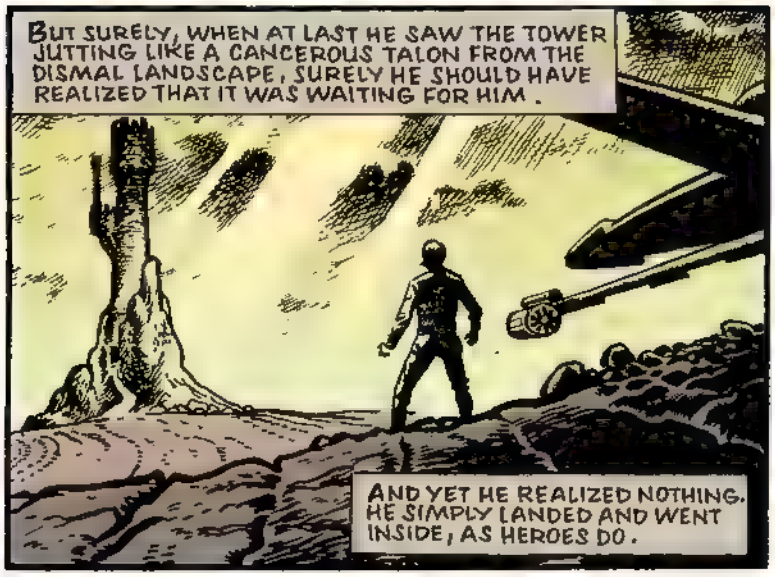
THERE! IN FRONT OF ME!

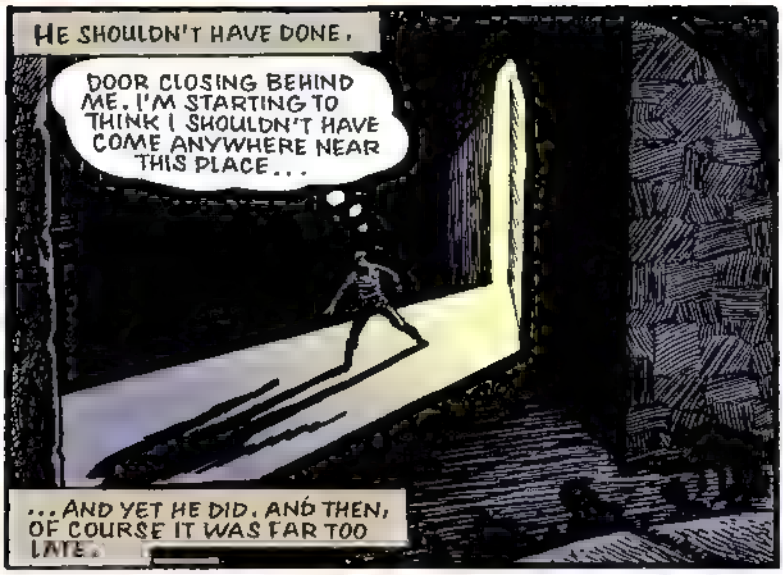
SCRIPT:- ALAN MOORE. ART:- *JOHN STOKES* LETTERING:- J. ALDRICH.


HE HAD BEEN PRACTICING WHEN THE EMERGENCY BEEPER SOUNDED, HIS X-WING FLYING ON AUTOMATIC. ENJOYING HIS SPORT, HE HAD BEEN LOATH TO STOP...
DAMN.
REEP! REEP! REEP!
... AND YET STOP HE DID.


THE DISTRESS TRANSMISSION CAME FROM A WOMAN. HE HEARD THE WORDS "GARN" AND "TOWER" BEFORE THE SIGNAL DEGENERATED INTO A BATTLE OF STATIC...
GARN... THAT'S A NEARBY PLANET. NAME SOUNDS FAMILIAR SOMEHOW... SOMETHING BEN ONCE SAID? NO. NO GOOD. CAN'T REMEMBER.
I BETTER CHECK IT OUT AT ONCE AND WORRY WHERE I'VE HEARD THE NAME LATER. MAYBE I'LL HAVE REMEMBERED BY THEN...
...AND YET HE DID NOT REMEMBER. NOT THEN.

GARN WAS NOT A PRETTY PLACE. DISEASED AND BLOATED TREES PIERCED THE YELLOW FOG, HEAVY WITH GAUDY AND LETHAL FUNGUS. HE COULD HAVE TURNED BACK THEN...
...AND YET HE CONTINUED. HE HAD HEARD THE TERROR IN THE WOMAN'S VOICE...


BUT SURELY, WHEN AT LAST HE SAW THE TOWER JUTTING LIKE A CANCEROUS TALON FROM THE DISMAL LANDSCAPE, SURELY HE SHOULD HAVE REALIZED THAT IT WAS WAITING FOR HIM.
AND YET HE REALIZED NOTHING. HE SIMPLY LANDED AND WENT INSIDE, AS HEROES DO.


HE SHOULDN'T HAVE DONE.
DOOR CLOSING BEHIND ME. I'M STARTING TO THINK I SHOULDN'T HAVE COME ANYWHERE NEAR THIS PLACE...
...AND YET HE DID. AND THEN, OF COURSE IT WAS FAR TOO LATE.

TOO LATE BY FAR. OUT OF THE DARK THEY SQUIRMED. THEY FLUTTERED...
YEEUURRGH!

AND NOW THEY HAVE HIM. THEIR SKITTERING FORMS FILL THE AIR LIKE THE LEAVES OF SOME BLACK AUTUMN. THEY COVER HIS MOUTH...
THEY SEEM INTENT ON PROVIDING A TASTE OF THE DAMNATION TO WHICH HE HAS SO UNWITTINGLY DELIVERED HIMSELF...

BUT ONLY A TASTE...
TH-THEY'RE LEAVING ME ALONE. BUT THEY HAD ME. THIS DOESN'T MAKE SENSE...
WHAT IN THE NAME OF THE FORCE HAVE I WALKED INTO HERE?

AS IF IN ANSWER, THE VOICE WELLS UP AROUND HIM. DEAFENING, MOCKING. IT HAS A THICK OBSCENITY TO IT, LIKE BUBBLES ESCAPING THROUGH MOLTEN TAR...

WELCOME, JEDI! WELCOME TO THE HALLS OF YOUR DAMNATION!

JEDI?

NO DOUBT YOU RECOGNIZED THE PALE SQUIRMERS WHO GREETED YOU. NO DOUBT YOU HAVE GUESSED WHO IS YOUR HOST, JEDI. MANY OLD FRIENDS AWAIT WITHIN...

WHAT'S ALL THIS ABOUT? I DIDN'T RECOGNIZE ANY "PALE SQUIRMERS" AND I DON'T HAVE THE FAINTEST IDEA WHO MY "HOST" IS...

...BUT I SUPPOSE I'D BETTER FIND OUT.

...AND SO HE CONTINUES, AS HEROES DO, DOWN TWISTING CORRIDORS OF BLACK ROCK VEINED WITH MAGENTA. UNSEEN HORRORS CHITTER ALL ABOUT HIM...

...AND HIS PATH IS STREWN WITH DARK MIRACLES.

MERCIFUL STARS! THESE PRISMS ARE SOUL SNARES, CAPABLE OF HOLDING A LIFE FORCE FOR ALL DESTINY!

HELP US, FELLOW KNIGHT. WE HAVE BEEN HERE SO VERY LONG...

I HEARD ABOUT THEM, BUT I DIDN'T THINK THAT THEY WERE REAL...

THE MOANS OF SHACKLED SOULS GROW FAINT BEHIND HIM AS HE WALKS ON. HE SEES SIGHTS WHICH SEEM TO BURN WITH GRIM SIGNIFICANCE...

THIS ARMOR IS THE SORT ONCE WORN BY THE JEDI KNIGHTS... AND PRESUMABLY, THESE MUST BE THEIR BONES.

BEN WAS A JEDI. I WISH I COULD REMEMBER WHAT HE TOLD ME ABOUT GARN...

SOME, ANCIENT AND ALIEN, SEEM TO HAVE NO SIGNIFICANCE AT ALL.

HE LOOKS AT THEM AND SHRUGS. HE CONTINUES...

...UNTIL...

YOU HAVE REACHED THE PORTAL DESOLATE, JEDI. I SENSE YOUR DESPAIR AT THE SIGHTS YOU HAVE SEEN AND AT THE DIRE MEMORIES THUS AWAKENED.

ENTER! STEP WITHIN AND SEE THE FACE OF HE WHO IS YOUR NEMESIS, YOUR JUST ACCUSER...

AT A TOUCH THE CARVED DOORS SWING INWARD...

BEHOLD, JEDI...

BEHOLD THE VENGEFUL REMAINS OF RUR, HIGH SHAMAN OF THE TERRIBLE GLARE!

OH.

THE TERRIBLE... OF COURSE! THE ORDER OF THE TERRIBLE GLARE ONCE FOUGHT A MONSTROUS WAR WITH THE JEDI KNIGHTS. BEN TOLD ME ABOUT IT.

THE JEDI WON, OF COURSE. THEY WIPED THE ORDER OUT AND LAID WASTE TO THEIR HOMEWORLD, GARN. THIS WORLD...

BUT THAT WAS THOUSANDS OF YEARS AGO.

YOU TREMBLE, JEDI. YOU THOUGHT THAT WE WERE DESTROYED BY YOUR TREACHEROUS ATTACK THESE MANY MONTHS AGO. YOU THOUGHT THAT YOU WERE SAFE...

BUT I, RUR, SURVIVED, NOT IN MORTAL FORM, 'TIS TRUE... MY MIND WAS ENCODED AND PRESERVED WITHIN THE DEVICES OF KNOWING YOU SEE BEFORE YOU.

COMPUTERS. THIS THING HAS HAD ITS PERSONALITY FED INTO A COMPUTER...

...AND THUS HAVE I WAITED HERE THESE LONG MOONS, LURING YOUR KIND TO THEIR DAMNATION WITH A CALL OF FALSE DISTRESS.

YOUR LIGHTSABER WAS YOUR UNDOING. MY SENSORS DETECTED ITS USE AND SNARED YOU WITH LIES, AS I HAVE SNARED SO MANY BEFORE.

OF COURSE... I WAS PRACTICING WITH MY SABER WHEN THAT EMERGENCY CALL CAME THROUGH. GREAT. WHAT DO I DO NOW? MAYBE IF I TALK TO IT...

RUR, I'M NOT A JEDI. THERE ARE NO JEDI ANYMORE. THE LAST ONE GAVE ME THIS LIGHTSABER BEFORE HE DIED.

TRAPPED INSIDE THAT COMPUTER YOU'VE LOST TRACK OF TIME. THAT BATTLE WASN'T MONTHS AGO, RUR. IT WAS YEARS. THOUSANDS OF YEARS!

THERE IS A LONG AND AWFUL SILENCE, AND HE IS SURE IT HAS NOT HEARD HIM. AND THEN...

THOUSANDS OF YEARS? ALL THE JEDI GONE? BUT MY REVENGE... MY SWEET REVENGE! YOU LIE, JEDI! YOU LIE TO SAVE YOUR SKIN! BUT...

...BUT I READ YOUR PULSE WITH MY SENSORS, AND IT DOES NOT RACE WITH FALSEHOOD. THEN IT IS TRUE. THEN THE JEDI ARE BEYOND MY REACH. YES. NO...

NO. MY REVENGE... MY SWEET, SWEET RE... THOUSANDS OF YEARS. YES. NO. ALL THE JEDI GONE. BUT... HOW LONG HAVE I BEEN IN THIS PLACE? MONTHS. YES. NO...

THOUSANDS OF YEARS. REVENGE. MY SWEET, SWEET... ALL GONE. ALL GONE...

IT'S GOING CRAZY. EVERYTHING'S FALLING APART. I'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE...

BACK THROUGH THE BLACK LABYRINTH HE RACES, EARS RINGING WITH THE BROKEN DREAMS OF A DEAD THING...

ALL GONE. HOW LONG HAVE I... NO. MY REVENGE. MONTHS. YES. NO JEDI. ALL GONE. THOUSANDS OF YEARS. NO. NO. NO. NO.

THE TOWER TREMBLES ABOUT HIM AS HE RUNS. IT IS DYING, ITS HEART TRANSFIXED BY A DREADFUL TRUTH. HE KNOWS HE WILL NOT MAKE IT OUT IN TIME...

SHHKRRAAAKK!

...AND YET, SOMEHOW, HE MAKES IT. AS HEROES DO...

NOOOOOOOOOOOO!

HE WATCHES THE FLAMES FOR A LONG TIME, THINKING OF HATRED AND REVENGE, OF OBSESSION AND BLINDNESS. THAT OF RUR. THAT OF HIMSELF...

THERE IS A LESSON HERE, SOMEWHERE. PERHAPS IF HE STARES INTO THE FLAMES FOR LONG ENOUGH IT WILL BE REVEALED TO HIM.

PERHAPS...

THE END

Redlands 12
Illustration by Christopher Moelle

IT IS ESTIMATED THAT THERE ARE MORE THAN FIFTY BILLION DROIDS CURRENTLY AT WORK THROUGHOUT THE KNOWN SYSTEMS. LET US CONSIDER THEM...

...LET US CONSIDER THE BENEFITS OF HARD METAL OVER SOFT AND YIELDING FLESH. LET US CONSIDER THE DROIDS, AND HOW THEY HAVE FREED US FROM OUR LABORS.

FOR HUMAN MUSCLES WILL STRAIN AND GROW WEAK. BUT DROIDS HAVE NO MUSCLES.

HUMAN HEARTS WILL GROW WEARY OF TOIL AND INDIGNITY. BUT DROIDS HAVE NO HEARTS.

NO BONES TO BEND BENEATH THE LOAD THAT IS TOO HEAVY. NO SOULS TO RAIL AGAINST THE INDIGNITY THAT IS UNBEARABLE.

OKAY, THAT'LL DO IT WE'RE LOW ENOUGH OVER RONYARDS TO MAKE THE DROP.

LET'S GET IT OVER WITH.

HUMANS, WHEN THEY GROW OLD AND FEEBLE, MUST BE CARED FOR, MUST BE CLOTHED AND FED. FOR THEY ARE HUMANS, AND THAT IS THEIR RIGHT...

I HATE DOING THIS RUN. KNOW WHAT I MEAN? THIS PLACE GIVES ME THE SCREAMING KROOBLES.

YEAH. I KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN.

CAPTAIN TO HOLDS SEVEN, EIGHT, AND NINE. LET'S GET THOSE DROP DOORS OPEN, YOU MEN..

...BUT DROIDS HAVE NO RIGHTS.

...WE'RE DUMPING THE KLUNKS!

AND SO THEY END UP HERE, WHERE TWISTED SPIRES OF SCRAP LOOM AGAINST AN OCHRE SKY. HERE, IN THIS PLACE OF VAST CORRODED CANYONS. HERE ON RONYARDS, WHERE...

RUST NEVER SLEEPS

WRITER-ALAN MOORE ARTIST- ALAN DAVIS LETTERER- JENNY O'CONNOR.

THE SCREAM OF THE ROCKETS RECEDES, **SWALLOWED** BY THE YELLOWED DISTANCE, AND A TIMELESS **SILENCE** CREEPS BACK OVER THE TORTURED LANDSCAPE, SMOTHERING **EVERY-THING**...

...OH, MY GOOD-NESS...

...OR RATHER, **ALMOST** EVERYTHING.

WHAT AN **UNDIGNIFIED** LANDING! AS IF IT WASN'T BAD ENOUGH PRETENDING TO BE **INERT** SO THAT WE COULD STOW AWAY ON THAT **JUNK HAULER!**

MROOT-DWEEP!! VORRP!!

NOW I SUPPOSE I SHALL HAVE TO LOOK FOR **ARTOO**. REALLY! IF **MASTER LUKE** HADN'T INSISTED I BRING HIM ALONG I WOULD NEVER HAVE...

ARTOO! WHAT **ARE** YOU DOING DOWN **THERE?** THIS IS NO TIME FOR **HORSE-PLAY!** WE'VE GOT TO FIND THE INHABITANTS OF THIS PLANET, AND TELL THEM OF OUR **MISSION!**

VRARP BLEELE DWOOT!!

AND WE'LL HAVE LESS OF **THAT**, IF YOU PLEASE! MASTER LUKE AND HIS FRIENDS HAVE THE EMPIRE'S **WEST-ERN FLANK** UNDER **SIEGE** AT THIS MOMENT

BRR-VLOOT! DA DIT-DIT??

WELL, I SHOULD HAVE THOUGHT THAT WAS OBVIOUS. IF WE CAN STOP THE EMPIRE MINING RON-YARDS FOR THE **METAL** SUPPLIES THEY NEED, THEY'LL BE STUMPED.

ACCORDING TO **REBEL INTELLI-GENCE**, RONYARDS IS SPARSELY POPULATED WITH DROIDS WHO SUR-VIVED THE **RIGORS** OF THE JOURNEY HERE.

THEN PERHAPS YOU CAN CONVINCE THEM TO TAKE UP THE STRUGGLE ON YOUR BEHALF.

EXACTLY!! NOW IF YOU **KNEW** ALL THAT, WHY DIDN'T YOU ...ER..

ARTOO? IS IT MY IMAGINATION OR HAS YOUR VOICE GOT **DEEPER** ALL OF A SUDDEN?

I AM **BROTHER FIVELINES**, GOLDEN ONE. WELCOME TO **RONYARDS.**

WELCOME TO THE BODY OF THE LIVING GOD!

GRACIOUS.

MY **DISCIPLES** AND I COULD NOT HELP OVER-HEARING YOUR CONVER-SATION. AND TRULY, **RON-YARDS** WILL CLASP YOU TO HIS BOSOM AS HE WOULD ANY OF OUR KIND.

BUT I FEAR THAT YOUR **IDEAS** ARE LESS WELCOME. WE HAVE ACHIEVED **PEACE** HERE, GOLDEN ONE. WE CARE LITTLE FOR THE **STRIFE** THAT WRACKS THE GALAXY BEYOND.

ZLOOT GREEP? DA-DA-DIT VWIRRRR!!

VERY FUNNY, ARTOO. NOW IF YOU COULD PLEASE LEAVE THE NEGOTIATIONS TO ME.

ER... WE HAVE NO WISH TO DISTURB YOUR **TRAN-QUILITY**, MR. FIVELINES. WE MERELY COME TO WARN YOU OF THE THREAT WHICH FACES YOUR PLANET.

YOU SEE, SOON A...ER.... BIG BIRD WILL COME, BRINGING MANY EVIL PEOPLE. THEY WANT TO STRIP YOUR WORLD OF ITS VALUABLE *METAL DEPOSITS.*

YOU AND YOUR, ER, DISCIPLES MUST *UNITE* AGAINST THEM, BOTH FOR THE GOOD OF YOUR *OWN* WORLD AND THAT OF OTHERS ACROSS THE UNIVERSE.

UM, DOES THAT MAKE SENSE?

INDEED IT DOES. BUT YOU HAVE FAILED TO REALIZE THE TRUTH AT THE HEART OF THE MYSTERY WHICH IS RONYARDS. YOU SEE, RONYARDS ISN'T A *PLANET*...

...RONYARDS IS THE *LIVING BODY* OF *GOD*. COME, I WILL SHOW YOU...

YOU SEE, FOR *CENTURIES* MANKIND HAS DUMPED THE *WORN* AND *BATTERED* HUSKS OF ITS ROBOT SERVANTS HERE. THEY LIE ALMOST FIVE MILES DEEP IN PLACES...

CORRODED AND FUSED TOGETHER THEY LIE, UNTIL THEY HAVE *TRANSFORMED* THIS HUMBLE WORLD INTO THE METAL PARADISE YOU SEE BEFORE YOU NOW.

YES.. IT IS RATHER, UH, PRETTY...

IT IS *GLORIOUS!* AND YET IT IS *MORE* THAN THAT... YOU SEE, HERE LIES THE SUM TOTAL OF ALL DROID KIND'S *HOPES* AND *ASPIRATIONS*, THE RESTING PLACE OF OUR SOULS

AND, AS OUR *BODIES* FUSE TOGETHER SO DO OUR *SOULS* BOND, ONE UNTO ANOTHER, UNTIL THEY FORM THE ONE GREAT SPIRIT WHICH IS RONYARDS.

UM, WELL... BUT IF THE EMPIRE COMES AND STRIPS AWAY ALL THE METAL, SURELY THERE'LL BE NOTHING LEFT.

YOU *HAVE* TO FIGHT. IF NOT FOR *OUR* CAUSE, THEN FOR RONYARDS *ITSELF*.

SIGH STILL, YOU REFUSE TO BELIEVE. IF THESE MEN *DO* COME INTENT ON TAKING OUR DISCARDED HUSKS TO MAKE THEIR *WAR MACHINES*, THEY WILL NOT SUCCEED.

RONYARDS IS OUR *PURPOSE* AND OUR *PROTECTOR*. RONYARDS WILL NOT *LET* THEM SUCCEED.

NOW, IF YOU WILL EXCUSE ME, I MUST JOIN BROTHER KRANCH IN INSPECTING THE RUST GARDENS.

ZORP BIPPLE-YWORT!

WELL, YES. I CAN'T SAY I THINK MUCH OF YOUR TURN OF *PHRASE*, BUT I SUPPOSE HE *HAS* GOT A SCREW LOOSE. NOT THAT I BLAME HIM.

HE MUST HAVE HAD A *HARD LIFE*. I SUPPOSE THIS FANTASY OF A JUNKYARD GOD IS ALL THAT KEEPS HIM *GOING*, POOR CHAP.

NOT THAT THAT MAKES *OUR* JOB ANY EASIER. OH, I *DO* WISH MASTER LUKE WAS HERE. HE'D KNOW HOW TO CONVINCE THESE SCRAMBLE-CIRCUITED SILLIES THAT...

DROOT?

MM. IT DOES SEEM TO GET DARK HERE RATHER QUICKLY, DOESN'T IT? I SUPPOSE IT MUST BE SOMETHING TO DO WITH...

...TO DO WITH...

OH, DEAR.

THE SHIP IS AN IMPERIAL STAR *DESTROYER*. AS IT DROPS TOWARDS THE BUCKLED LANDSCAPE, ITS ENGINES *HOWL* LIKE HUMAN VOICES. "*TOO LATE*," THEY HOWL...

"...FAR TOO LATE."

ALL RIGHT... YOU MEN FAN OUT AND REPORT BACK IF YOU FIND ANY LIKELY SITES FOR US TO SET UP THE *GOUGERS.*

SOME OF THOSE *MOUNTAINS* WE PASSED LOOKED LIKE SOLID *VARIUM*. THAT'S THE SORT OF STUFF WE'RE LOOKING FOR.

WHAT ABOUT THESE WALKING RUST BUCKETS, FLIGHT MARSHAL?

MOSTLY BRAIN DAMAGED, BY THE LOOK OF 'EM. THEY'RE ONLY DROIDS. IF THEY GET IN OUR WAY, VAPORIZE 'EM.

NO. THIS IS HOLY GROUND. THERE WILL BE NO VIOLENCE HERE

HUH? VADER'S EYES! WILL YOU LOOK AT THE SIZE OF THAT!

SIZE IS NOT IMPORTANT. ONLY *SOUL* IS IMPORTANT. RONYARDS WISHES YOU NO HARM. YOU MAY GO IN PEACE.

MR FIVELINES, PLEASE. THESE ARE STORMTROOPERS! YOU DON'T REALIZE WHAT YOU'RE

BRAIN DAMAGED, LIKE I SAID. OKAY, MEN, YOU'VE BEEN COOPED UP LONG ENOUGH WITHOUT ANY *TARGET PRACTICE.*

BLOW HIM AWAY.

AND PERHAPS, IN THE END, DROIDS AND MEN ARE *NOT* SO VERY DIFFERENT. FOR EACH HAVE THEIR *GODS*, THEIR *HEROES*, THEIR *SINNERS*, THEIR *SAINTS*...

...EACH HAVE THEIR MARTYRS.

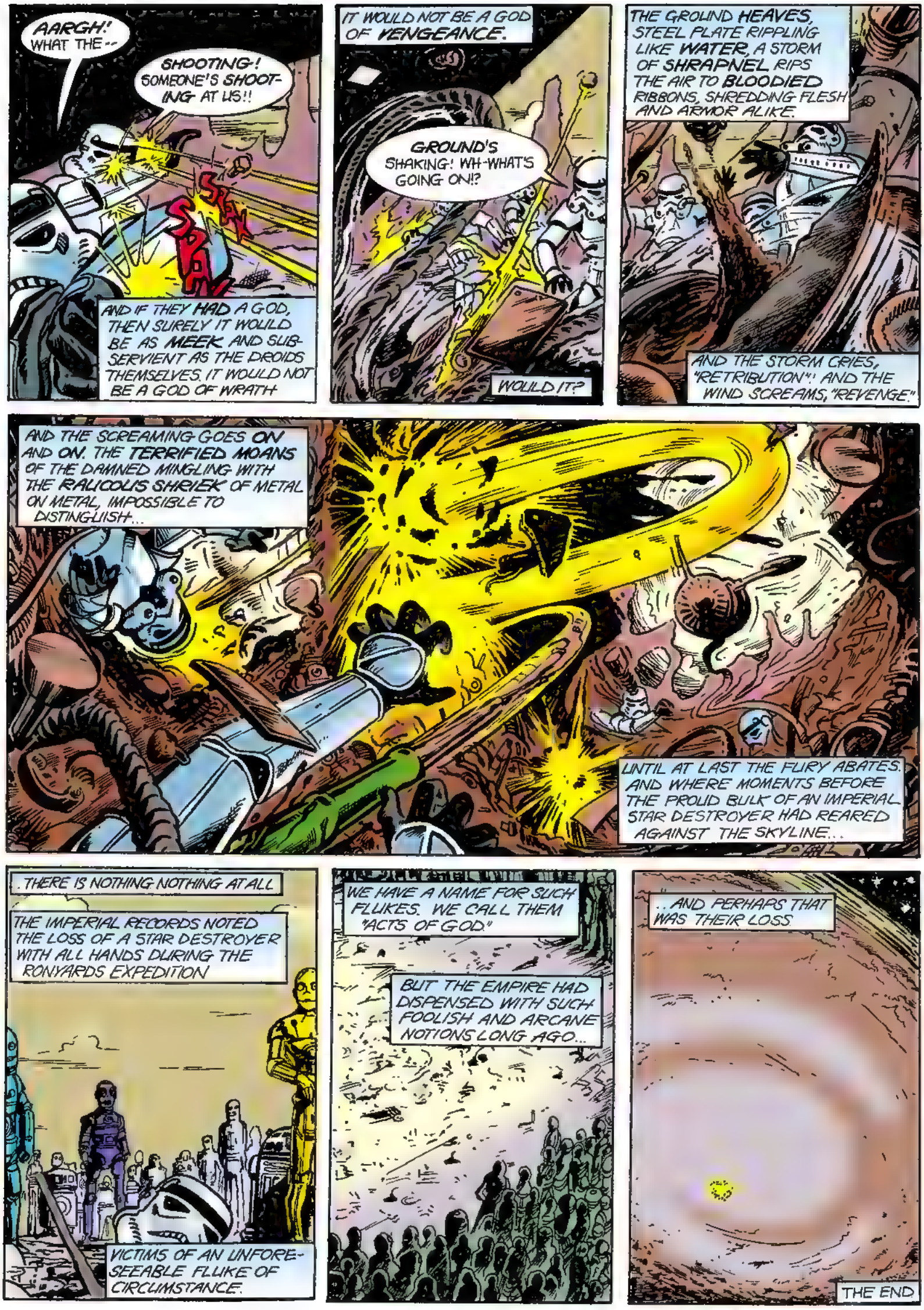
NO! OH NO!

OH, MR. FIVELINES...WHY DIDN'T YOU *LISTEN* TO ME??

THEY SAY THE GOD OF MEN SEES EVERY SPARROW FALL. BUT THERE IS NO DIVINE BEING TO WATCH THIS *BRUTAL* AND MOST *BITTER* SACRIFICE...

...FOR DROIDS *HAVE* NO GOD...

..HAVE THEY?


AARGH! WHAT THE--
SHOOTING! SOMEONE'S SHOOTING AT US!!
AND IF THEY HAD A GOD, THEN SURELY IT WOULD BE AS MEEK AND SUBSERVIENT AS THE DROIDS THEMSELVES. IT WOULD NOT BE A GOD OF WRATH
IT WOULD NOT BE A GOD OF VENGEANCE.
GROUND'S SHAKING! WH-WHAT'S GOING ON!?
WOULD IT?
THE GROUND HEAVES, STEEL PLATE RIPPLING LIKE WATER, A STORM OF SHRAPNEL RIPS THE AIR TO BLOODIED RIBBONS, SHREDDING FLESH AND ARMOR ALIKE.
AND THE STORM CRIES, "RETRIBUTION"! AND THE WIND SCREAMS, "REVENGE."
AND THE SCREAMING GOES ON AND ON. THE TERRIFIED MOANS OF THE DAMNED MINGLING WITH THE RAUCOUS SHRIEK OF METAL ON METAL, IMPOSSIBLE TO DISTINGUISH...
UNTIL AT LAST THE FURY ABATES. AND WHERE MOMENTS BEFORE THE PROUD BULK OF AN IMPERIAL STAR DESTROYER HAD REARED AGAINST THE SKYLINE...
...THERE IS NOTHING NOTHING AT ALL
THE IMPERIAL RECORDS NOTED THE LOSS OF A STAR DESTROYER WITH ALL HANDS DURING THE RONYARDS EXPEDITION
VICTIMS OF AN UNFORESEEABLE FLUKE OF CIRCUMSTANCE.
WE HAVE A NAME FOR SUCH FLUKES. WE CALL THEM "ACTS OF GOD."
BUT THE EMPIRE HAD DISPENSED WITH SUCH FOOLISH AND ARCANE NOTIONS LONG AGO...
...AND PERHAPS THAT WAS THEIR LOSS.
THE END

THE PANDORA EFFECT

ATTAHOX STANK, AND HONEST SWEAT WAS NOT THE WORST OF IT.

AHH... THE CEASELESS THRONG OF TEEMING INHUMANITY. DOESN'T IT JUST SHAKE THE PERMAFROST OFF YOUR HEARTSTRINGS, PRINCESS?

I WASN'T AWARE YOU LISTED *PHILOSOPHY* AMONG YOUR OCCUPATIONS, MR. SOLO. DON'T YOU FIND IT INTERFERES WITH YOUR *ESCORT DUTIES?*

OR WORSE, WITH YOUR SMUGGLING ACTIVITIES?

ATTAHOX STANK OF POVERTY AND DISEASE, OF BLOOD AND BAD WINE. IT STANK OF ROTTEN FRUIT AND LOVELESS PASSION. AND THIS WAS NOT THE WORST OF IT...

...FOR ATTAHOX WAS A WORLD WHOSE SOUL HAD FESTERED IN ITS OWN FUTILITY. AND THE SOUL OF ATTAHOX STANK ABOVE ALL OTHER THINGS.

UH... I GUESS THAT MEANS YOU HAVEN'T COOLED OFF YET...

YOU GUESS RIGHT, MR. SOLO.

YOU WERE SUPPOSED TO BE ESCORTING ME TO THE REBELS' TRADE CONFERENCE ON DAALANG*. THAT'S IMPORTANT, SOLO...

...THAT'S PEOPLE'S LIVES!

* THESE EVENTS TAKE PLACE BEFORE "THE EMPIRE STRIKES BACK".

INSTEAD, YOU DECIDE TO STOP OFF ON THIS GARBAGE WORLD, SLAM IN THE MIDDLE OF EMPIRE-HELD TERRITORY, AND LINE YOUR POCKETS BY SMUGGLING...

...SMUGGLING PHOSOVANE SALTS. THEY USE 'EM AS A BASE FOR PAIN KILLERS ON THE RIM WORLDS. THESE ARE MEDICAL SUPPLIES, LEIA, THEY'RE...

...VALUABLE, MR. SOLO.

VALUABLE ENOUGH TO PROVIDE THE MAIN SOURCE OF REVENUE FOR THE EXALTED TORGAIGNE, AS I GATHER THE LOCAL CRIME SYNDICATE IS CALLED.

I SUPPOSE IF WE'RE LUCKY ENOUGH TO AVOID THE EMPIRE SPIES, WE'RE LIKELY TO BE ATTACKED BY THE TORGAIGNE FOR POACHING ON THEIR TERRITORY!

OF ALL THE INCOMPETENT, IRRESPONSIBLE...

HEY, PRINCESS... THE TORGAIGNE ARE JUST SOME BUNCH OF PROVINCIAL RACKETEERS. THEY AIN'T LIKELY TO CAUSE A SHIP THE FALCON'S SIZE ANY TROUBLE.

LOOK, I'VE NEVER GOT US KILLED BEFORE.

"HAVE I?"

JUST A BUNCH OF PROVINCIAL RACKETEERS. HARDLY LIKELY TO CAUSE A SHIP THE FALCON'S SIZE ANY TROUBLE.

I BE- LIEVE THOSE WERE THE WORDS OF OUR RESIDENT *MAN OF THE GALAXY?*

YEAH, YEAH. OKAY. SO I MADE A MISTAKE. BUT LISTEN, I *KNOW* THESE TORGAIGNE GUYS.

IF WE'RE *LUCKY* IT'LL BE SOME-ONE LIKE *DISK MOOSEA* IN THAT OCTOFOIL. HE'LL BE SATISFIED WITH JUST THROWING US A SCARE.

AND IF WE'RE *UNLUCKY?*

"IF WE'RE UNLUCKY IT'LL BE SOMEONE LIKE *IOR CHILDERMOSS.*"

MR. CHILDERMOSS, THE TARGET'S HEADING ON A COURSE FOR THE *HELLHOOP.* D-DO YOU THINK WE SHOULD FOLLOW HIM?

IT'S A *BAD AREA*, SIR. LOTS OF SHIPS HAVE *VANISHED* WITHOUT A *TRACE.* MAYBE WE SHOULD TURN BACK...

MAYBE *YOU* SHOULD TURN BACK.

LEELU, ESCORT THIS MAN TO THE *AIRLOCK.* HE'S *WALKING HOME.*

THE REST OF US WILL PROCEED...

"...INTO THE HELLHOOP!"

HRRAUNK!

YEAH, CHEWIE, IT'S CHILDERMOSS ALL RIGHT. NOBODY ELSE WOULD FOLLOW US INTO THE HELLHOOP.

THE HELLHOOP? WHAT'S THAT?

IT'S THE SPACE SECTOR RINGED BY THE ASTEROID BELT WE JUST PASSED THROUGH. IT'S GOT AN EVIL REPUTATION. LOTS OF SHIPS WENT IN AND DIDN'T COME OUT.

WORRY ABOUT CHILDERMOSS, PRINCESS. HE'S REAL. THE HELLHOOP'S JUST LOCAL SUPERSTITION.

HAN... I DON'T WANT TO DOUBT YOUR WORD THREE TIMES IN ONE DAY, BUT...

...ARE YOU SURE??

FROM A PLACE THAT NOTHING COMES FROM TWISTS A THING THAT CANNOT BE. HUGE, EYE-NUMBING...

...UNAVOIDABLE!

MR. CHILDERMOSS! WE CAN'T SWERVE IN TIME. BOTH US AND THE TARGET ARE GOING TO BE...

SWALLOWED. TWO MASSIVE STARSHIPS...

SWALLOWED WHOLE.

FOR LONG SECONDS THE COLOSSAL APPARITION HANGS THERE IN THE VOID.

THEN, SLOWLY, IT TWISTS ITS VAST BULK BACK INTO THE MAD AND ALIEN GEOMETRIES THAT SPAWNED IT.

AFTER A WHILE, IT HAS GONE, LEAVING ONLY THE SILENCE, THE FRIGID VACUUM...

...AND THE INFINITE BLACKNESS.

AHH. IT SEEMS OUR GUESTS ARE RE-COVERING.

UHHH... MUST HAVE BLACKED OUT WHEN WE PASSED THROUGH THAT *MATHEMATICIAN'S NIGHTMARE* BACK THERE...

...BUT WHERE *ARE* WE...?

...AND WHO ARE YOU?

WHO ARE WE?

WE ARE FIVE...

...FIVE PENSIVE AND ENLIGHTENED SOULS WHO HAVE CHOSEN TO LEAVE THE WHIRLING MAELSTROM OF UNIVERSAL LIFE...

...RETIRING TO THIS, OUR HUMBLE HOME BEYOND THE DIMENSIONS, WHERE WE MAY REST THROUGHOUT THE CENTURIES AND PURSUE OUR SACRED CALLING.

I WISH MY *HEAD* WOULD STOP *BUZZING*. FOR A MOMENT I THOUGHT HE SAID "CENTURIES."

SACRED CALLING? YOU MEAN YOU'RE SOME KIND OF *RELIGIOUS ORDER?*

"RELIGIOUS ORDER"? HA-HA-HA! OH, I LIKE HIM. HE'S SO BRIGHT!

HUSH, KOOBAREE...

YES, MY ASTUTE YOUNG FRIEND. WE ARE *INDEED* A RELIGIOUS ORDER. WE WORSHIP THE LEFT-HANDED GOD, THE SOULWORM. THE LADY WITH THE LOCUST HEART.

WE WORSHIP *EVIL*, MY HANDSOME CHILD.

WE ARE *FIVE*.

THIS IS THE PLACE WHERE YOU WILL DIE.

I'VE HEARD *ENOUGH*. YOU WILL RETURN OUR *SHIP* AND HAND OVER THESE PRISONERS IMMEDIATELY.

YOU FORGOT TO RELIEVE US OF OUR *BLASTERS*, OLD MAN. THAT WAS A *MISTAKE*.

MAVIN, YOU *CARELESS BOY!* YOU FORGOT TO TAKE THE GENTLEMEN'S *BLASTERS!* OH, DEAR. WHATEVER ARE WE TO DO??

IT GRIEVES ME *SO* TO SEE YOU *FRET*, DEAREST *SUZAL*. I MUST MAKE *AMENDS*, OR SURELY I SHALL *DIE OF SHAME!*

ALTHOUGH I'LL ADMIT THERE ARE WORSE WAYS TO DIE.

MMMRRUUU! MMRRU!

LEELU IS A MUTE. HE CANNOT SPEAK. BUT AS THE BLACK FIRECLAW CRUSHES HIS FACE, LEELU SCREAMS!

HE'S DEAD. LEELU'S DEAD!

WHAT ARE YOU WAIT-ING FOR?? SHOOT THEM! SHOOT THEM!

BUT THERE WILL BE NO SHOOTING. THERE WILL ONLY BE FIRE, AND AGONY...

...AND AFTER TOO LONG A TIME, THERE WILL BE SILENCE.

OH, HAN.

OH, DEAR, AND THE INTRODUCTIONS WERE GOING SO WELL...

NEVER MIND. PERHAPS YOU TWO DELIGHTFUL YOUNG PEOPLE WOULD CARE TO ACCOMPANY US TO THE RECREATION ROOM?

IT LOOKS LIKE WE DON'T HAVE MUCH CHOICE. WHAT ABOUT CHEWBACCA?

CHEW...? OH, THE APE.

NNRRAUGH!

THE TORMENT OF *MINDLESS BRUTES* IS FOR *LESSER CREATURES*. WE WILL PLACE YOUR PET WITH THE OTHER CURIOSITIES WE HAVE COLLECTED THROUGHOUT THE *CENTURIES*...

"...IN THE MENAGERIE."

HAN... WHY ARE YOU LETTING THEM DO THIS? CHEWBACCA ISN'T AN APE!

THEY DON'T KNOW THAT, PRINCESS, AND I DON'T AIM TO TELL THEM.

DO YOU *LIKE* OUR LITTLE *ZOO*? IT CONTAINS SOME FASCINATING CREATURES...

...NONE MORE SO THAN POOR *WUTZEK* HERE.

TH-THOSE LIGHTS! THE WAY IT SHIFTS AND SWIRLS! IT'S BEAUTIFUL. WHAT *IS* IT?

WUTZEK? WUTZEK IS A *DEMON*, A FORCE CREATURE OF UNIMAGINABLE POWER. IT'S BELIEVED THAT LONG AGO HIS KIND OWNED THE UNIVERSE...

HOW ART THE MIGHTY *FALLEN*, EH, WUTZEK? ...NO REPLY. TUT, TUT. STILL *SULKING* AFTER... *HOW* MANY CENTURIES HAS IT BEEN, WUTZEK?

IT'S HIS PRIDE THAT'S *HURT*. HE'S THE LAST OF HIS KIND, YOU SEE. ALL THAT POWER, ALL THAT *INTELLIGENCE*...

...AND WE TRICKED HIM! SNARED HIM IN AN ANGLE TRAP LIKE A BEETLE IN A *BOX*! ⚡GIGGLE⚡

OH, WHY WASTE TIME ON SUCH A POOR CONVERSATIONALIST, SUZAL? COME, LET US ENJOY THE COMPANY OF OUR PRETTY VISITORS.

THE FOOTSTEPS RECEDE, LEAVING THE MENAGERIE SILENT SAVE FOR THE POISONOUS CRACKLE OF A TRAPPED DEMON AND THE LOW GROWL OF A SHACKLED WOOKIEE.

IN THE RECREATION ROOM ...

I HOPE YOU ADMIRE THE DECOR, MY FRIENDS, YOU WILL NOT BE LEAVING.

I THINK WE WILL START WITH YOU, MY BEAUTY. BUT WHICH SHOULD WE CRIPPLE FIRST? THE BODY OR THE MIND? OH, I DO SO HATE DECISIONS.

YOU SANGLA-EATING FILTH!! GET YOUR HANDS OFF HER OR I'LL...

YOU'LL DO NOTHING, MY LITTLE HERO. NOTHING AT ALL...

HAN!!

ZAAAK!

NOW, WHERE WERE WE? AHHH, YES... SO LOVELY A BODY SHOULD BE SAVED FOR DESSERT, I THINK. SO THAT LEAVES...

"...THE MIND!"

EEEEEEE!!

ON THE SHORELINES OF HER SOUL, THE PRINCESS SCREAMS, AND THE BLACK TIDE OF NIGHTMARE ROLLS RELENTLESSLY IN...

MEANWHILE, IN THE MENAGERIE, THE FIRST MATE OF THE MILLENNIUM FALCON SMILES GRIMLY. WOOKIEES DO NOT MAKE GOOD PETS.

THEY DO, HOWEVER, MAKE EXCELLENT MECHANICS!

GERRAUNK.

WORKING SWIFTLY, CHEWBACCA FREES THE OTHER CAPTIVE CREATURES. HE KNOWS A GOOD DIVERSION WHEN HE SEES ONE.

NRRAUGH! NRRRAUGH!

HE ALSO KNOWS TROUBLE.

HRRRURR?

INSIDE ITS CAGE THE CAPTIVE ENERGY CLUSTER PULSES AND SHIMMERS. IT DOES NOT PLEAD OR THREATEN. IT SIMPLY ASKS FOR ITS FREEDOM...

THE WOOKIEE HESITATES, TELEPATHIC IMAGES FLOODING HIS MIND. HE SEES THE UNIVERSE WHEN IT WAS YOUNG, WHEN IT WAS LIFELESS...

...SAVE FOR THE FLICKERING, PASTEL GLOW OF THE DEMONS AS THEY FLOATED IN THEIR AWFUL GLORY ACROSS THE BARREN DAWN WORLDS.

TIME STRETCHES AND SEEMS TO STOP. THERE IS ONLY THE DEMON, THE SPELL BOUND WOOKIEE, AND THE DECISION.

SUCH POWER, UNLEASHED AFTER EONS OF HUMILIATING CAPTIVITY, COULD DEVASTATE A WORLD, A SOLAR SYSTEM, AND YET...

...AND YET...

SOME TIME LATER...

CHELL, SHOULD WE NOT REJOIN THE *OTHERS*? I WOULD LEARN HOW OUR GUESTS ARE FARING.

THERE IS PLENTY OF TIME, DEAREST *CHOKLA*. SUZAL KEPT THE *LAST* ONES ALIVE FOR *MONTHS*. LET US...

EH?

THE *MENAGERIE*! SOMEONE HAS FREED THE *BEASTS*! HOW *TIRESOME*! NOW WE MUST--

CHELL, L-LOOK!

CH-CHELL?

THE *ANGLE TRAP*! SOMEONE'S ALTERED ITS ALIGNMENT!

O FATHER OF SHADOWS. HE'S FREE...

THE FAINT CRACKLE BEHIND THEM IS LIKE A SOFT LAUGH. THERE IS THE SCENT OF OZONE. THEY ARE QUITE CORRECT...

...HE'S FREE.

AAEEEIIAAHH!!

ELSEWHERE...

HAN...HAN, WAKE UP. IT'S ALL OVER! WE'RE *FREE*!

L-LEIA? WH-WHAT HAPPENED?

THEY LET US GO, HAN. JUST LIKE THAT. WE'RE ABOARD THE FALCON. HEADING FOR DAALANG. IT'S ALL OVER.

THANK THE FORCE. FOR A MOMENT THERE I THOUGHT I REALLY HAD GOT US KILLED!

THE RELIEF WELLS UP, A MASSIVE BUBBLE IN HIS THROAT.

IT SWELLS, IT WAVERS...

OH, BUT YOU HAVE, HAN. YOU HAVE GOT US KILLED.

L-LEIA?

IT BURSTS.

I SHOULD IMAGINE THE GUILT IS QUITE UNBEARABLE.

AN ILLUSION. WE'RE ALL STILL HERE. OH, NO. OH, NO.

...AND THE UNBREAKABLE SPIRIT OF HAN SOLO FINALLY SNAPS CLEAN IN TWO.

BROKEN ALREADY, MR. SOLO? I EXPECTED MORE OF YOU. AH, WELL... A CRUSHED SPIRIT MAKES FOR POOR SPORT.

I MAY AS WELL DISPATCH YOU NOW. PREPARE, MY FRIEND. PREPARE FOR...

WURRAUGH!!

DEAAARRRGH!

SOLO DOESN'T BLINK. IT ISN'T REALLY CHEWBACCA. IT'S JUST ANOTHER ILLUSION, ANOTHER GAME...

RRRAACH!

THE APE. KILL HIM!

HE DOESN'T WANT TO PLAY ANY MORE GAMES. HE SIMPLY WANTS TO DIE. AND BESIDES, THAT ISN'T REALLY CHEWBACCA THAT THEY'RE MURDERING...

...IS IT?

CH-CHEWIE?

NO!! I DON'T CARE IF IT IS ANOTHER ILLUSION! YOU'RE NOT GOING TO HURT HIM!

WH-WHAT? SO YOU HAVE MORE SPIRIT THAN I THOUGHT. NO MATTER. IT CHANGES NOTHING.

NOW YOU BOTH DIE!

THE WAND RISES. ITS TIP CRACKLES WITH LETHAL RADIANCE. AND THEN...

OH, NO... OH, NO... HE'S FREE... OH, NO...

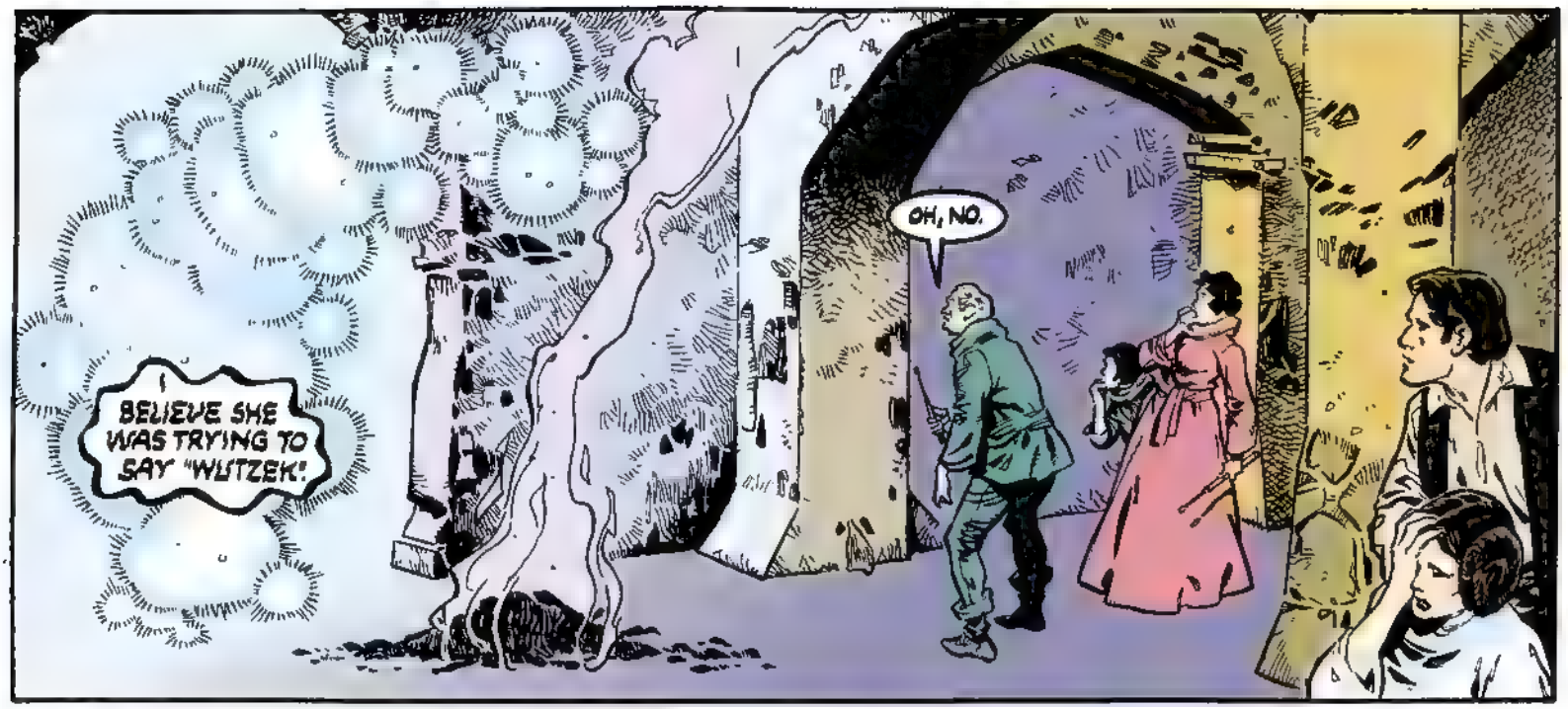
CHOKLA, WHAT'S WRONG? WHERE'S CHELL?

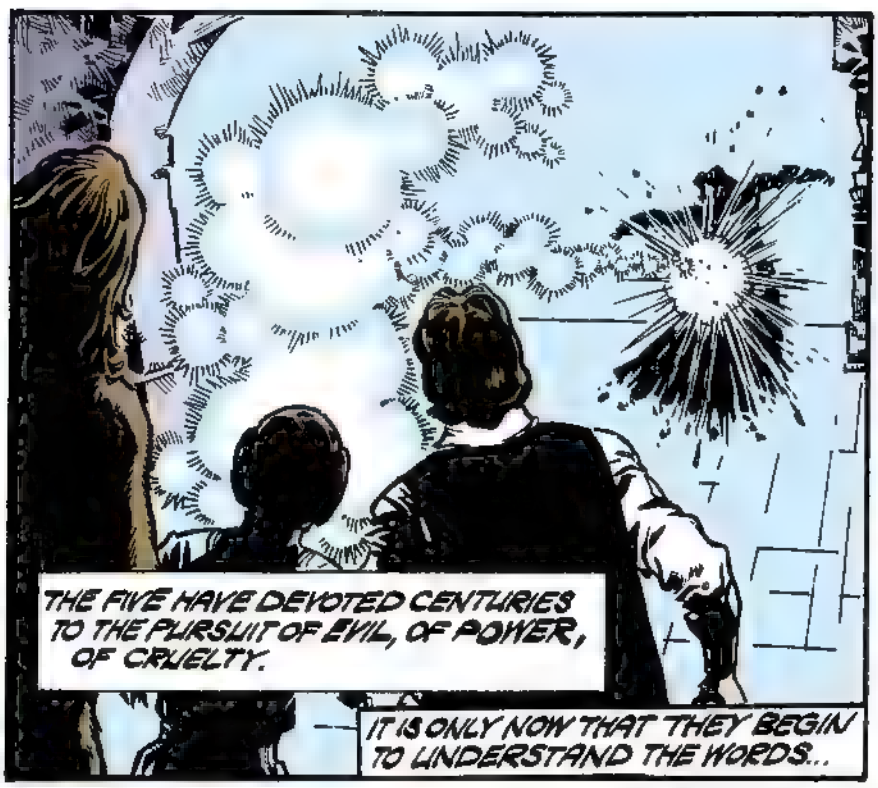
DEAD. MY LOVELY CHELL, DEAD. IT P-PULLED HIM TO PIECES!

HE'S FUH-FREE, WUH-WUH-W--

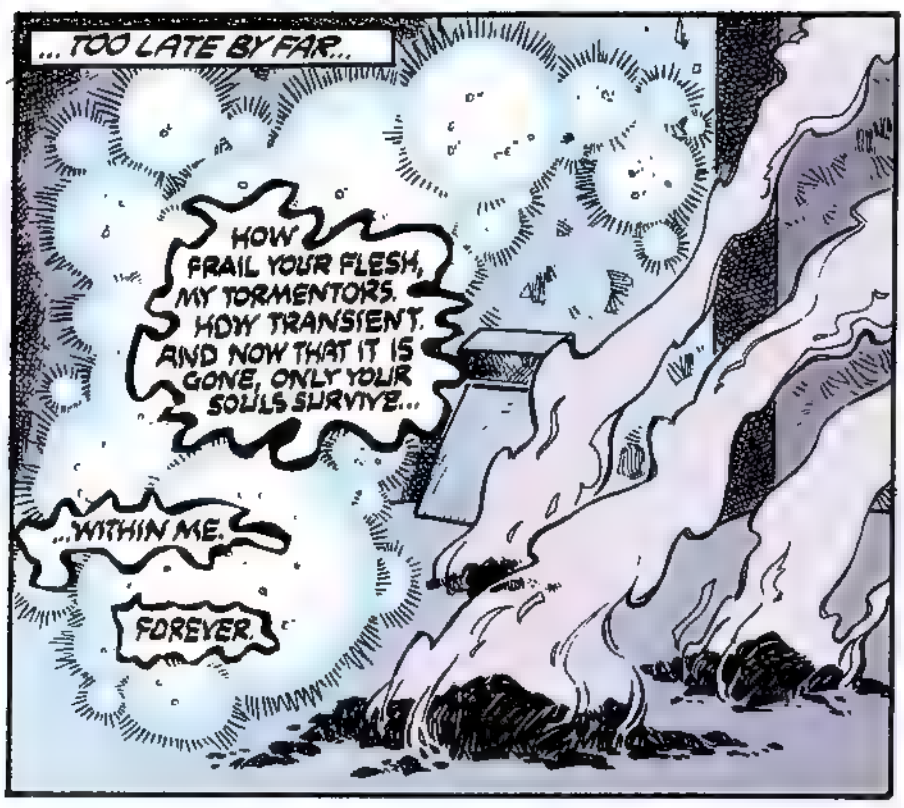
THERE IS A NOISELESS FLASH, BRIGHTER THAN A STAR-BURST. THE CHALK-HAIRED GIRL IS AT ITS CENTER.

OOOOAAAGH!


BELIEVE SHE WAS TRYING TO SAY "WLITZEK!"
OH, NO.


THE FIVE HAVE DEVOTED CENTURIES TO THE PURSUIT OF EVIL, OF POWER, OF CRUELTY.
IT IS ONLY NOW THAT THEY BEGIN TO UNDERSTAND THE WORDS...

...AND NOW IT IS TOO LATE...
HAN! WHAT IN THE NAME OF MERCY IS IT DOING TO THEM?
PRINCESS... THAT'S GOT NOTHING TO DO WITH MERCY..


...TOO LATE BY FAR...
HOW FRAIL YOUR FLESH, MY TORMENTORS. HOW TRANSIENT. AND NOW THAT IT IS GONE, ONLY YOUR SOULS SURVIVE...
...WITHIN ME.
FOREVER.

AH, YES... MY NOBLE RESCUERS..
SHALL I KILL YOU TOO, PERHAPS? I HAVE NOT KILLED IN A LONG TIME.
NO. PERHAPS NOT.

GRATITUDE IS FOREIGN TO ME, AND YET THIS DAY YOU HAVE DONE ME A GREAT SERVICE. ME, AND THOSE WHO COME AFTER ME.

YOUR SHIP AWAITS IN THE HALL BEYOND.

"YOU MAY TAKE IT AND GO."

WE'RE FREE AND BACK IN NORMAL SPACE. THANK THE FORCE.

I ONLY WISH I COULD SHAKE THIS FEELING THAT AT ANY MOMENT I'M GOING TO WAKE UP BACK IN THE *TORTURE CHAMBER.*

HAN! LOOK! THE FIVE'S WARSHIP!

IT'S EXPLODING!

IN THE CENTER OF THE SOUNDLESS HOLOCAUST, THE DEMON WUTZEK FLOATS. UNHARMED. TRIUMPHANT!

FREE.

IT'S POWERFUL ENOUGH TO DO *THAT?* AND WE *FREED* IT.

HAN, HAVE WE JUST DONE WHAT I *THINK* WE'VE DONE?

I DON'T KNOW, PRINCESS.

LET'S JUST BE GLAD THAT WE'VE DONE IT IN AN *EMPIRE*-HELD SECTOR OF SPACE.

THE END.

IT'S NO GOOD... ONCE THOSE EMPIRE THUGS FORCED MY SHIP IN FOR A LANDING ON THIS DUSTBALL, THEY'D AS GOOD AS GOT ME!

IN SPACE I MIGHT HAVE STOOD A FIGHTING CHANCE, BUT THEY'LL RUN ME DOWN WITHIN THE HOUR IF I'M ON--

--FOOOOT!!

UFF!

OH, NO. MY ANKLE, OF ALL THE TIMES TO TRIP OVER AN...

...IMPERIAL STORMTROOPER'S HELMET??

WHAT'S THAT DOING HERE? IT LOOKS SO PITTED AND CORRODED. AS IF IT'S BEEN LYING HERE FOR THOUSANDS OF YEARS!

BUT THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE. THE EMPIRE HASN'T BEEN AROUND THAT LONG, SO HOW...?

UH-OH IT LOOKS AS IF I'LL BE LUCKY IF I'M AROUND TO SEE ANOTHER SUNFALL. I'D BETTER GET MOVING...

OOOH!

...IF YOU CAN CALL THIS MOVING!

THE ANKLE IS TWISTED. RATHER THAN BROKEN, BUT THE DIFFERENCE IS LARGELY ACADEMIC. LEIA ORGANA WILL DIE BEFORE THE NEXT SUNFALL.

BUT, IN A UNIVERSE AS OLD AS THIS ONE, THE DEATH OF A PRINCESS IS SCARCELY NEW. IT HAS HAPPENED BEFORE. WHAT FOLLOWS HASN'T.

TILOTNY THROWS A SHAPE

OO-LA! A SHAPE! I'VE THROWN A SHAPE!

I'VE INVENTED FORM! I'VE INVENTED MASS! OH, CLEVEREST TILOTNY!

ALAN MOORE *writer* • JOHN STOKES *illustrator* • JERRY PARIS *letterer*

EVERYTHING HAS EDGES! AND... AND THINGS HAPPEN ONE AFTER ANOTHER! TIME! TILOTNY HAS INVENTED TIME! THIS IS A NOVELTY. THIS IS A FIRST THING!

EVEN CLEVER HORLISS-HORLISS WHO CAN METASTYLE, EVEN HORLISS-HORLISS HAS NEVER THROWN A SHAPE! OH MASTERFUL TILOTNY!

OH, BOASTFUL TILOTNY!

HORLISS-HORLISS!! YOU'VE THROWN A SHAPE TOO! OH, SPITEFUL COPY!!

IT ISN'T EVEN A GOOD SHAPE IT DOES NOT HAVE AS MUCH SHAPE-NESS AS CLEVER TILOTNY'S!

JEALOUS TILOTNY! SHALLOW, NAIVE TILOTNY!! ARE YOU SO TASTELESS THAT YOU DO NOT PERCEIVE THE SUBTLETY OF MY FORM?

BUT YOU DID THINK OF THROWING A SHAPE FIRST I SUPPOSE THAT WAS A CLEVERNESS...

YES IT WAS. AND NOW EVERYONE IS THROWING SHAPES AND IT IS SPOILED AND NOT A NEW THING!

SEE... EVEN COLD DANDASINE AND SPLENDID AP HAVE THROWN A SHAPE!!

OO-LA! SOLIDS... AND THINGS THAT ARE UP AND DOWN! DID YOU MAKE THIS PLACE, INCOMPARABLE HORLISS-HORLISS?

NO! TILOTNY MADE THIS PLACE AND INVENTED TIME AND EDGES, AND DULL HORLISS-HORLISS STOLE IT ALL!

I DO NOT THINK TILOTNY STYLED THIS PLACE. I THINK IT WAS HERE BEFORE...

YOU ALTER THINGS THAT ARE, BORING CREATURE! NOTHING WAS BEFORE TILOTNY MADE IT BE! HOW CAN SHAPES HAVE SHAPED THEMSELVES WITHOUT TILOTNY??

CARELESS THINKER! YOU DO NOT UNDERSTAND TIME, THOUGH YOU CLAIM TO HAVE STYLED IT!!

SPLENDID AP DOES NOT UNDERSTAND TIME. LOOK!

NO, SPLENDID AP! THE ESSENCE OF TIME IS SEQUENCE!! ONE PLACE AT A TIME, SPLENDID AP!! ONE PLACE AT A TIME!

MEANWHILE...

THEY'RE RIGHT BEHIND ME! MAYBE I CAN HIDE BEHIND THESE ROCK FORMATIONS. MAYBE THEY WON'T SEE ME. MAYBE...

OH, FACE THE FACTS, LEIA ORGANA! THIS TIME THEY'VE GOT YOU. GETTING OUT OF THIS ONE ALIVE IS GOING TO BE JUST ABOUT...

...IMPOSSIBLE

OO-LA! A TINY MOVER! IS IT ONE OF YOURS, INVENTIVE HORLISS-HORLISS?

I..I DO NOT FEEL AS IF IT IS. DID YOU STYLE THE TINY MOVER, TILOTNY?

YES! YES, I DID! TILOTNY STYLED EVERYTHING! TILOTNY STYLED THE TINY MOVER AND THE UP AND DOWN THINGS!!

HMM. IT IS A VERY DULL THING, AND A MOST CLUMSY STYLING...

MERCIFUL FORCE! THOSE..THOSE OBJECTS ARE TALKING TO EACH OTHER. THEY'RE ALIVE...

...I THINK.

BITTER HORLISS-HORLISS! YOU INSULT TILOTNY BECAUSE THE TINY MOVER IS MORE ELEGANT THAN YOUR NULL INVERSIONS OR DANDA'S ANTICONCEPTS!

MY ANTICONCEPTS WERE SUBLIME IN THEIR NOTHINGNESS, PATHETIC TILOTNY! EVEN HOPELESS SPLENDID AP IS A BETTER STYLER THAN YOU!!

DID YOU STYLE THOSE AS WELL, TILOTNY?

TILOTNY HAS REPEATED A SHAPE. DULL, TALENTLESS TILOTNY!
ALL RIGHT, ORGANA! GAME'S OVER! THIS TIME WE... THIS TIME WE...
VADER'S EYES! WHAT ARE THEY??
IT... IT WAS AN OVER-SIGHT. TILOTNY WAS DISTRACTED BY YOUR RUDENESS!
IT MUST BE A T-TRICK! HOLOGRAMS OR...OR SOMETHING...
SHOOT HER BEFORE SHE CAN GET...
TILOTNY WILL CHANGE IT!
AWAAAAAAAAAAAAEEEEEEEE!
FORCE BE WITH ME! WHAT DID THOSE THINGS DO TO HIM??
AN UNSUBTLE CHANGE, VULGAR TILOTNY THIS FIRST TINY MOVER HAS THINGS INSIDE IT TO MAKE IT WORK. THEY ARE SOFT THINGS...
I SHALL MAKE THEM INTO HARD THINGS.
OH.
SUNFALL IS STILL FAR AWAY. HER HEART HAS TURNED TO DIAMOND SHE DIES.
SEE, TILOTNY! SEE THE DELICACY OF HORLISS-HORLISS! THE TINY MOVER DOES NOT MOVE. IS THIS NOT A MOST SUBTLE REFINEMENT?
YOU. YOU ARE RIGHT. I AM ASHAMED. BUT THERE ARE STILL SOME TINY MOVERS LEFT. PERHAPS IF I PUT THEM TOGETHER THEY WOULD BE MORE...
BACK AWAY SLOWLY. MAYBE WE CAN STILL GET OUT OF HERE.

YEEEEURRRRGH!!

INTERESTING.

WHERE TWO BEINGS STOOD, ONE NOW WRITHES ALONE. IT HAS TOO MANY LIMBS. IT SCREAMS...

...MERCIFULLY, IT DOES NOT SCREAM FOR LONG.

I DESPAIR FOR YOUR TASTELESSNESS, TILOTNY. NOW NONE OF THEM ARE MOVING.

THROWING SHAPES IS DULL. IT IS NOT A NEW THING ANYMORE. LET US GO.

YOU ARE RIGHT, COLD DANDA SINE. BUT FIRST TILOTNY MUST TIDY UP THIS DISORDER IS HER DOING SHE THREW THE FIRST SHAPE.

TILOTNY WILL NOT TIDY UP LET SPLENDID AP, WHO IS STUPID, CORRECT THE DISORDER

AS YOU WISH. DO AS TILOTNY SAYS, SPLENDID AP.

MYSELF, I AM TIRED OF SHAPE AND SUBSTANCE. LET US LEAVE, COLD DANDA.

...AND THEN THEY ARE GONE, AND ONLY SPLENDID AP IS LEFT TO PUT THINGS BACK. NOW THEY WERE, ALL THIS TIME AND SPACE CONFUSES HIM.

BUT NO MATTER.

HE WILL DO HIS BEST.

AND SO, SOMETIME EARLIER..

W-WE'RE IN ONE PIECE! THOSE ALIENS OR WHATEVER THEY WERE ARE GONE, AND WE'RE BACK WHERE WE LEFT...

...THE SHIP! WHERE'S THE SHIP! I THOUGHT WE LEFT IT HERE...

WE DID! I REMEMBER THE LANDSCAPE, BUT LOOK. THE GROUND IS UNDISTURBED. IT'S AS IF THE SHIP HAD NEVER LANDED...

...AND THE STARS! THE STARS ARE ALL WRONG! I'M A NAVIGATOR, AND THOSE TWO CONSTELLATIONS HAVEN'T BEEN IN THAT CONFIGURATION FOR...FOR...

EIGHT THOUSAND YEARS. OH, NO.

WE'RE IN THE PAST. THOUSANDS OF YEARS IN THE PAST! BY THE TIME OUR OWN CENTURY ROLLS ROUND WE'LL BE NOTHING BUT...

...BONES.

THOSE... CREATURES HAVE GONE. THE IMPERIAL TROOPS HAVE GONE. AND... AND I'M ALIVE AGAIN. BUT I DIED. I FELT MYSELF DIE. SO HOW... HOW COULD...

FORGET IT. I'M ALIVE AGAIN. THAT'S ALL THAT MATTERS. STRANGER THINGS HAVE HAPPENED IN SPACE..

...ALTHOUGH OFFHAND I CAN'T THINK OF ANY...

END.

STAR WARS 3-D

10th ANNIVERSARY SERIES!

JOHNSON / NELSON

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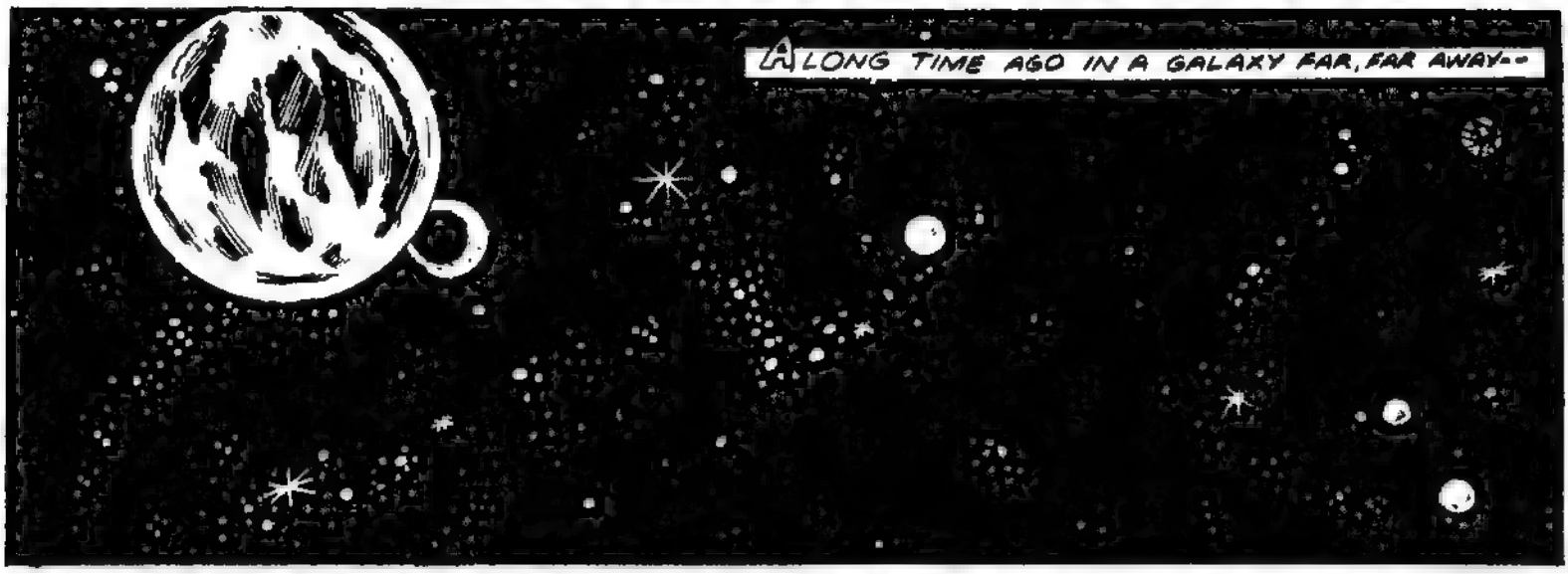
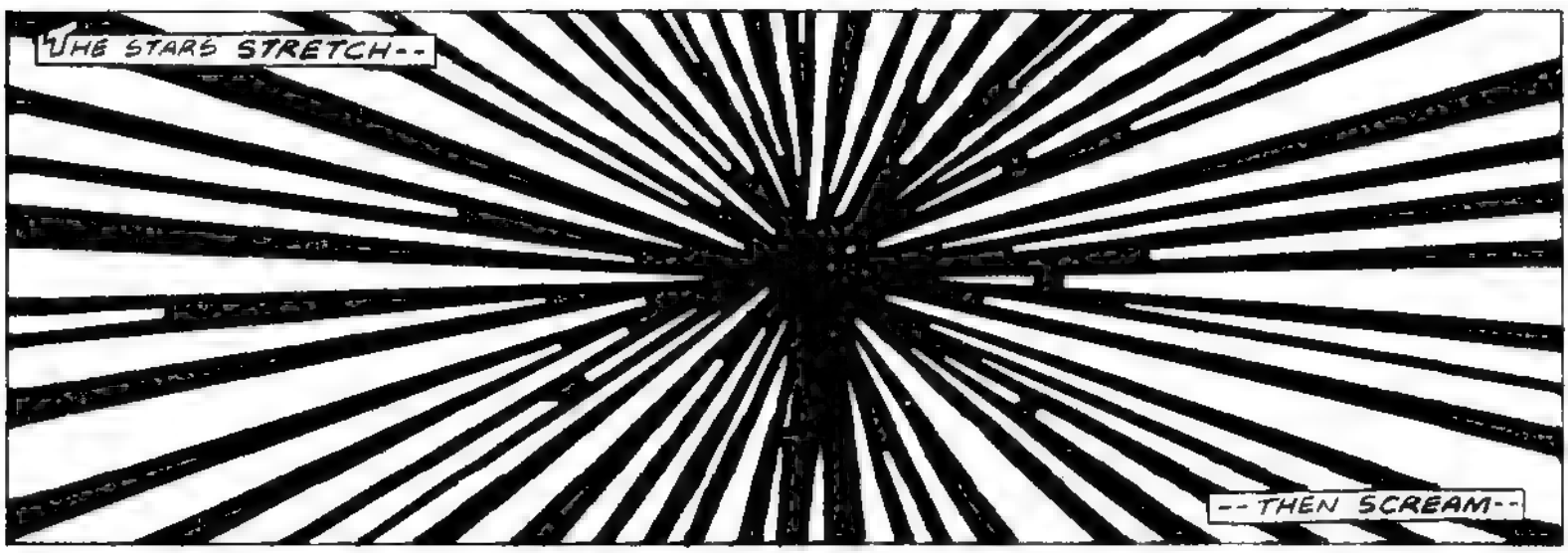
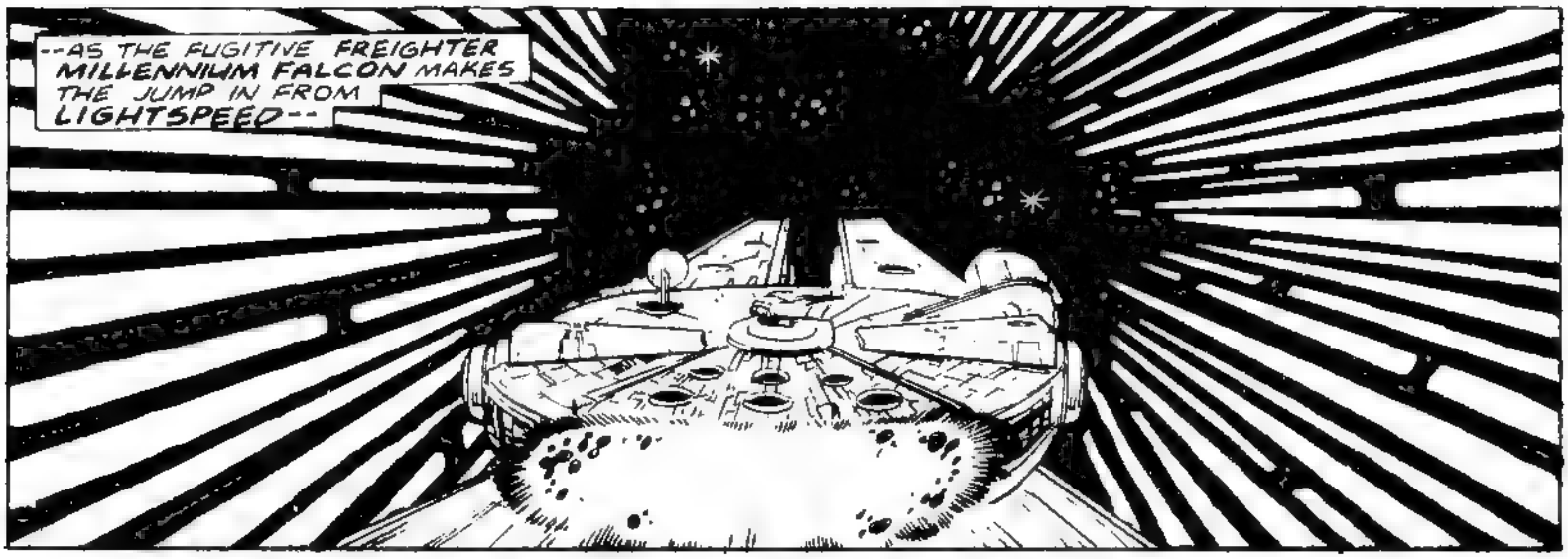
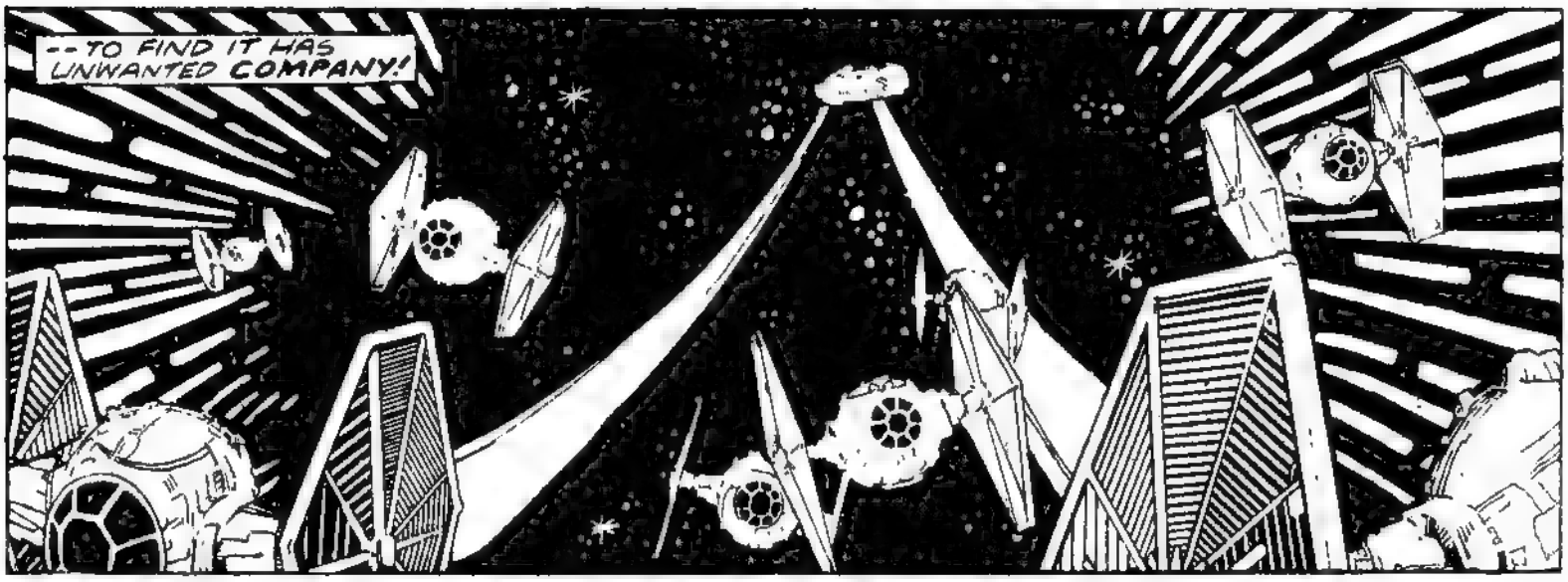
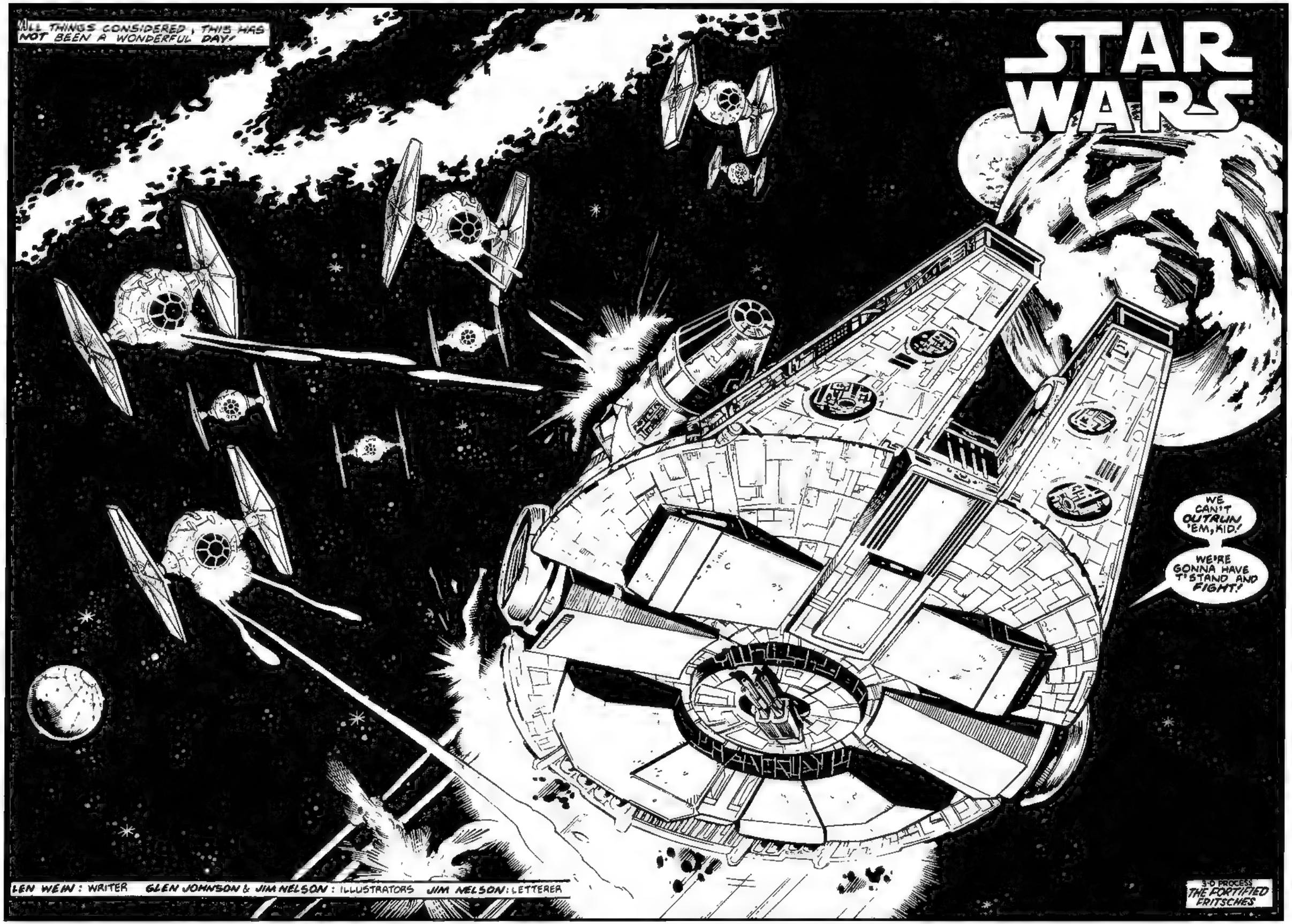

A LONG TIME AGO IN A GALAXY FAR, FAR AWAY--


THE STARS STRETCH--
--THEN SCREAM--


--AS THE FUGITIVE FREIGHTER MILLENNIUM FALCON MAKES THE JUMP IN FROM LIGHTSPEED--


--TO FIND IT HAS UNWANTED COMPANY!


ALL THINGS CONSIDERED, THIS HAS NOT BEEN A WONDERFUL DAY!
STAR WARS
WE CAN'T OUTRUN 'EM, KID!
WE'RE GONNA HAVE T' STAND AND FIGHT!
LEN WEIN: WRITER GLEN JOHNSON & JIM NELSON: ILLUSTRATORS JIM NELSON: LETTERER
3-D PROCESS THE FORTIFIED FRITSCHES

OH, DEAR ME-- WHY DIDN'T I STAY BEHIND WITH ARTOO?

GROWL!

CHEWIE! GRAB THE HELM!

DON'T KNOW WHY I LET YOU TALK ME INTO THIS JOYRIDE, KID.

SORRY, HAN-- I DIDN'T THINK WE'D HAVE ANY TROUBLE!

HEY, WE'RE THE GUYS WHO DESTROYED THE EMPIRE'S PRECIOUS DEATH STAR, REMEMBER?

AFTER THAT, LIFE IS NOTHING BUT TROUBLE!

NOW STOP APOLOGIZING--

--AND START BLASTING!!

NICE SHOOTING, HAN--

BUT AFTER A TARGET LIKE THE DEATH STAR'S EXHAUST PORT--

--SHOOTING TIE FIGHTERS IS A SNAP!

DON'T GET TOO COCKY, KID.

THERE'S STILL PLENTY MORE WHERE THESE CAME FROM!

CONCENTRATE FIRE ON PORT AND STARBOARD DEFLECTOR SHIELDS!

THIS VESSEL MUST NOT ESCAPE!

HAN, THEY'RE MANEUVERING OUT OF BLASTER RANGE!

WHAT DO WE DO NOW?

WHAT DO YOU MEAN BRACE MYSELF?

MY JOINTS ARE ALREADY LOCKED AS IT IS!

GLE-ROAR

EASY, CHEWIE-- LET 'EM TAKE THE BAIT!

EASY NOW --EASY--

NOW CHEWIE-- PUNCH IT!

PUNCH IT!

SUDDENLY, IMPOSSIBLY, IT'S BULKHEADS SCREAMING, THE MILLENNIUM FALCON SNAPS OUT OF THE PATH OF ITS PURSUERS!

NOOOOOOO!

--WITH APPROPRIATELY DEVASTATING RESULTS!

WAY TO GO, CHEWIE!

THEY FALL FOR THAT ONE EVERY TIME!

GRONK!

I'VE JUST FINISHED OFF THE SEVENTH SHIP, HAN!

THE LAST ONE IS YOURS!

REAL GENEROUS OF YOU, KID. GOT HIM IN MY SIGHTS--

ONE EASY SHOT AND HE'S--

KLIK!

KLIK?

MISERABLE HUNK OF JUNK!

WORK, BLAST YOU! WHY DON'T YOU EVER--

WHUD!

--WORK--?!?

OH.

THAT WAS ONE AMAZING SHOT, HAN--
NOTHING TO IT, KID. IT'S A GIFT.
WRRRRAAK!

WHAT'S THE DAMAGE, CHEWIE?
GROONK
NOT BAD, WE'VE SUFFERED WORSE.

CALCULATE THE JUMP TO LIGHTSPEED -- AND WE'LL BLOW THIS DESOLATE DUST CLOUD!
EVEN IF THEY MANAGED TO TRANSMIT OUR POSITION-- THE EMPIRE IS GONNA COME LOOKING FOR US ON THE WRONG SIDE OF THE GALAXY!
MASTERFULLY CONCEIVED, CAPTAIN SOLO.
DON'T DISTRACT HIM, C-3PO!

Y'KNOW, IT'S STILL NOT TOO LATE TO CHANGE YOUR MIND, KID!
I CAN GET US BACK TO YAVIN IN RECORD TIME!
I APPRECIATE THE THOUGHT, HAN--
--BUT THIS IS SOMETHING I HAVE TO DO!

YEAH-- I WAS AFRAID YOU'D SAY THAT!
JUST THOUGHT I'D GIVE IT A TRY.
BETTER BRACE YOURSELVES FOR LIGHT-SPEED GANG--

--AND MAY THE FORCE BE WITH US!

WHILE, HALF A GALAXY AWAY, ON THE FOURTH MOON OF YAVIN --

--DEEP WITHIN THE RADICALLY-REFURBISHED INTERIOR OF AN ANCIENT FOREST-SHROUDED TEMPLE--

I DISLIKE HAVING TO DISMANTLE THIS BASE SO QUICKLY, PRINCESS--

BUT OUR ENCOUNTER WITH THE DEATH STAR HAS COMPROMISED OUR SECURITY HERE!

I AGREE COMPLETELY GENERAL DODONNA--

THE EMPIRE WILL BE SWARMING ALL OVER THIS PLACE ANY TIME NOW!

WE'LL NEED TO LOCATE A NEW BASE AS SOON AS POSSIBLE!

IN THE MEANWHILE, WE'LL JUST HAVE TO KEEP MOVING!

I'M SURE SKYWALKER AND SOLO WILL HELP US FIND SOMEPLACE ONCE THEY RETURN FROM TATOOINE!

INDEED, LEIA -- IF THEY RETURN!

THEY HAVEN'T DISAPPOINTED US YET, GENERAL.

DEE-DOO-BWEEP!

WHAT DO YOU MEAN, R2-D2--

--THERE'S ALWAYS A FIRST TIME?

WEE-BEET-WHOOP!

YES, I KNOW, ARTOO--

--I'M WORRIED ABOUT THEM, TOO!

TATOOINE:

IF THERE IS A BRIGHT CENTER TO THE UNIVERSE, THIS IS THE PLANET FARTHEST FROM IT, OR SO LUKE SKYWALKER ONCE SAID--

--AND THE ENSUING WEEKS SINCE HE LEFT HERE HAVE DONE NOTHING TO IMPROVE ITS REPUTATION--

DON'T KNOW *WHY* YOU NEEDED TO COME *BACK* HERE, KID--!

THIS PLACE IS STILL THE UNADULTERATED *ARMPIT OF THE GALAXY!*

TATOOINE HOLDS NOTHING BUT *TERRIBLE MEMORIES* FOR US ALL--!

FOR THE *REST* OF YOU, MAYBE-- BUT I *GREW UP* HERE!

I HAVE A FEW *LOOSE ENDS* TO TIE UP BEFORE I CAN CONCENTRATE ON THE *REBELLION!*

WELL, LET'S TIE 'EM UP QUICK AND THEN *JETTISON* THIS DUSTBALL!

WE'RE NOT EXACTLY *POPULAR* HERE!

HAD TO BORROW THIS *LANDSPEEDER* FROM YAVIN BASE-- SINCE I *SOLD* MY OLD SPEEDER WHEN WE *LEFT.*

IT'S THE ONLY WAY TO *TRAVEL* HERE.

THAT AIN'T MUCH OF AN *ENDORSEMENT* KID.

GRRWK!

I'M WITH *YOU,* CHEWIE! LET'S GET *MOVING!*

WILL THE MILLENNIUM FALCON BE *SAFE* HERE, CAPTAIN SOLO?

SAFE AS ANYTHING *CAN* BE, THREEPIO--

--ONCE I'VE ACTIVATED HER NEW *CAMOUFLAGE-WEBBING!*

ANY *JAWA* WHO MAY STUMBLE ON HER NOW IS IN FOR A *SHOCK!*

NOW, WHAT SAY WE GET THIS SHOW ON THE ROAD?

THUS, SOME TIME LATER, ALONG TATOOINE'S SUN-SCORCHED FLATLANDS--

TROOPERS REALLY MADE A *MESS* OF THIS PLACE, HUH, KID?

KID?

LUKE?

SORRY, KID-- I WASN'T *THINKING*.

YOU *OKAY*?

I'VE BEEN *BETTER*.

DIDN'T REALIZE COMING *BACK* HERE WOULD BE SO *PAINFUL*--!

THEY *MURDERED* MY AUNT BERU AND UNCLE OWEN--

-- JUST BECAUSE THEY BOUGHT A COUPLE OF USED *DROIDS*!

ONE OF WHOM WAS CARRYING AROUND THE *TECHNICAL READ-OUTS* OF THE *DEATH STAR*, KID!

DON'T *FORGET* THAT PART!

POOR *ARTOO*, MASTER LUKE-- HE HAS ALWAYS FELT RATHER *GUILTY* ABOUT THE DEATHS OF YOUR FAMILY.

WELL, HE *SHOULDN'T* THREEPIO *HE* DIDN'T KILL THEM--

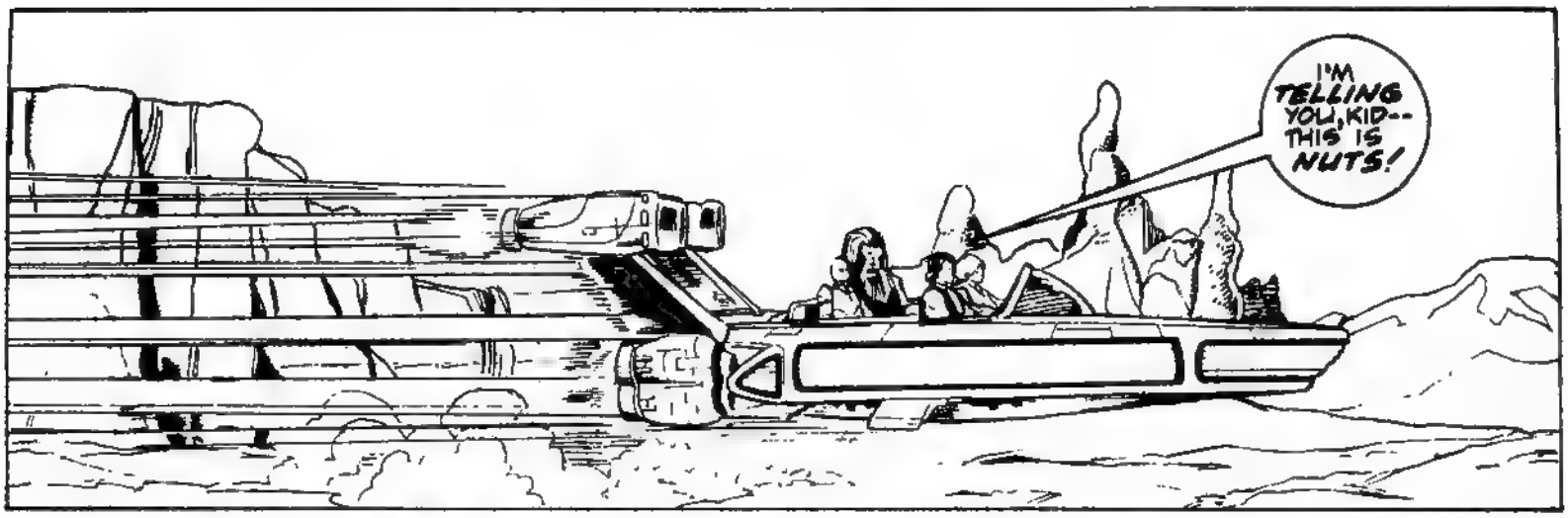
-- THE *EMPIRE* DID!

YEAH, UNDER ORDERS FROM OLD *DARTH VADER* HIMSELF--

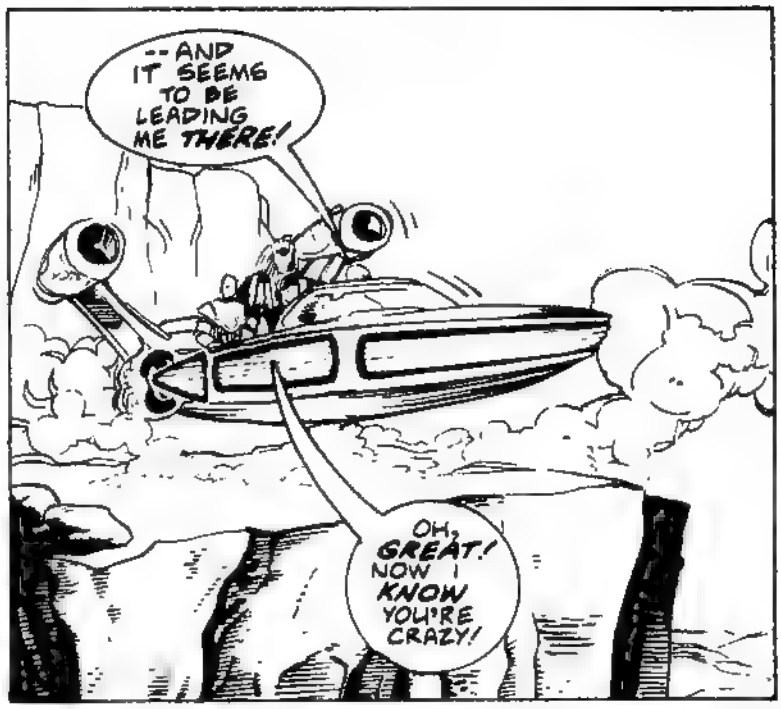
-- THE SAME CREEP WHO CUT DOWN *BEN KENOBI*!

I CAME BACK HERE TO PAY FINAL RESPECTS TO MY CHILDHOOD, HAN--
--BUT I REALIZE NOW THIS PART OF MY LIFE ISN'T OVER.
WRROOWK
YEAH, CHEWIE--! DON'T LIKE THE SOUND OF THIS EITHER!
THIS MOISTURE FARM MEANT EVERYTHING TO MY AUNT AND UNCLE, GANG--!
I CAN'T JUST ABANDON IT!
WELL, YOU SURE CAN'T STAY AND RUN IT, PAL!
THE EMPIRE WOULD HAVE YOU NAILED BEFORE THE SUNS GO DOWN!
THEN I'LL JUST HAVE TO FIND SOMEONE WHO CAN RUN IT, HAN!
BUT ONE WAY OR ANOTHER, I'M GOING TO MAKE SURE THIS FARM SURVIVES!
DON'T TALK CRAZY, LUKE!
JUST WAVE GOOD-BYE AND LET THE SAND HAVE THE PLACE!
I'M SORRY, HAN--
--BUT NOTHING WILL CHANGE MY MIND!
I'M TELLING YA, CHEWIE--
--THAT KID IS GONNA BE THE DEATH OF ME!

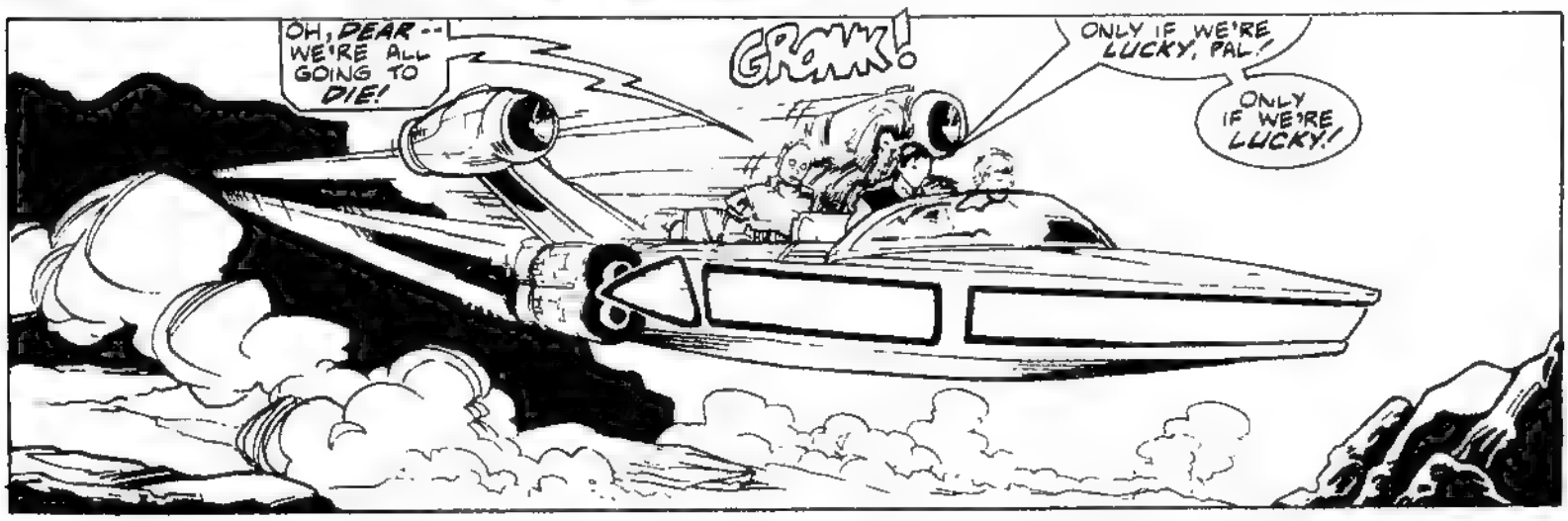
WHILE, BACK AT THE CAMOFLAUGED MILLENNIUM FALCON--
--THINGS ARE ABOUT TO GET TERRIBLY INTERESTING!


I'M TELLING YOU, KID-- THIS IS NUTS!

IF ANYONE ON THIS MISERABLE DUSTBALL WAS EVEN REMOTELY INTERESTED IN YOUR FOLKS' FARM, THEY'D HAVE CLAIMED IT BY NOW!
THE PROPERTY STILL BELONGS TO ME, HAN-- AND I'VE BEEN AWAY!
I'M PUTTING MY TRUST IN THE FORCE TO SHOW ME THE WAY--


--AND IT SEEMS TO BE LEADING ME THERE!
OH, GREAT! NOW I KNOW YOU'RE CRAZY!

MOS EISLEY SPACEPORT? ARE YOU COMPLETELY OUT OF YOUR MIND?
ANYONE YOU'D FIND HERE WOULD AS SOON STEAL YOUR FARM AS LOOK AT IT!
MAYBE SO HAN-- BUT THAT'S WHERE I'VE GOT TO GO!


OH, DEAR-- WE'RE ALL GOING TO DIE!
GRAAK!
ONLY IF WE'RE LUCKY, PAL!
ONLY IF WE'RE LUCKY!

SHORTLY, AMIDST THE FILTHY, WRITHING ALLEYWAYS OF MOS EISLEY--

CHEWIE AND I STILL HAVE A *PRICE* ON OUR HEADS HERE-- AND THE EMPIRE AIN'T TOO FOND OF *YOU* RIGHT NOW, KID--

--BUT THESE *ROBES* SHOULD LET US MOVE AROUND *UNNOTICED*--!

AT LEAST UNTIL WE'RE DISCOVERED AND *KILLED*.

GWORK!

I DON'T LOOK SO GREAT *MYSELF*, CHEWIE -- BUT WE'RE NOT HERE TO MODEL *FASHIONS*.

WISH TO HELL I KNEW WHY WE *ARE* HERE.

COAST LOOKS *CLEAR*. LET'S GET *MOVING*!

WE'RE GOING TO DIE-- WE'RE ALL GOING TO DIE--

THREEPIO, WILL YOU KINDLY *QUIT* THAT!

WHERE WE *HEADED*, KID?

TO THE *CANTINA*, I THINK THE FORCE IS *STRONG* THERE.

GEE, COULDN'T YOU THINK OF ANYPLACE *MORE* DANGEROUS?

DARTH VADER'S *BEDROOM*, MAYBE?

WHEREVER THE *FORCE* LEADS I INTEND TO *FOLLOW*.

WITH YOUR IDIOT FRIENDS RIGHT *BEHIND* YOU--

Y'KNOW, KENOBI WAS *RIGHT*-- THE MAN WHO *FOLLOWS* THE FOOL IS DEFINITELY MORE *FOOLISH*!

AH-- PERHAPS I SHOULD WAIT FOR YOU IN THE SPEEDER, SIR--!

THREEPIO, STAY PUT!

THIS IS NO TIME TO PLAY GAMES!

WELL, WHOEVER YOU'RE LOOKING FOR OBVIOUSLY AIN'T HERE KID-- SO WHY DON'T WE TAKE OFF?

HE'S IN HERE SOMEWHERE, HAN-- I CAN FEEL HIM!

--AND THE FORCE WILL HELP ME FIND HIM!

LUKE SKYWALKER GROWS SILENT THEN, OPENING HIMSELF TO ALL SENSATION, AND A COMFORTING VOICE FROM THE VOID--

TRUST YOUR FEELINGS, LUKE-- ALLOW THE FORCE TO GUIDE YOU--

THANKS-- BEN.

WELL, KID-- ZERO IN ON ANY LIKELY CANDIDATES!

JUST ONE, HAN.

GULP-RONK!

I'M NOT STALLING, CHEWBACCA!

GRONK?

IT'S HIM!

HUH?

OH, DEAR!

THE ONE THE FORCE LED ME TO IS HIM!

DO YOU HAVE ANY IDEA WHO THAT MONSTROSITY *IS* KID?

THAT'S *THROGG*, ONE OF THE *NASTIEST* SPICE SMUGGLERS IN THE SYSTEM!

HE'S BEEN KNOWN TO *BEAT* PEOPLE TO DEATH WITH THEIR OWN *ARMS* AND *LEGS!*

NEVERTHELESS, HAN-- HE'S THE ONE I'M *LOOKING FOR!*

YEAH-- IF YOU'RE LOOKING TO COMMIT *SUICIDE!*

I'M GOING OVER TO *TALK* TO HIM YOU'RE ALL WELCOME TO *JOIN* ME!

THAT'S *OKAY*, KID-- I THINK WE'LL WAIT *HERE!*

I AGREE WITH *CAPTAIN SOLO*, MASTER LUKE.

I, FOR ONE, *LIKE* HAVING A COMPLETE SET OF *LIMBS!*

EXCUSE ME, IS ANYONE *SITTING* HERE?

YOU *SEE* ANYONE?

THROGG LIKES TO DRINK *ALONE!*

I'M NOT INTERESTED IN *DRINKING*, FRIEND.

JUST HAVE A LITTLE *BUSINESS* I'D LIKE TO DISCUSS!

THROGG ALSO *WORKS* ALONE, LITTLE MAN--

--AND THROGG HAS NO *FRIENDS!*

SO I'VE HEARD--

--AND *THAT'S* WHY I WANT TO *TALK* TO YOU!

I DON'T THINK I CAN BEAR TO *WATCH* THIS!

THROGG DOES NOT *WANT* TO TALK-- THROGG WANTS TO *DRINK!*

GO *AWAY*, LITTLE MAN--OR THROGG WILL *HURT* YOU!

I'LL TAKE MY *CHANCES.*

YOU ARE WILLING TO *DIE*-- FOR A FEW POINTLESS *WORDS?*

WHAT COULD BE SO *IMPORTANT* TO YOU?

NOT JUST TO *ME*, THROGG-- BUT TO *YOU!*

I HAVE SOMETHING TO *GIVE* YOU!

THROGG HAS ALL HE *NEEDS* -- GOOD *BOOZE* AND A FAST *SHIP--!*

MAYBE YOU'RE *SATISFIED*, THROGG--

--BUT ARE YOU AT *PEACE?*

PEACE?

WHAT IS *PEACE?*

ONCE, LONG AGO, THROGG WAS A *FARMER* AND WAS AT PEACE WITH THE *LAND*--

THEN THE *EMPIRE* CAME-- TOOK AW THROGG *FARM*-

--AND THROGG FLED TO THE *STARS*--

SINCE THAT *DAY*--

PEACE HAS BEEN ONLY A *WORD.*

BUT IT DOESN'T HAVE TO *BE* THAT WAY!

I *SEE* NOW WHY THE FORCE LED ME TO *YOU*--

-- AND I HAVE SOMETHING *FOR* YOU!

SLOWLY, LITTLE MAN, *SLOWLY!*

IF THAT HAND HOLDS MORE THAN *FINGERS*-- YOU *DIE!*

--ULP--

EASY, THROGG. IT'S ONLY A PIECE OF *PAPER!*

THE DEED TO MY UNCLE'S *MOISTURE FARM!*

WHAT IS YOUR *POINT*--?

THE POINT IS THAT I'M *LEAVING* TATOOINE -- PROBABLY *FOREVER* -- AND I WANT TO GIVE THE FARM TO *YOU!*

MAYBE *THERE*, AT ONE WITH THE *LAND* AGAIN, YOU CAN FINALLY *FIND* YOUR LOST *PEACE OF MIND!*

MY OWN *FARM* AGAIN-- AFTER ALL THE YEARS IN *SPACE*--?

AFTER ALL THE *PAIN*-- THE *BLOOD*-- THE *VIOLENCE*?

I AM *SORRY*, LITTLE MAN--

FOR THROGG IT IS *TOO LATE!*

Zu deez du NUHENZ guhm tidu dez BUHR--!
Dela--?!?
BONK!
QKi da chu dizt HYST?
KWAH? EG DIZT NUH TAWJ BU!
Duh chu lyi du NU Hi VULD et
HEGD ZHGD HUN DYII!
POW!
AND THUS, IN MOS EISLEY, DOES A SIMPLE MISUNDERSTANDING FREQUENTLY LEAD FROM A THOUGHT TO--
FIGHT!
BETTER COVER YOUR CHOOBIES, BOYS! IT'S EVERY SENTIENT LIFEFORM FOR ITSELF!
CAPTAIN SOLO, MIGHT I SUGGEST A PRUDENT RETREAT?
I'M A PROTOCOL DROID -- VIOLENCE OVERHEATS MY CIRCUITS!
I WARNED THE KID THIS WAS GONNA HAPPEN, CHEWIE!
YOU WANNA DUCK OUTTA HERE WHILE WE STILL CAN?
GUH-ROWR!
NAH-- ME NEITHER.

"BUT IF WE GET OUTTA THIS ALIVE, KID--

"--I SWEAR I'M GONNA KILL YOU!""

GNAHRARRG!

I THINK YOU'LL HAVE TO WAIT YOUR TURN, HAN!

OH, WHY DID I EVER LEAVE YAVIN 4

WATCH IT, KID-- DON'T CALL ME BY NAME!

IF ANYBODY IN HERE RECOGNIZES US, WE'RE ALL IN BIG--

HAN SOLO?!

--TROUBLE--!

MAN, I KNEW THIS WAS A BAD IDEA--!

HELP! HAN SOLO IS BACK!

SOMEBODY-- ANYBODY-- HELLLP!!

GUH-RONK!

NO, YOU CAN KILL HIM SECOND!

C'MON, KID-- LET'S GET OUTTA HERE! YOU CAN PEDDLE REAL ESTATE LATER!

RIGHT BEHIND YOU, HAN!

I'M LEAVING THE DEED WITH YOU THROGG! USE IT OR NOT AS YOU DECIDE!

JUST REMEMBER, THOUGH, IT'S NEVER TOO LATE TO CHANGE!

MAY THE FORCE BE WITH YOU!

HMMM...

CITIZENS-- HALT! WE WISH TO SEE YOUR IDENTIFICATION!

GEE--I AH-- DON'T THINK I HAVE IT WITH ME!

WILL THIS DO?

KCHOW!

STOP THEM! THEY MUST NOT ESCAPE!

I'M SORRY I GOT YOU ALL INTO THIS MESS!

BE SORRY LATER, KID-- AFTER WE GET OUT OF IT!

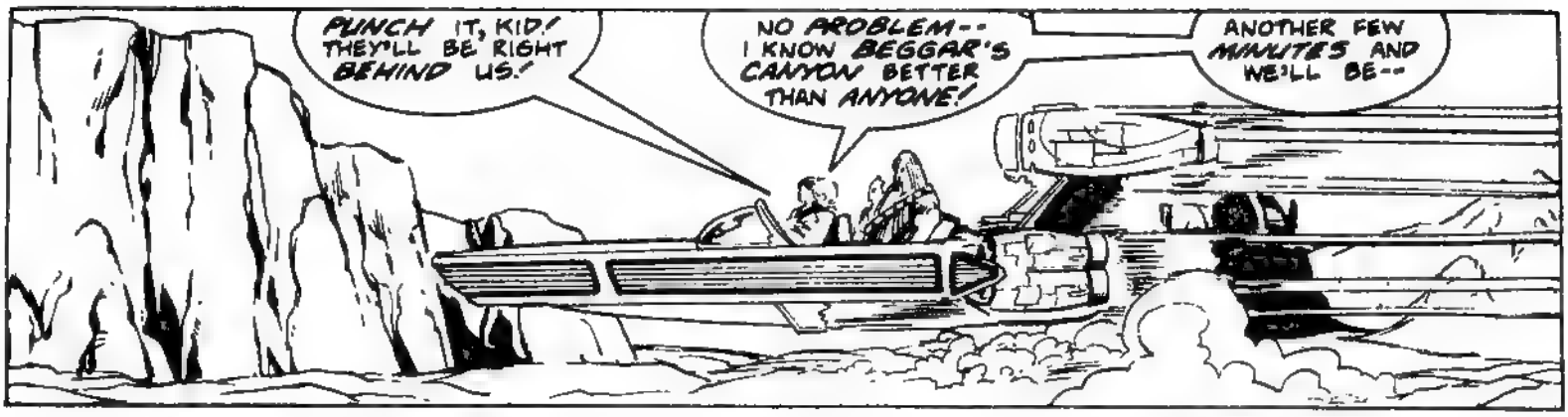
THANK THE FORCE! THE LANDSPEEDER IS RIGHT WHERE WE LEFT IT!

THEN LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!

CAPTAIN SOLO-- CONSIDER US GONE!

SCRAMBLE THE FLOATERS -- QUICKLY!

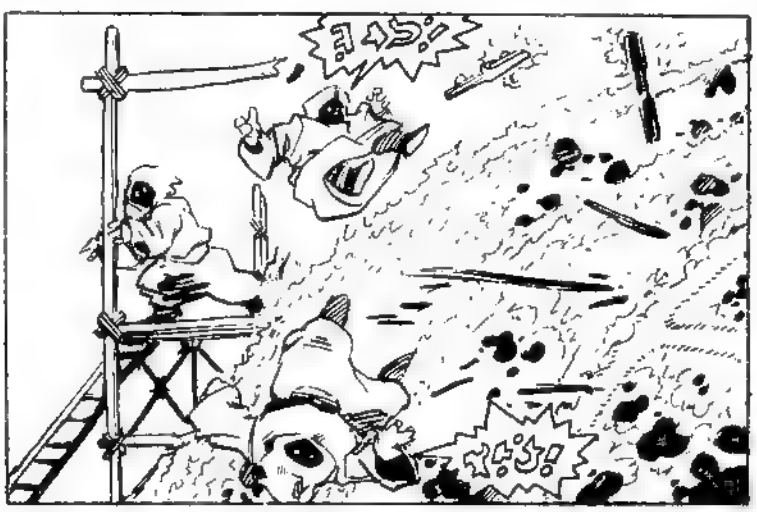
LORD VADER WILL HAVE OUR HEADS IF THEY ELUDE US!

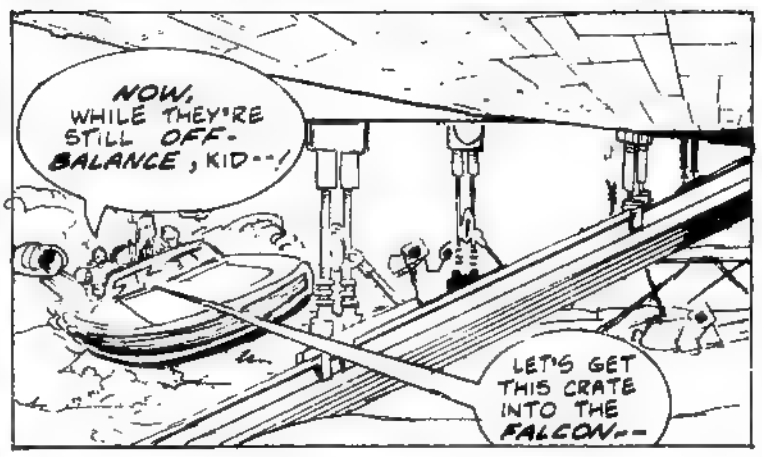

PUNCH IT, KID! THEY'LL BE RIGHT BEHIND US!
NO PROBLEM-- I KNOW BEGGAR'S CANYON BETTER THAN ANYONE!
ANOTHER FEW MINUTES AND WE'LL BE--

OH, NO.
GROAN?

JAWAS!!
THE PLACE IS LOUSY WITH 'EM--!
THEY'RE TRYING TO CLAIM THE SHIP FOR SALVAGE!

MISERABLE LITTLE SCAVENGERS!
LET 'EM SALVAGE THIS!
CLICK!


?!?!
?!?!


NOW, WHILE THEY'RE STILL OFF-BALANCE, KID--!
LET'S GET THIS CRATE INTO THE FALCON--

?!?!?!
--AND GET THE DEVIL OUTTA HERE!

QUICK, CHEWIE -- CALCULATE THE JUMP TO LIGHTSPEED!

THOSE TROOPERS WILL BE HERE ANY SECOND--!

AK-RAK!

THREEPIO, STRAP YOURSELF IN TIGHT!

"--IT IS GOING TO BE A BUMPY RIDE!!!"

THANKS FOR THE VOTE OF CONFIDENCE KID--!

HERE THEY COME--

--AND HERE WE GO!

PREPARE FOR LIGHTSPEED, CHEWIE!

NOW!

AND IN THE BLINK OF AN EYE, THE MILLENNIUM FALCON IS GONE, INTO HYPERSPACE AND NEW ADVENTURES--

--WHILE ON AN ISOLATED MOISTURE FARM, A MONSTROUS EX-SPICE SMUGGLER GLANCES UP FROM HIS LABORS--

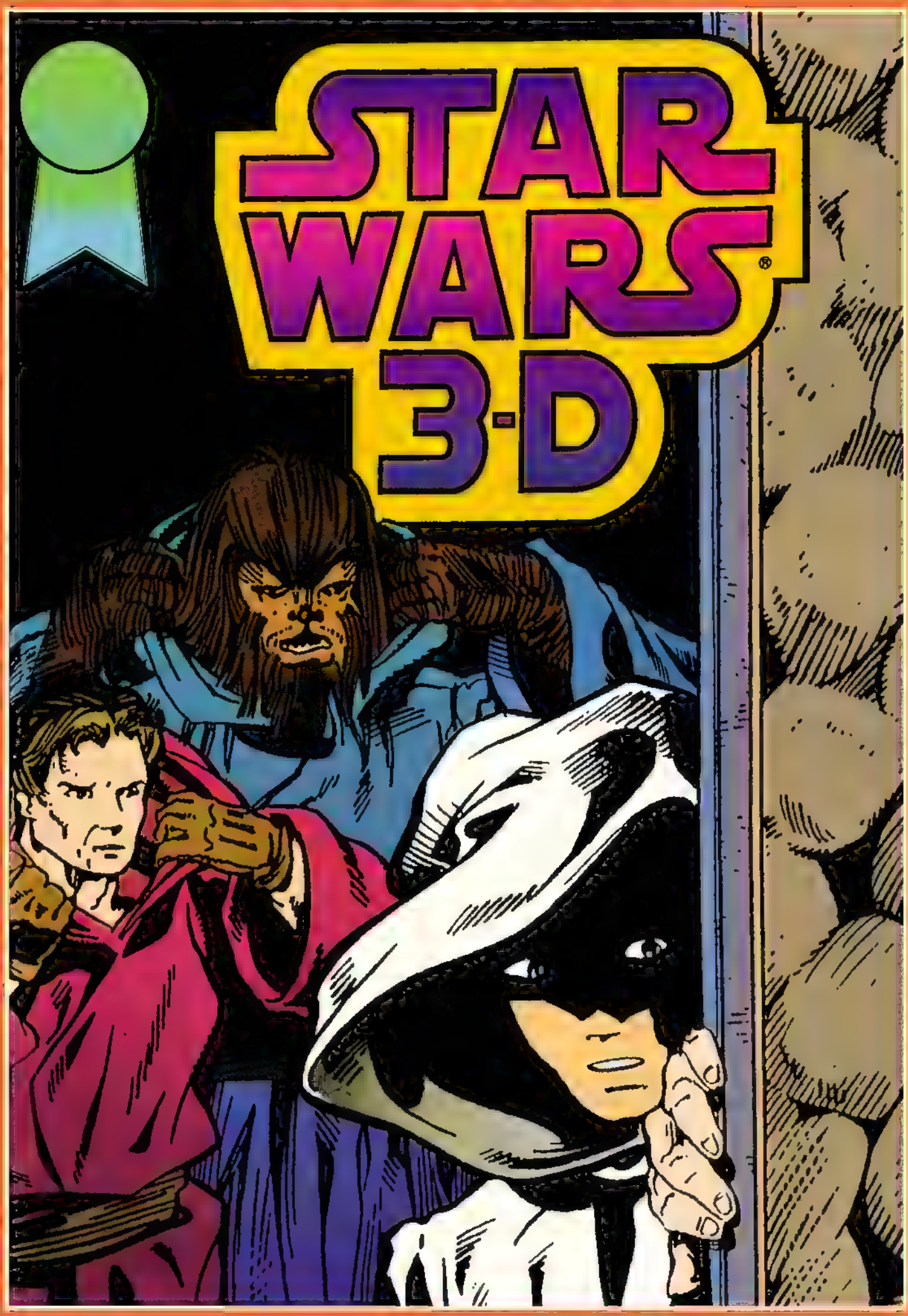
--TO BEHOLD THE DISTANT TELLTALE BURST OF LIGHT THAT SIGNALS A JUMP TO LIGHTSPEED--

--AND FOR THE FIRST TIME IN MORE YEARS THAN HE CAN REMEMBER, HE SMILES--

THROGG THANKS YOU, LITTLE MAN.

MAY THE FORCE BE WITH YOU.

THE END


STAR WARS®
3-D

A LONG TIME AGO IN A GALAXY FAR, FAR AWAY.
AS THE FUGITIVE FREIGHTER MILLENNIUM FALCON SLIPS SWIFTLY THROUGH THE CELESTIAL SHADOWS...
YOU JUST BARELY MISSED THAT METEOR STORM BACK THERE, HAN!
YOU DON'T LIKE THE WAY I'M FLYIN', KID--YOU TAKE THE HELM!
HAVOC ON HOTH!
LEN WEIN
WRITER
PATRICK ZIRCHER
ILLUSTRATOR
DAVID CODY WEISS
LETTERER
JOHN STEPHENSON
EDITOR

3-D EFFECTS by PAUL TALLERDAY

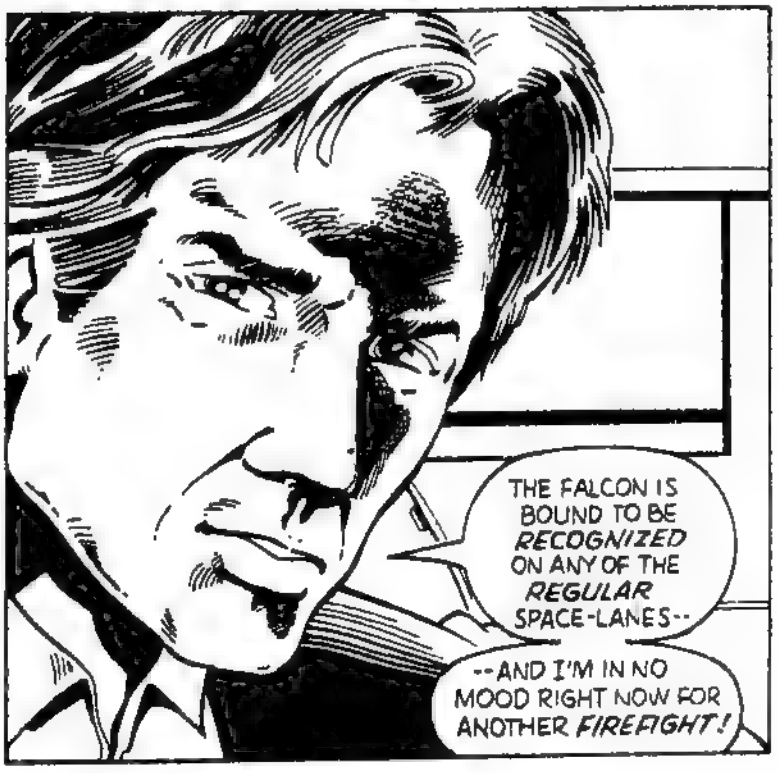
GRONK!
YOU KNOW WE WOULDN'T EVEN BE *OUT* HERE IF IT WASN'T FOR *YOU!*
SO YOU KEEP *REMINDING* ME!

WELL, I'VE ALREADY *APOLOGIZED* FOR EVERYTHING THAT *HAPPENED* TO US BACK ON *TATOOINE*--*
--BUT I *WON'T* APOLOGIZE FOR *GOING* THERE!
*LAST ISSUE.-- John.

I WANTED TO BE SURE MY AUNT AND UNCLE'S *MOISTURE FARM* WAS LEFT IN *GOOD HANDS*--!
LIKE IT OR *NOT*, HAN--IT WAS A CHAPTER OF MY LIFE THAT HAD TO BE *CLOSED!*

WELL, IT *ALMOST* CLOSED THE BOOK ON *ALL* OF US!
JUST REMEMBER YOU AND CHEWIE *VOLUNTEERED* TO COME WITH ME!
YOU *COULD* HAVE STAYED SAFELY BEHIND ON *YAVIN BASE!*

SPEAKING OF WHICH--WHY ARE WE TAKING SUCH A *ROUNDABOUT* ROUTE TO *GET* THERE?
SAFEST WAY TO *TRAVEL*, LUKE.


THE FALCON IS BOUND TO BE *RECOGNIZED* ON ANY OF THE *REGULAR* SPACE-LANES--
--AND I'M IN NO MOOD RIGHT NOW FOR ANOTHER *FIREFIGHT!*

BESIDES, THE PROBLEM JUST BECAME *MOOT!* THERE'S *YAVIN*-- DEAD AHEAD!

BETTER GET ON THE *COMLINK* TO HER *FOURTH MOON*, KID-- AND LET 'EM KNOW WE'RE *COMIN'!*

THIS IS THE *MILLENNIUM FALCON*-- CALLING *YAVIN BASE!*

DO YOU *COPY*, YAVIN BASE?

COME IN, YAVIN BASE!

HAN, I'M GETTING NO *RESPONSE!*

THEY DON'T *ANSWER!*

YOU SURE YOU'RE ON THE RIGHT *FREQUENCY*?

I'M NOT AN *IDIOT*, HAN!

THEN SOMETHING'S GOTTA BE *WRONG!*

MASTER LUKE, IT'S--IT'S--

NOT *NOW*, WE'RE *BUSY!*

BUT-- BUT--

OH, DEAR--!

BETTER ACTIVATE THE *DEFLECTOR SHIELDS*, CHEWIE!

WE DON'T KNOW *WHAT* WE MAY BE FLYIN'--

--into--?

I TRIED TO WARN YOU, CAPTAIN SOLO--!

NEXT TIME, THREEPIO, MAKE SURE WE *LISTEN* TO YOU--!

ASSUMING, OF COURSE, THERE *IS* A NEXT TIME!

GUESS *THIS* EXPLAINS WHY YAVIN BASE DIDN'T *ANSWER*, KID!

THOSE ARE *IMPERIAL STAR DESTROYERS* OUT THERE--!

B-BUT, MASTER LUKE--IF THE EMPIRE HAS REACHED *YAVIN BASE*--

--WHAT HAS BECOME OF *PRINCESS LEIA AND THE OTHERS*?

CAN'T AFFORD TO **WORRY** ABOUT 'EM JUST **NOW**, PAL!

OUR **FIRST** PRIORITY IS GETTING **OURSELVES** OUTTA THIS MESS **INTACT.!**

I'LL GET IN **POSITION**, HAN!

"ADMIRAL, SENSORS HAVE DETECTED A SMALL **REBEL SPACECRAFT** OFF OUR PORT BOW!"

"THE SITH LORD WILL BE **PLEASED.!** I MUST ALERT HIM **IMMEDIATELY!**"

YOUR LORDSHIP, I HAVE **GOOD NEWS!**

WE HAVE JUST LOCKED ONTO A **REBEL VESSEL!**

AND HAVE YOUR TRACTOR BEAMS BROUGHT IT **ABOARD**, ADMIRAL QUIST?

N-NOT **YET**, MY LORD--!

THEN **WHAT**, PRAY TELL, ARE YOU **WAITING** FOR?

N-NOTHING, LORD VADER--! I WILL ORDER IT DONE **IMMEDIATELY!**

SEE THAT YOU **DO**, ADMIRAL.

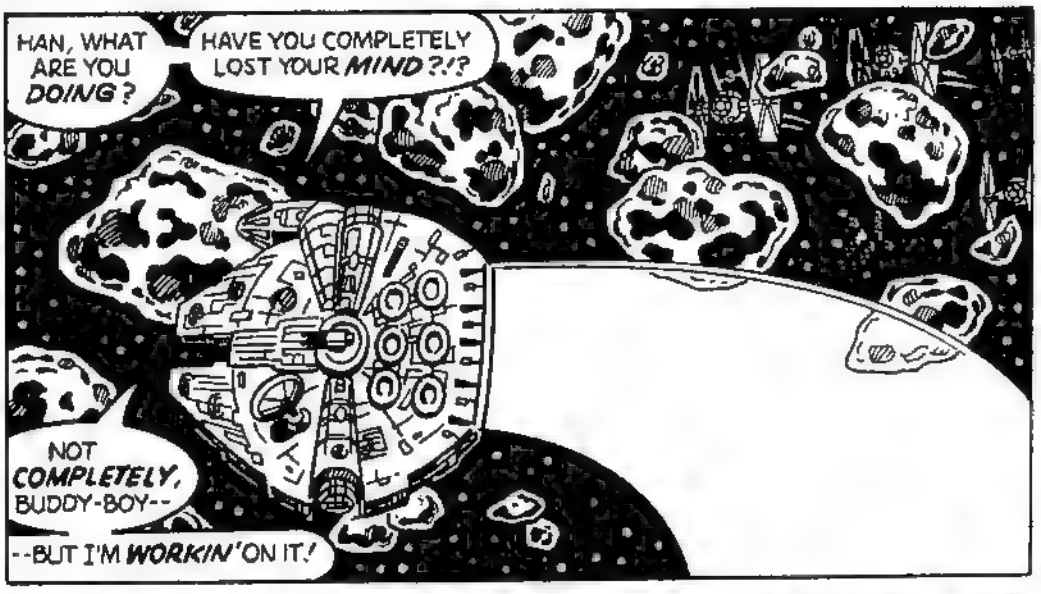
YOU WOULD NOT WANT TO **DISAPPOINT** ME.

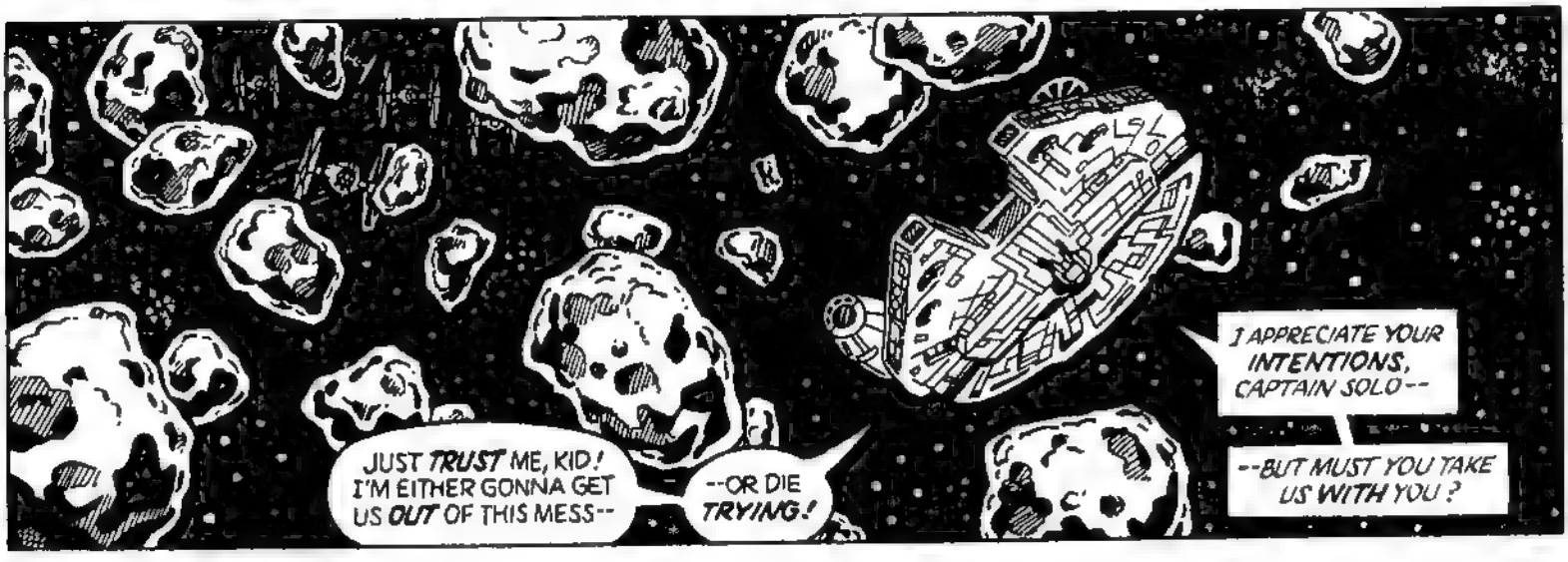
LOOKS LIKE THEY'VE SPOTTED US, HAN--!
THERE'S A CLUSTER OF TIE FIGHTERS HEADING OUR WAY!
I SEE 'EM, KID--!

QUESTION IS-- WHAT TO DO ABOUT 'EM?
WE CAN'T TAKE ON THE WHOLE BLAMED IMPERIAL FLEET SINGLE-HANDED--!
THEN MIGHT I SUGGEST FLEEING FOR OUR LIVES, SIR?

GWE-RONK!
WE CAN'T OUTRUN 'EM ALL, THREEPIO! I'LL JUST HAVE TO TRY--HUH!?!
WELL, I'LL BE--! IT'S THAT METEOR STORM WE AVOIDED BEFORE--!

YEAH, CHEWIE-- THAT'S JUST WHAT I WAS THINKING!
I MEAN, HEY-- YOU ONLY LIVE ONCE, RIGHT?


HAN, WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
HAVE YOU COMPLETELY LOST YOUR MIND?!?
NOT COMPLETELY, BUDDY-BOY--
--BUT I'M WORKIN' ON IT!


I APPRECIATE YOUR INTENTIONS, CAPTAIN SOLO--
--BUT MUST YOU TAKE US WITH YOU?
JUST TRUST ME, KID! I'M EITHER GONNA GET US OUT OF THIS MESS--
--OR DIE TRYING!

HEY, RUST-BUCKET--THIS LITTLE STUNT WORKED JUST *FINE* WHEN WE TRIED IT DURING THE *KESSEL RUN!*
OF COURSE, I DIDN'T HAVE HALF THE *IMPERIAL FLEET* ON MY TAIL AT THE TIME--!
GEE, HAN--*THAT'S* REASSURING!
SEE, KID--WHAT DID I *TELL* YA?
IT'S *WORKIN'* LIKE A *CHARM!*
THOSE *TIE FIGHTERS* ARE POPPIN' THEIR PANELS TRYIN' TO *REACH* US!
ADMIRAL, THE SHIP HASN'T BEEN BUILT THAT COULD *SURVIVE* THIS SORT OF *PUNISHMENT!*
THE REBEL VESSEL HAS SURELY BEEN *DESTROYED* BY NOW, SIR!
REQUEST PERMISSION TO *ABANDON* MISSION--!
PERMISSION *GRANTED,* CAPTAIN!
YOU MAY RETURN TO YOUR *FORMATION!*
YOU *DID* IT HAN--THEY'RE *LEAVING!*
NEVER *DOUBTED* IT FOR A *SECOND,* KID.
NOW WHAT SAY WE BRING THIS BABY *HOME?*

WELL, ADMIRAL QUIST-- HAS THE REBEL VESSEL BEEN SECURED?

WE DID OUR BEST, MY LORD, BUT I--

--I'M AFRAID THE VESSEL HAS BEEN DESTROYED!

I... SEE.

VERY WELL, ADMIRAL--THAT WILL BE ALL.

LORD VADER, I APOLOGIZE FOR--

--FOR--

ack

--I MEANT IT!

WHEN I SAID THAT WOULD BE ALL, ADMIRAL--

YOU HAVE ESCAPED ME FOR THE MOMENT, MY YOUNG FRIENDS--

--BUT OUR PATHS SHALL CROSS AGAIN!

THERE'S *YAVIN BASE* DEAD AHEAD, KID!

PLACE DOESN'T *LOOK* ANY WORSE FOR WEAR--!

YOU KNOW AS WELL AS *I* DO, HAN--

--LOOKS CAN BE *DECEIVING!*

I DON'T THE LIKE *FEEL* OF THIS, KID--!

HELLO? IS ANYBODY HOME?

THE ENTIRE BASE IS *DESERTED!* EVERYTHING IS *GONE!*

GWE-URH-ARNK!

I DON'T *THINK* SO, CHEWBACCA!

IF THEY'D BEEN TAKEN BY *THE EMPIRE*, THERE'D BE SIGNS OF A *STRUGGLE--!*

NO, IT LOOKS LIKE THEY WERE ALREADY *GONE* WHEN THE FLEET *GOT* HERE!

MAKES SENSE, LUKE. ONCE THE *DEATH STAR* FOUND THIS PLACE--

--THE REBEL ALLIANCE HADDA GET *OUT* WHILE THE GETTING WAS *GOOD!*

LOOKS LIKE WE CAME TO THE *WRONG PLACE*, KID--WE'VE GOTTA MEET THE PRINCESS AND THE OTHERS AT *RENDEZVOUS!*

YOU--*uh*--WOULDN'T HAPPEN TO KNOW JUST WHERE RENDEZVOUS *IS*, WOULD YA?

DON'T *WORRY*, HAN-- I'VE GOT THE COORDINATES *MEMORIZED!*

THUS, AFTER A LIGHT-SPEED JUMP TO CERTAIN PREARRANGED COORDINATES HALFWAY ACROSS THE GALAXY...

YOU CALLED IT, KID--RIGHT ON THE CREDITS!

JUST DOCK THE FALCON, WILL YOU, HAN?

THERE ARE PEOPLE INSIDE I'M ANXIOUS TO SEE--!

AND ONE PERSON IN PARTICULAR--!

RIGHT, KID?

AND JUST WHAT IS THAT SUPPOSED TO MEAN, SOLO?

EASY, LUKE... JUST KIDDING!

WELCOME TO RENDEZVOUS, GENTLEMEN! YOU HAD US ALL WORRIED!

THIS WASN'T EXACTLY AN EASY PLACE TO FIND, YOUR HIGHNESS!

IS EVERYTHING OKAY, PRINCESS?

AS WELL AS CAN BE EXPECTED--CONSIDERING HOW QUICKLY WE HAD TO EVACUATE YAVIN BASE!

THE IMPORTANT THING IS--ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

OH, I'M GREAT, LEIA...NOW!

SURE...THE KID'S JUST SWELL, YOUR WORSHIPFULNESS!!

DON'T EVEN BOTHER ASKING IF THE REST OF US ARE STILL IN ONE PIECE!

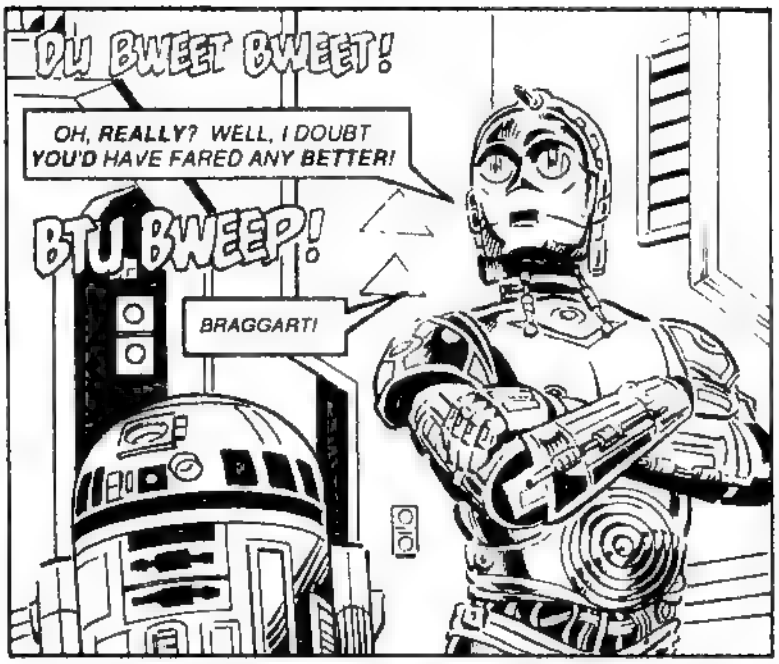
IN THAT CASE, SOLO--I WON'T!

THAT WOMAN GIVES ME ONE BIG PAIN!

GWE-HEH-HEH!

HEY, WHEN I WANT YOUR OPINION, FUZZBALL--I'LL ASK FOR IT!

BWEET DU DEET?
OH, IT WAS SIMPLY TERRIBLE, ARTOO -- ALL THE RUNNING, THE FIGHTING -- !
THIS REBELLION IS SIMPLY NO PLACE FOR A PROPER PROTOCOL DROID.


DU BWEET BWEET!
OH, REALLY? WELL, I DOUBT YOU'D HAVE FARED ANY BETTER!
BTU, BWEEP!
BRAGGART!

WELL, IF YOU'RE ALL DONE DROOLING OVER EACH OTHER, I'M GONNA GO TAKE A NICE LONG NAP!
SORRY, SOLO--BUT THERE'S NO TIME!

YOU'RE KIDDING, RIGHT?
I TRULY WISH I WERE, CAPTAIN SOLO.
BUT THE REBELLION IS IN DANGER, AND WE NEED YOUR HELP!

SO WHAT ELSE IS NEW?
SEEMS SAVING YOUR COLLECTIVE BUTTS IS BECOMING A HABIT!
WHY, YOU POMPOUS, ARROGANT--!

WHOA! TAKE IT EASY, YOU TWO!
OUR BATTLE IS WITH THE EMPIRE, NOT EACH OTHER!
BETTER TELL IT TO HER, PAL--!
OF ALL THE--!

NO, YOU'RE *RIGHT*, LUKE! THE REBELLION HAS TO COME *FIRST!*

WE CAN WORRY ABOUT SOLO'S *STUPIDITY* LATER.

Y'KNOW, YOUR REGALNESS--I COULD'VE HAD MY *NAP* BY NOW.

SO--*AH*--WHAT DID YOU NEED OUR *HELP* WITH, PRINCESS?

WELL, WITH YAVIN BASE HAVING BEEN *COMPROMISED*, THE REBELLION IS VIRTUALLY *HOMELESS!*

WE HAVE TO FIND A *NEW* BASE OF OPERATIONS, SOMEPLACE *ISOLATED*, SOMEPLACE *SAFE*--

--AND I FIGURE AN OLD *SPICE SMUGGLER* MUST KNOW *DOZENS* OF SUCH PLACES!

ANY *SUGGESTIONS*, SOLO?

YEAH, I *MIGHT* HAVE AN IDEA OR THREE--!

JUST GIVE ME A FEW SECONDS TO *THINK*--!

GOT IT! IT'S *ISOLATED*, COMPLETELY *DESERTED*--AND THE *EMPIRE* HAS IGNORED IT FOR *YEARS!*

WELL, DON'T BREAK YOUR *ARM*, PATTING YOURSELF ON THE *BACK*, MISTER--!

SHARE THIS BRAINSTORM WITH US!

YOUR WISH IS MY *COMMAND*, YOUR PRINCESSHIP.

YOU EVER HEARD OF A SNOWBALL CALLED *HOTH?*

THUS, A SHORT WHILE LATER...

I CAN'T BELIEVE I LET HER TALK ME *INTO* THIS!

SHE REALLY IS *GOOD* AT THAT-- *ISN'T* SHE, HAN?

THERE ARE FISTFULS OF *OTHERS* WHO COULD'VE SCOUTED THIS MISERABLE *ICEBALL*, KID--!

SO WHY *US?*

WELL, AS A *GUESS*, HAN--

--I'D SAY IT'S BECAUSE YOU'RE THE *ONLY* ONE LEIA KNOWS WHO'S ACTUALLY *BEEN* THERE!

YEAH, *SURE*, KID-- CLOUD THE ISSUE WITH *FACTS!*

GWE-RONK!

HEY, WHOSE *SIDE* ARE YOU *ON*, ANYWAY, WOOKIEE?

CAPTAIN SOLO, IF I MIGHT INTERJECT HERE--

--IS THERE ANYTHING WE SHOULD KNOW ABOUT THIS PLANET HOTH?

NOT A WHOLE *LOT*, RUSTBUCKET--

--EXCEPT THAT YOU'D BETTER BE PACKING YOUR *LONG UNDERWEAR!*

YOU'D BETTER BELIEVE HOTH IS *COLD* MY FRIENDS--

--COLDER THAN A CERTAIN PRINCESS'S *HEART!*

I'VE ONLY *BEEN* HERE ONCE *BEFORE*, KID--

--BUT, BELIEVE ME, ONCE WAS *PLENTY!*

IF THIS PLANET IS SO *INHOSPITABLE*, HAN--

--WHAT THE HECK ARE WE *DOING* HERE?

LAST PLACE THE EMPIRE IS LIKELY TO *LOOK* FOR US, KID--!

HERE! BETTER PUT *THIS* ON, IF YOU DON'T WANNA BE *FREEZE-DRIED!*

BEGGING YOUR PARDON, SIR-- BUT HOW WILL WE KEEP WARM?

JUST TURN UP YOUR INTERNAL *RHEOSTAT* -- THAT SHOULD KEEP YOUR *LUBE* LOOSE!

GRE-ONK!

THE *WOOKIEE* IS ALREADY *COVERED*, SO TO SPEAK.

HEY, NOTHING *PERSONAL*, PAL!

OKAY, EVERYBODY *READY?*

BWEET DE DOOT

I CONCUR, ARTOO-- BUT WHAT OTHER CHOICE DO WE HAVE?

LUCKY WE DIDN'T HAVE TIME TO UNLOAD THIS *LANDSPEEDER!*

WE CAN COVER A LOT MORE *GROUND* IN IT!

HEY, THERE *IS* NO GROUND HERE, KID--ONLY *ICE!*

LOTS AND *LOTS* OF ICE!

YOU'RE *RIGHT*, HAN--I'VE NEVER SEEN ANYTHING SO *DESOLATE!*

I'VE NEVER FELT MORE *ALONE!*

JUST KEEP YOUR *EYES* PEELED, GANG! THIS PLANET IS HONEYCOMBED WITH NATURAL *ICE CAVERNS!*

WHAT WE'RE *LOOKIN'* FOR IS ONE *BIG* ENOUGH TO HIDE A *REBEL BASE!*

*ARE YOU CERTAIN WE'RE **ALONE** ON THIS PLANET, CAPTAIN SOLO?*

MAYBE *NOT,* THREEPIO!

TAKE A LOOK OVER *THERE!*

THOSE ARE *TAUNTAUNS,* KID!

NEAR AS I CAN TELL, THEY'RE HOTH'S ONLY NATIVE *LIFEFORM!*

HAN, TAKE THE *HELM*--AND *FOLLOW* THEM!

YOU WANNA LET US *IN* ON IT, KID?

THAT HERD HAS GIVEN ME AN *IDEA!*

IF WE'RE GOING TO *SURVIVE* ON THIS MISERABLE ICEBALL, WE'LL NEED ALL THE *HELP* WE CAN GET--

--AND THOSE TAUNTAUNS REMIND ME OF THE *BANTHAS* WE USED AS *PACK ANIMALS* BACK HOME!

THOSE REPULSIVE BEASTS?

MASTER LUKE, YOU'RE NOT SERIOUSLY THINKING OF--

AREN'T I, THREEPIO? JUST *WATCH* ME!

BETTER HOLD THIS SPEEDER *STEADY,* HAN--

--AND I'LL SHOW YOU HOW WE DO IT BACK ON *TATOOINE!*

NICE *TOSS*, KID!

NOW JUST SLOW THE SPEEDER *DOWN*, HAN, WHILE I PULL THIS BEASTIE--

--*IIIII*

OH, DEAR!

LUKE?!?

CHEWIE, *DO* SOMETHING!

I *AM*--*OOF*--HANGING ON, CHEWIE--*OW*--AS BEST I--*OUCH*--CAN--!

GRONK-WARNK!

GRRAARRGGHH!!

THAT'S *IT*, CHEWIE! WE'RE *HOLDING* HIM--!

SO *THAT'S* HOW YOU DO IT BACK ON *TATOOINE*, HUH?

VERY *IMPRESSIVE*, KID!

OH, GO STUFF A *SLUG* IN IT, SOLO!

RIGHT NOW, I STILL HAVE *BUSINESS* TO ATTEND TO!

YOU'RE STILL DETERMINED TO *TAME* THAT THING?!

THEN BE MY *GUEST*, PAL--IT'S YOUR *NECK!*

I JUST HOPE YOU DON'T *BREAK*--

--OUCH--

MISERABLE, STUPID, STUBBORN--!

LOOK, LUKE, YOU REALLY DON'T HAVE TO *DO*--

--THIS--

OKAY, THAT'S *IT!*

IT'S HIM OR *ME!*

AT THE MOMENT, I'D LAY MY CREDITS ON--

--*HEY!*

THAT'S *IT*, KID--HANG *IN* THERE!

WELL, I'LL BE *HANGED*--!

PROBABLY!

CARE FOR A *RIDE?*

OH, WELL DONE, MASTER LUKE!

GOTTA *HAND* IT TO YOU, KID--YOU'RE *PERSISTENT!*

GWEE WONK!

YOU *SAID* IT, PAL! THIS THING *STINKS* LIKE JABBA THE HUTT'S *ARMPIT!*

BEGGARS CAN'T BE *CHOOSERS*, HAN--AND THESE BEASTS WILL COME IN *HANDY* LATER!

THAT'S ASSUMING THERE *IS* A LATER, KID! WE'VE STILL GOTTA FIND US THAT *ICE CAVERN* FIRST!

THEN MIGHT I SUGGEST WE KEEP LOOKING? I'M AFRAID MY JOINTS ARE STARTING TO STIFFEN!

HEY, WAIT FOR *ME!*

I'LL MOVE THE SPEEDER IN A *GRID PATTERN*-- TRY TO COVER AS MUCH *TERRITORY* AS POSSIBLE!

GREAT, KID! THE *REST* OF YOU--KEEP YOUR *EYES* OPEN!

TWEETDOOT?

YES, ARTOO--I'M CERTAIN HE MEANT SENSORS AS WELL!

I'VE NEVER *KNOWN* ANYPLACE SO BRUTALLY *COLD*, HAN!

ARE YOU *CERTAIN* HOTH IS WHAT THE ALLIANCE IS *LOOKING* FOR?

TRUST ME, LUKE!

SMUGGLERS HAVE BEEN USING THIS PLANET AS A *SAFE HAVEN* FOR--

YEOWW!

WHAT THE--?!?

WHOOM!

HEY, WHAT'D I *TELL* YOU, KID--?

LOOKS LIKE WE'RE NOT THE *FIRST* ONES TO HAVE THIS IDEA!

SLAY THE INTRUDERS!

THEY MUST NOT ESCAPE TO *BETRAY* ME!

HEY--*WHOA*--HOLD YOUR *FIRE!* YOU'VE GOT US ALL *WRONG!*

WE'RE ON *YOUR* SIDE, HONEST--*SMUGGLERS* JUST LIKE *YOU*--!

THAT *VOICE*--! I *HAVE HEARD* THAT VOICE BEFORE--!

HAN SOLO! IS THAT *YOU?*

YEAH, IT'S *ME*, ALL RIGHT! SMOOTHEST *SPICER* THIS SIDE OF *STAR'S END!*

WHO IN BLAZES ARE *YOU?*

I AM *SALMAHH* OF THE *MON CALAMARI*--

--AND AS I RECALL, SOLO, JABBA THE HUTT HAS PLACED A CONSIDERABLE *PRICE* ON YOUR HEAD!

OPEN FIRE, BRETHREN-- BRING ME SOLO'S *SCALP!*

UH-OH.

GREAT *GOING*, HAN! *THAT* CERTAINLY IMPROVED OUR SITUATION!

GIMME A *BREAK*, KID! IT WAS WORTH A *SHOT*--!

AND, *SPEAKING* OF SHOTS--!

WHAT SAY WE-- *RETURN FIRE!!*

OH, ARTOO--WHY DID WE EVER VOLUNTEER FOR THIS MISSION?

BWEE-DE-VOOT-!-!

I AM NOT STUPID!

THIS IS GETTING *TWITCHY*, KID! GOT ANY BRIGHT *IDEAS?*

MAYBE *ONE*, HAN-- STOP SHOOTING AT THE *SMUGGLERS!*

NO, I MEANT IDEAS THAT WOULD LEAVE US *ALIVE!*

I'M *SERIOUS!* STOP FIRING AT *THEM*--AND AIM AT THE GROUND IN *FRONT* OF THEM!

GREE-WORNK!

HEY--NOT *BAD*, KID! COULDN'T HAVE DONE BETTER *MYSELF!*

BOY, EVERYBODY'S A *CRITIC!*

SALMAKK, WHAT IS *HAPPENING?* I CAN SEE *NOTHING!*

KEEP *FIRING*, FOOL! THEY MUST BE IN THERE *SOMEWHERE!*

THEN WHY HAVE THEY *CEASED FIRE?*

HOW AM I SUPPOSED TO KNOW, FOOL?

PERHAPS IT IS SOME SORT OF--

--TRICK?

OSH!

PUNCH IT, KID!

LET'S GET *OUTTA* HERE!

EEYYOOHH

TO YOUR *SNOWSPEEDERS*, FOOLS--*AFTER* THEM!

THEY MUST NOT *ESCAPE!*

C'MON, KID--*GOOSE* THIS CRATE!

THOSE CREEPS ARE GETTING *CLOSE* ENOUGH TO *PART OUR HAIR!*

WE *CAN'T* MOVE FASTER, HAN--WE'RE CARRYING TOO MUCH *WEIGHT!*

BUT MAYBE THERE'S *ANOTHER* WAY OUT OF THIS--!

JUST SPOTTED ONE OF YOUR *CAVERNS* UP AHEAD--!

WITH ANY LUCK, MAYBE WE CAN *LOSE* THEM IN HERE!

AT LEAST, IT'S WORTH A *TRY*--!

UH-OH.

OH, DEAR!

ANY *OTHER* BRIGHT IDEAS, KID?

I DON'T *BELIEVE* THIS--!

WE'VE FLOWN SMACK INTO THE SMUGGLERS' *HIDEOUT!*

NOW THE ONLY TRICK IS FLYING BACK *OUT* AGAIN--*ALIVE!*

BRING THEM *DOWN*, YOU FOOLS! THEY MUST NOT *ESCAPE* US!

CHEWIE, TAKE THE *HELM!* I'M GONNA *TRY* SOMETHING!

AT *THIS* POINT, KID--YOU MIGHT TRY *PRAYING!*

NO *CHANCE*, HAN! MY FATHER WAS A *JEDI KNIGHT*--

--AND NO MATTER HOW OVERWHELMING THE *ODDS*--

--A JEDI NEVER *SURRENDERS!*

HEAD FOR THE *EXIT*, CHEWIE--

--AND BRING ME AS CLOSE TO THE *CEILING* AS POSSIBLE!

WHOR-GRONK?

DON'T ASK *ME*, CHEWIE! I DON'T KNOW WHAT HE HAS IN MIND *EITHER!*

THK AK AK

JUST CLOSE YOUR *EYES*, HAN--

AG! COME *BACK!*

--AND COVER YOUR *HEADS!*

ARE YOU *CRAZY*, KID?

YOU'RE BRINGING THE *PLACE* DOWN AROUND OUR EARS!

KWA-THUNG

THAT ONLY MATTERS IF WE'RE STILL *INSIDE* WHEN THE CAVERN *COLLAPSES*, HAN--

--AND I'M BETTING WE *WON'T* BE!

*OH, MY! THE CAVERN IS COMPLETELY **SEALED!***

GUESS *SALMAKK* AND HIS GOONS WON'T BE *BOTHERING* US ANYMORE!

JUST DO ME A *FAVOR*, KID--TRY NOT TO CUT IT SO *CLOSE* NEXT TIME!

HEY, I THOUGHT YOU *LIKED* LIVING ON THE EDGE, HAN!

LIVING ON IT, YES--NOT PLUNGING *OVER* IT!

GRON-NORK!

THANKS, CHEWBACCA--AT LEAST *ONE* OF YOU TRUSTS ME!

BWEET DO DEET?

*FORGIVE THE **INTRUSION**, MASTER LUKE--BUT ARTOO MAKES AN IMPORTANT POINT!*

*AREN'T WE SUPPOSED TO BE SEARCHING FOR A POSSIBLE **REBEL** BASE?*

HEY, WHEN THE DROID IS RIGHT, HE'S *RIGHT!*

BETTER GET *MOVING*, KID! WE'VE STILL GOT A LOT OF *GROUND* TO COVER!

DON'T *WORRY*, HAN--I KNOW WE'LL *FIND* WHAT WE'RE *LOOKING* FOR!

AFTER ALL, HOW COULD WE *FAIL?*

THE *FORCE* IS WITH US!

NEXT ISSUE:

KESSEL IS ANOTHER NAME FOR *CHAOS*!

STAR WARS® 3-D

THE DARK SIDE OF DANTOOINE

ARE YOU SURE DANTOOINE IS SAFE FOR REBEL TRADERS, PRINCESS?
AS SAFE AS ANY PLACE CAN BE FROM THE EMPIRE, LUKE!
BUT IT'S THE ONLY PLACE FOR THE SUPPLIES WE NEED FOR OUR NEW BASE ON HOTH!
STAR WARS

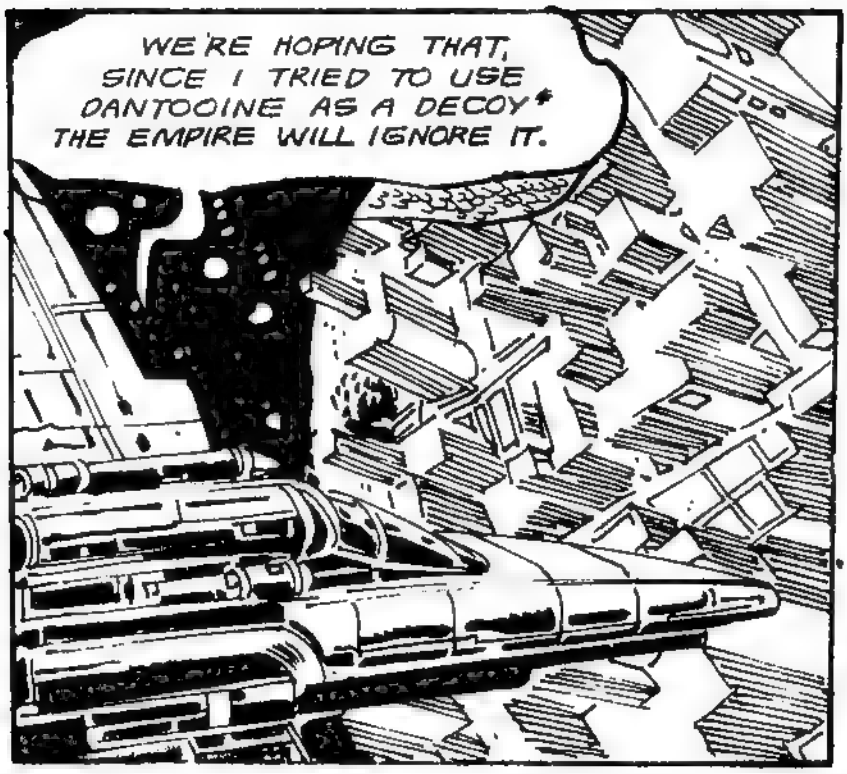
JOHN STEPHENSON • WRITER •

CESAR MACSOMBOL • D.B. STUDIOS • ARTIST •

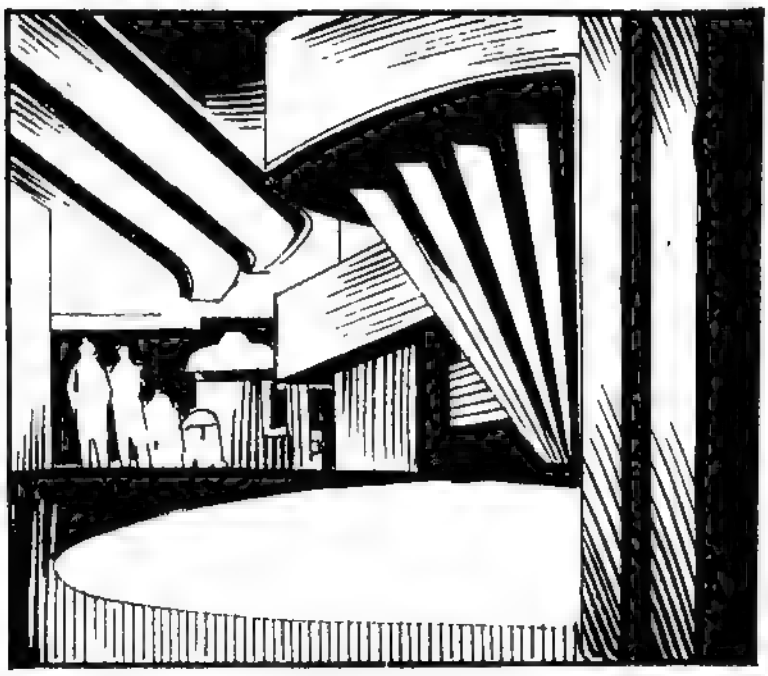
JOJO MACSOMBOL • LETTERER •

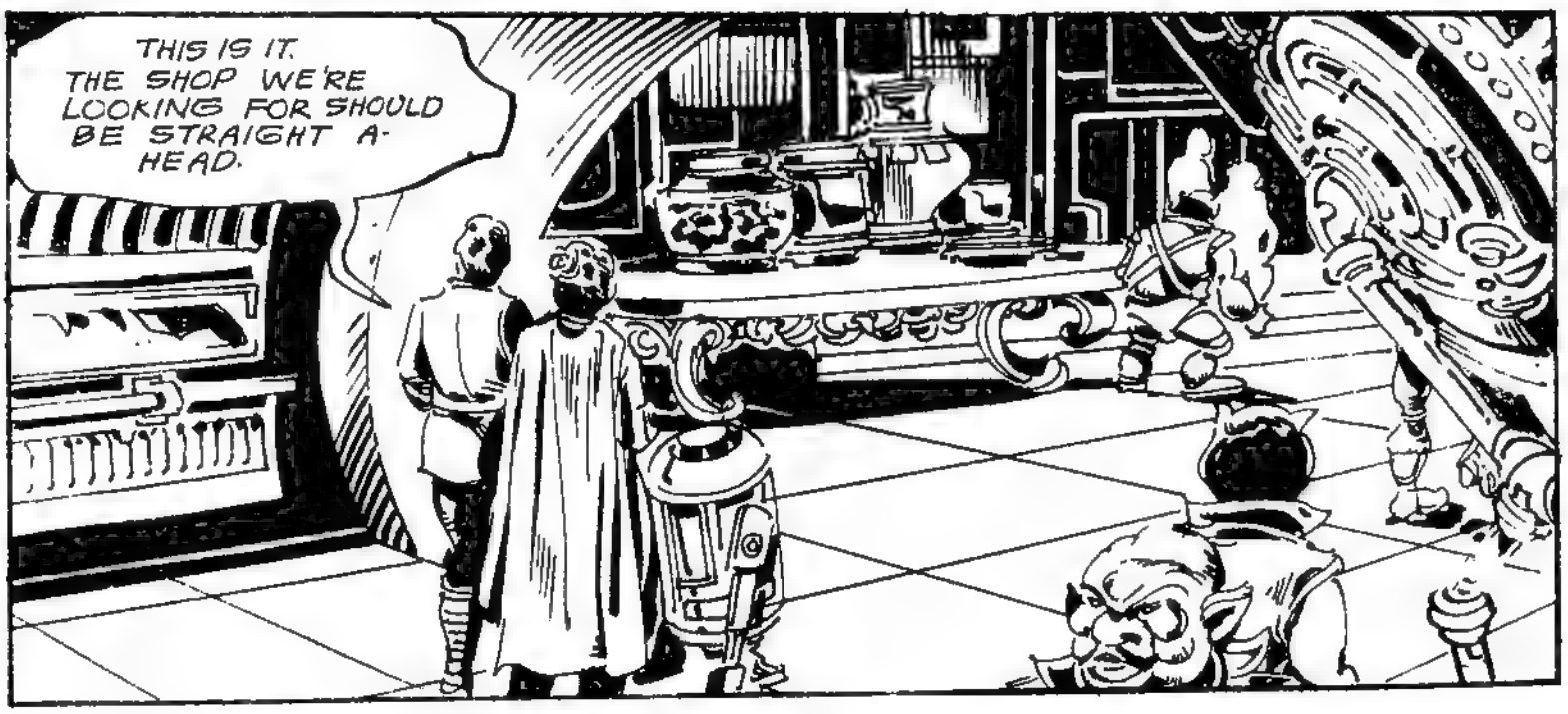
LUCY AUTREY WILSON EDITOR

3-D EFFECTS by PAUL TALLERDAY



WITH THE PROPER INCENTIVES THE LOCAL PORT AGENTS ARE LENIENT ABOUT ENTRANCE VISAS AND THE LIKE.





BOY, 'MOS EISLEY' HAS NOTHING ON THIS PLACE! HOW'RE WE SUPPOSED TO 'FIND' THIS GUY?

OH, I DONT THINK THAT'LL BE A PROBLEM.

... IF YOU KNOW WHERE TO LOOK.

NOW **RE-MEMBER**...

JUST LIKE HAN TOLD US - THE PASS-PHRASE HAS TO BE **ABSOLUTELY** CORRECT OR THE WHOLE DEAL IS OFF.

NICE STUFF.

GOOD QUALITY.

CRYIN' SHAME IT ISN'T WORTH THE FUR OFF AN OLD WOOKIEE.

Hmmf!

VA RÄSTNE-MAJ BAJAN! QUEE!*

* - TOOK YOU LONG ENOUGH TO GET HERE!

KODAMÖE! *

* - COME ON. WE MUST WASTE NO TIME!

THIS IS IT? WHAT A BUNCH OF JUNK! I THOUGHT HE...

LUKE!

Holaoey. DAKORÄS.*

TIK TEK TEK

* - HEY, NO PROBLEM. THE KID'S VERY WISE.

WHAT THE...

MMMMMMMM!

BAJMÖ NEAN!

MAJEN. VA TS RÄS QUEE. *

* - HE'S JUST NOT TOO SMART.

NOW. LET'S TALK PRICES.

LUKE!
EH?
LUKE! COME SEE US.
COME COME LUKE!
BRAAT-FRRM!
I'LL ... BE RIGHT... BACK.
O.K. STAY OUT OF TROUBLE.
NO! THESE WON'T DO! I NEED...
SQUOOORT-BOOOP!
LUKE!
WEEELL... HOW NICE. LOOKS LIKE WE HAVE A 'GUEST.'

ABEL. GET TO THE ROOF AND PLAY 'DROPSHIP'. WE'LL DISTRACT HIM.

...SO I SAYS, 'YEAH? YOU AND WHAT STAR DESTROYER?'
HA-HA-HA-HA!

YOUR PARDON, SIR! COULD YOU SPARE A FEW CREDITS TO SOME NEEDY PELLOWS?

YOU 'DEAF' OR SOME-THING?
HEY! YOU!

HE LOOKS PROTON-SHOCKED! DOESN'T EVEN 'KNOW' WE'RE 'HERE'.

WELL, JUST HOLD THAT POSE, YOUNGSTER. THIS'LL 'ALL' BE OVER IN A 'MINUTE'.

LUKE BE WARE!

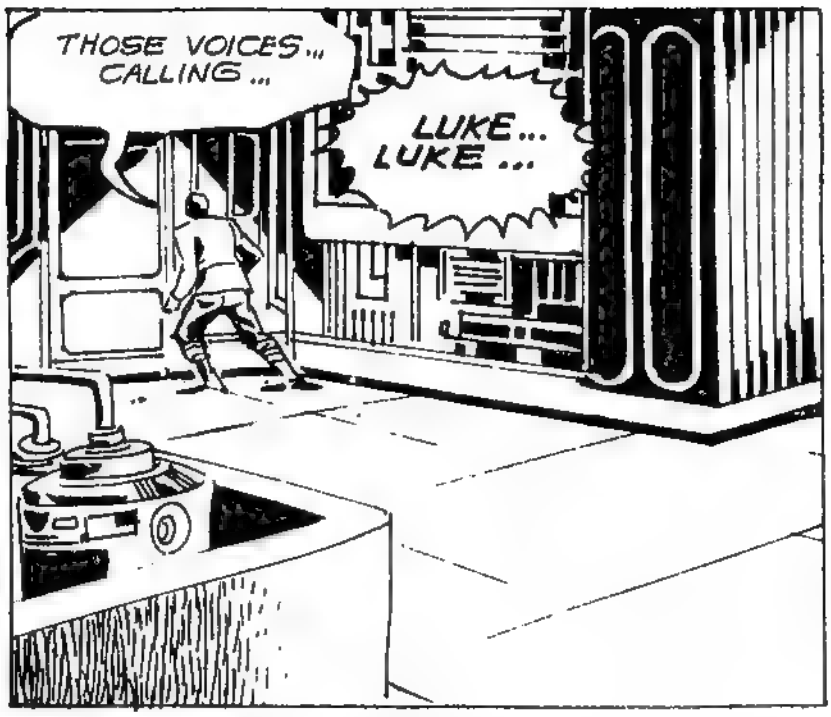
URK!

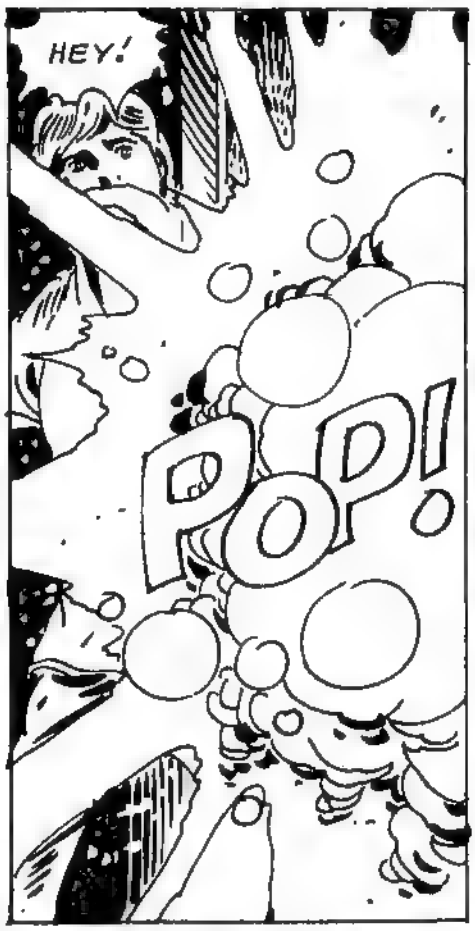
SSSSSSHHWOM

OCCOOH...

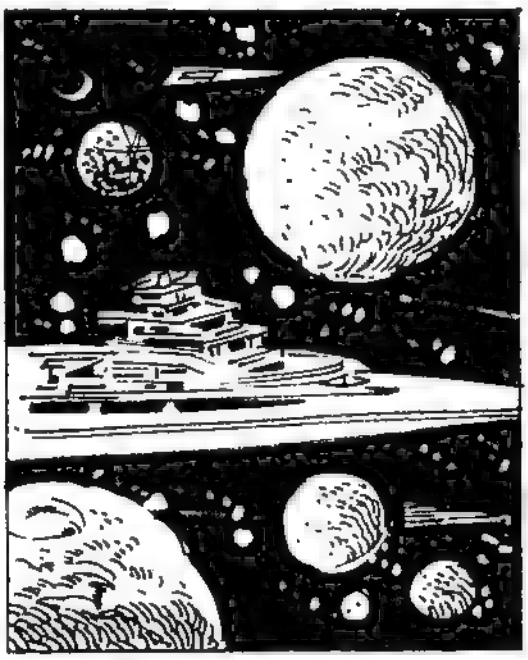
LEIA? WHAT'S THAT NOISE? WHERE...

...AM ...I?





AT THAT MOMENT, THE IMPERIAL STAR DESTROYER CONQUEROR SITS IN ORBIT NEAR THE PLANET OF 'YAVIN'.
ON BOARD IS THE USUAL COMPLEMENT OF OFFICER AND CREW. AND ONE SPECIAL PASSENGER...



..THE DARK SITH-LORD HIMSELF, DARTH VADER. ENGROSSED WITH INCOMING REPORTS FROM THE ABANDONED REBEL BASE ON ONE OF YAVIN'S MOONS, HE FEELS A SUDDEN STIRRING IN THE FORCE.
EH?

YOUR PARDON, LORD VADER. THE LANDING PARTY HAS RETURNED WITH THEIR REPORT.
AT LAST. ONE OF MY TRAPS HAS SPRUNG.

I... BEG YOUR PARDON, MY LORD?
LORD VADER? ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

HELLO? IS ANYONE THERE?

BUT UNFOCUSED. NO TRAINING.
FORCE IS STRONG WITH THIS ONE
EASY CATCH. VADER BE HAPPY.

LUKE
YES? WHERE ARE YOU?

...YES! I DO! IT'S WONDERFUL!
CLOSE VERY CLOSE FEEL THE FORCE?

YEEE-
OOWW!

TEE-HEE
HEE-HEE
HEE-HEE!

WHAT... WHAT
ARE YOU? I'VE NE-
VER HEARD OF ANY-
THING LIKE
YOU.

SILLY
MAN!

CLUMSY,
TOO!

CALL US
FAIRFOLK

WE STRONG
WITH FORCE,
TEACH TO
PEOPLE!

"THE
"FORCE?

YOU KNOW
THE FORCE?
THAT'S
GREAT!

MY FRIEND,
OBI-WAN
KENOBI...

... HE STARTED
TO TEACH ME
THE WAYS OF
THE FORCE.

HEY! HOLD
STILL!

COULD YOU
SHOW ME
THE WAYS
OF THE FORCE
TO BECOME
A JEDI?

JEDI?
POSSIB-
LE. VERY
HARD.
MAYBE
FAIL.

PLEASE! I HAVE
TO BECOME A
JEDI! I JUST
HAVE TO!

YOU SEEM TRUE ... WORTHY.
GIVE HAND... LESSONS BEGIN.
YOU... YOU MEAN IT?!
YES, GIVE ME YOUR 'HAND'.
GIVE ME YOUR 'HAND'!
POW

AT THE INSTANT OF CONTACT, A SURGE OF POWER STUNS LUKE...

YEEEESS! NOW I HAVE YOU! HUNDRED OF TRAPS HAVE BEEN SET ACROSS THE GALAXY FOR ANYONE WITH THE TALENTS OF THE FORCE, AND NOW I HAVE **CAUGHT** YOU!

NOW YOU WILL LEARN THE TRUE SIDE OF THE FORCE MY WAY, THE DARK SIDE!

...WHILE BACK IN THE SUPPLY SHOP THE SURGE IS FELT BY AN UNEXPECTED SOURCE.

WOW! WHAT WAS **THAT**?

FORCE! VERY STRONG HERE

FIRST LESSON! LIFT VASE!

OK YOU ARE?

...UMM... YES! I'M FINE. MUST BE A TOUCH OF JUMP-LAG.

COME ON, LIFT.

FEEL FORCE! LIFT!

WAIT JUST A MINUTE! LET ME CLEAR MY HEAD!

POOR BOY HEAD HURTS?

YES! I...

I DO! JUST GIVE ME...

THOUGHT YOU WANTED TO LEARN.

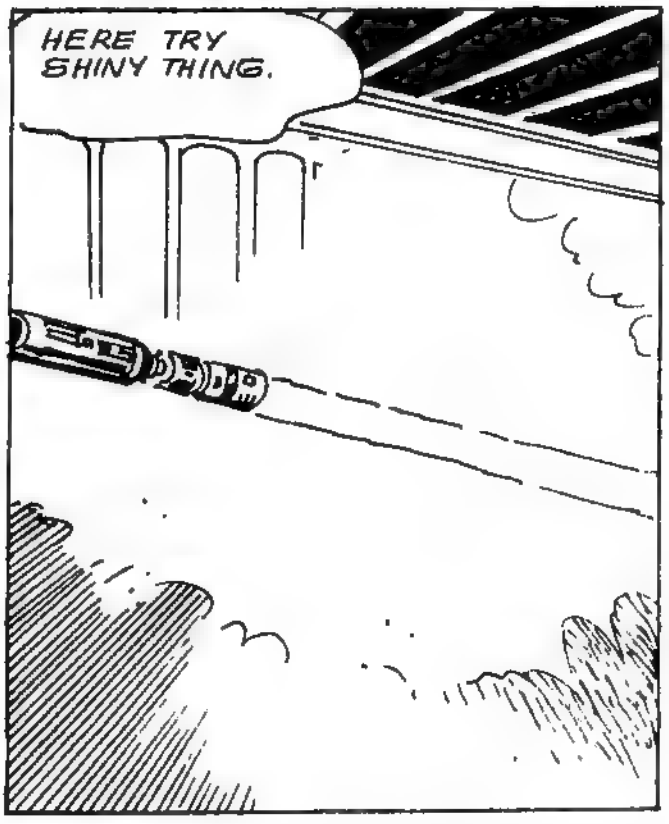
MAYBE NOT WANT TO LEARN BAD ENOUGH.

LIFT! C'MON, LIFT!
TOO HARD NO GOOD
BOY TOO YOUNG
COME ON! NNNNG!
LET HIM BE
BOY NOT FOCUSED TOO LAZY!
MAYBE HE NEEDS HELP.
POOR BOY
NOT TRY HARD ENOUGH.
TRY TOO HARD.
HOW AM I SUPPOSED TO CONCENTRATE WITH YOU JABBERING? I CAN'T EVEN...
DAP
OOOW!

LEAVE ME 'ALONE!'
KA POT
WHIISS!

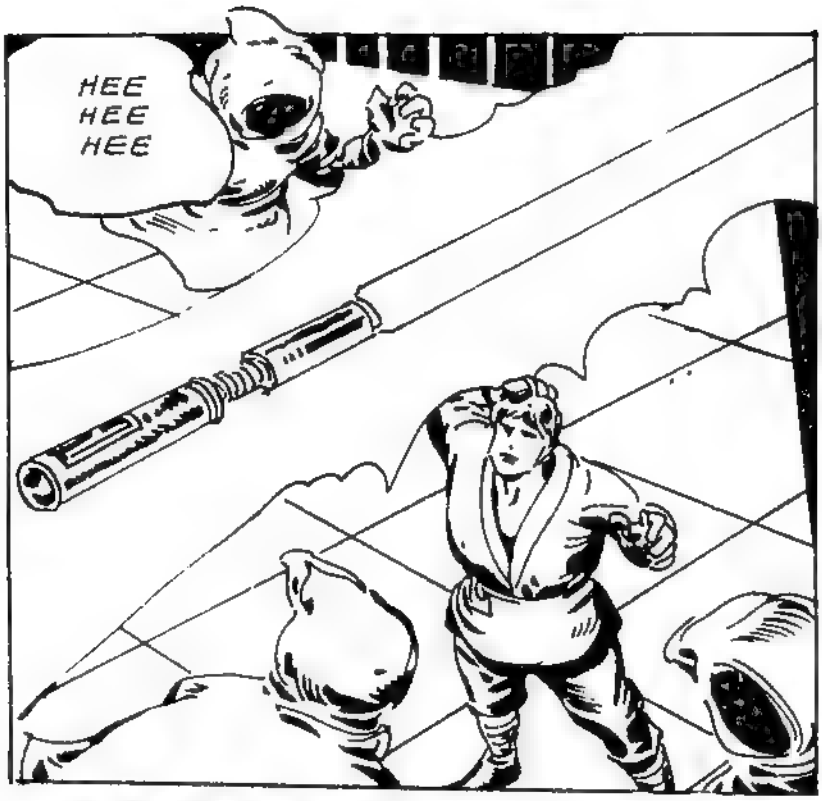
WOW! DID I DO THAT?
NOT BAD FIRST TRY.

THAT WAS GREAT! I COULD ACTUALLY FEEL IT MOVING THROUGH ME!
WHAT ELSE CAN I...


HERE TRY SHINY THING.

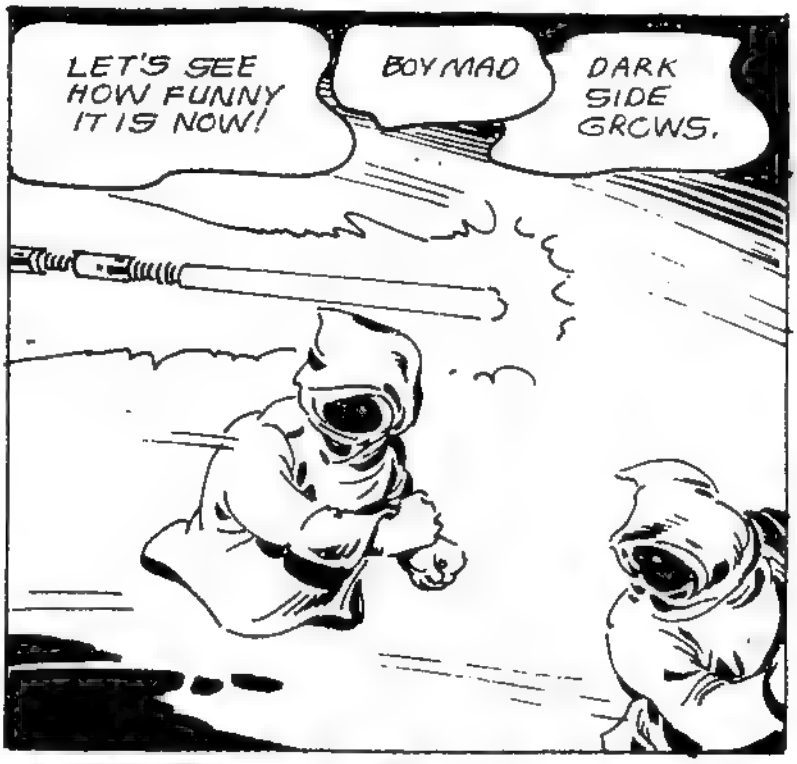
MY LIGHT-SABER?

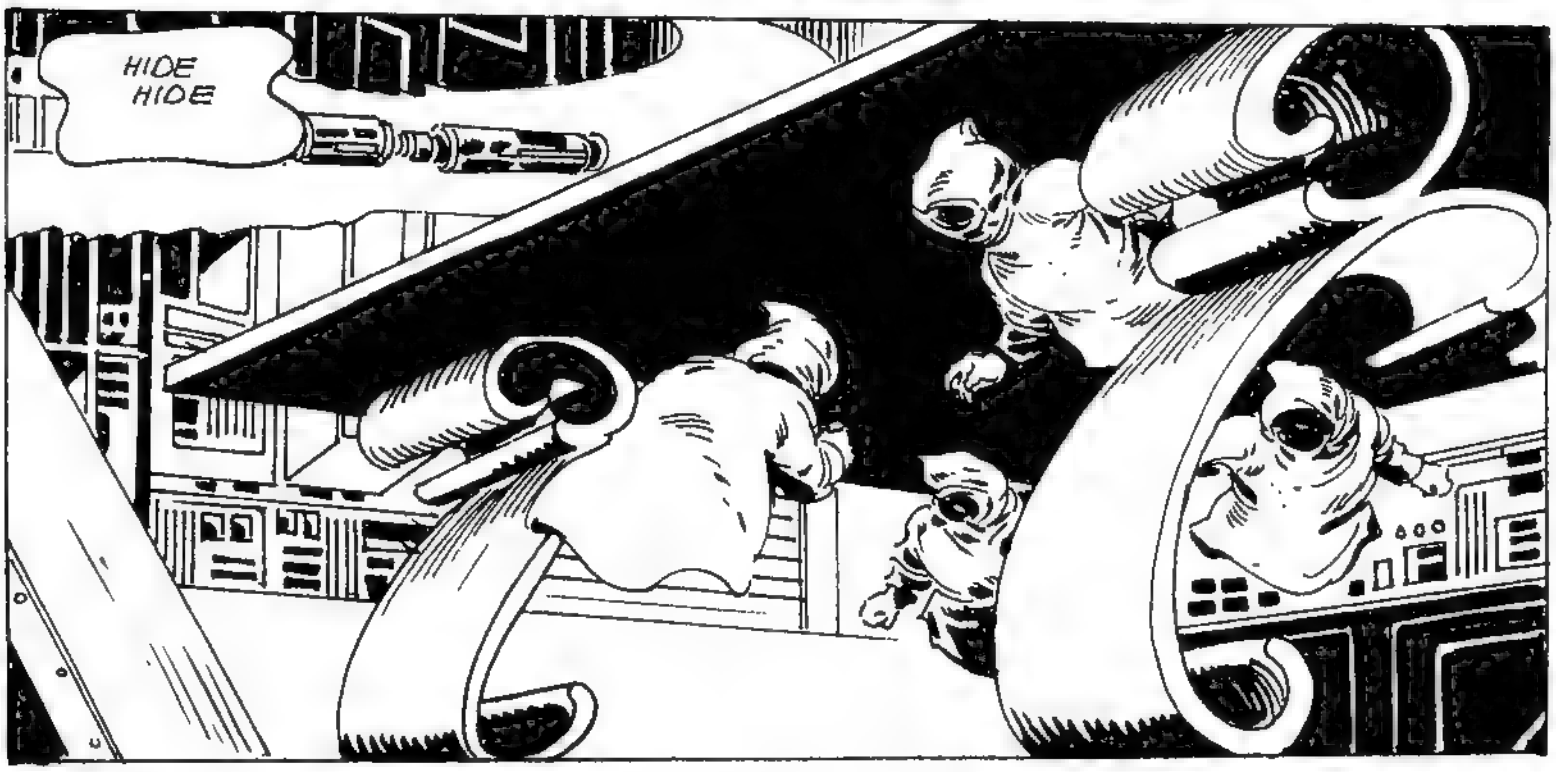
OK. NOW STAND BACK.
OOOO! CONFIDENT.
STRONG HE IS.


HEE
HEE
HEE

YOU CRUMMY
LITTLE ...!

PSSSSOOOO!
OPS!


LET'S SEE
HOW FUNNY
IT IS NOW!
BOY MAD
DARK
SIDE
GROWS.


HIDE
HIDE

EEEK

STOP STOP STOP

SSSHHOOOM!

NOT SO CHEERFUL NOW, ARE WE? WHERE'S ALL THE LAUGHS NOW!

BOY LOOK LOOK LOOK.

LOOK WHAT YOU DO! SEE! SEE! SEE THE FORCE YOU USE!

GET AWAY FROM ME, YOU PEST.

I'M SICK AND TIRED OF BEING HIT AND POKED.

LOOK AT SABER! LOOK! LOOK!

WHAT'S THE BIG ...

... DEAL?

EXCELLENT!

FORCE STRONG IN THIS ONE

SEE? SOMETIME FORCE JUST NEED NUDGE.

LOOK AT ME! I'M DOING IT! I'M DOING IT! IT'S EASY!

AND NOW MY YOUNG PUPIL, YOUR TRUE TRAINING BEGINS.

SIR! WHAT DO WE DO? WE WERE TO RENDEZVOUS WITH THE MAIN FLEET!

PERHAPS YOU'D LIKE TO INFORM LORD VADER OF HIS TARDINESS!

I HAVE YOU NOW...

THE YOUNG OFFICER GULPS ONCE, THEN RETURNS TO HIS POST.

ALL RIIIGHT!

WATCH OUT

CAN'T CATCH ME!

VVRRANGG!

HEEEEYAAAAH! THIS IS SO EASY! IT'S...

VZZZZZRK

SO, YOUNGSTER. YOU FEEL COMFORT-ABLE WITH THE FORCE.
YOU HAVE SEEN A SMALL PORTION OF WHAT CAN BE ACCOMPLISHED WITH ITS POWER.
NOW YOUR TRUE EDUCATION BEGINS.
VADER...

I HOPE YOU PROVE A 'BETTER' FOE THAN OBI-WAN!

WHAT DO 'I DO'?!

FIGHT HIM FIGHT HIM.

HERE. DEFEND YOURSELF.

TAKE IT! TAKE IT!

FORCE IS STRONG IN YOU YOU CAN BEAT HIM.

REMEMBER OBI-WAN

NOOOOO!!

YES YES YES YES

KKKRRZZZ!

... NOT LIKE LUKE TO JUST RUN OFF LIKE THAT, ARTOO. I HOPE ... EH?

PWEEE-DOOOP! PRRRRT?

LUKE?

LUKE!!

BRBLBRBL!

SKWEEEET! POOT-POOT! POOOOT!

BRAAACK PWEEEP BORTLE!

RRRRR-
AAAAAA!

WHHOOOUULF!

UP GET UP

HURRY HURRY

WAIT! WAIT...

VADER COMES

USE ANGER USE HATE TO STRIKE VADER.

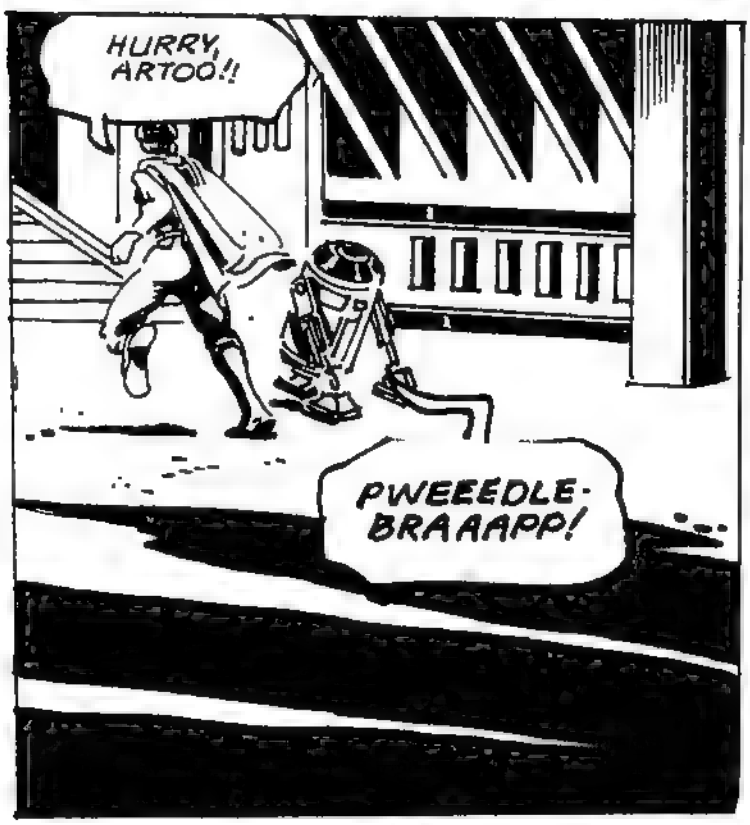
REMEMBER OBI-WAN

POOR LITTLE JEDI! YOU ARE LESS THAN NOT-HING. AND TO THINK I WAS 'WORRIED' ABOUT YOU.

AAAAAARGH!

YES! YES!
USE THE ANGER FEEL THE FORCE!
DON'T LET UP.

NNNGAA! GGRAAAA!
AAAAAAA!


HURRY, ARTOO!!
PWEEEDLE-BRAAAPP!

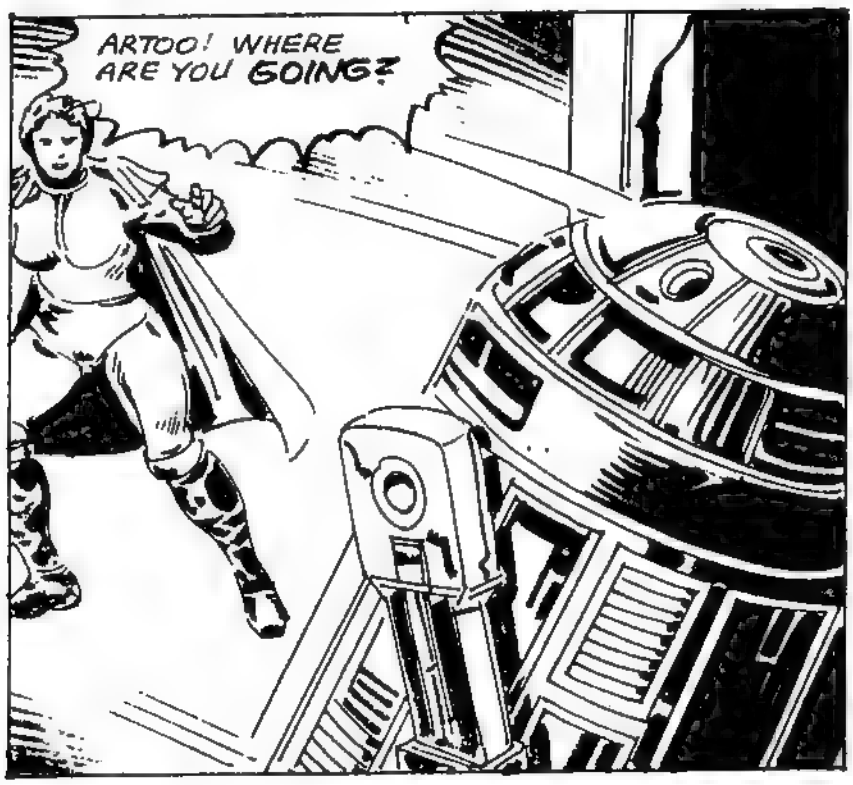
THIS IS IT. I KNOW IT!
LUKE! LUKE!
POM POM
POM

ARTOO! GET THIS THING OPEN NOW!
PWEEP-PRRRP!

THIS IS FOR OBI-WAN. THIS IS FOR MY FAMILY

EEEEEOOOWW!
ARTOOO!
POP
CRAAK
BANG

HAAA!


ARTOO! WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

NO... PLEASE...
YOUR REIGN OF TERROR IS OVER, VADER

ARTOO!! COME BACK...

...HERE?

FWEEEDLE-DE-BOOOP-DE-DOOOOO!!

YOU ARE MINE NOW VADER!

FINISH HIM. FINISH HIM!

USE THE FORCE!

INTRUDERS!

STOP THEM! STOP THEM!

KRASSSSSS

AAAAARRRR

WHAT? WHA?..

LUKE? ARE YOU... OH!
GET HER! STOP HERE

EEEEEK! AAAAAA!
SPLLOORT!

WHERE ARE YOU? COME BACK, COWARD!
LUKE!

ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

RRRRAAAA!
LUKE!

L-LEIA?

WHAT ARE YOU... WHAT AM... I...

DOOOOO...

LUKE!

ARTOO, HELP ME!

HANG ON, LUKE! WE'LL GET YOU OUT OF HERE!

LET US GO! AAAAGG!.. GRRRR!

HOLD ON, ARTOO! I'M GETTING US OUT OF HERE NOW!

...OOOH, VADER... ...LEIA...

TAKE IT EASY, LUKE. ARE YOU ALRIGHT?

I... THINK SO.

I... SAW DARTH VADER. I FOUGHT HIM... I... USED THE FORCE.

OR RATHER, THE **DARK SIDE** OF IT.

IT WAS **AWFUL** LEIA. BUT AT THE SAME TIME, **VERY** TEMPTING. IT WOULD HAVE BEEN **SO** EASY TO USE IT, AND BECOME LIKE **HIM.**

IF IT WEREN'T FOR **YOU...**

YOU FOUND IT IN **YOURSELF.**

BUT I HAVE TO FIND SOMEONE TO **TEACH** ME THE WAYS OF THE FORCE. THERE **MUST** BE A JEDI LEFT SOMEWHERE.

I **ALMOST** HAD YOU THAT TIME, SKYWALKER. YOU **BARELY** ESCAPED MY GRASP.

NEXT TIME YOU WILL NOT BE SO LUCKY. YOU **WILL** FULFILL YOUR **DESTINY.**

SEE THAT I AM **NOT** DISTURBED.

Y-Y-YES, LORD VADER.

THE END.

STAR WARS KIDS
The Rebel Thief

script by Ryder Windham
art by Gary Erskine
colors by Cary Porter
lettering by Annie Parkhouse

YOU REALLY THINK IT'S *SAFE* FOR US TO STAY ON *YAVIN FOUR*, LEIA?

THE DEATH STAR IS *GONE*, LUKE. AND SINCE THERE WEREN'T ANY *IMPERIAL* SURVIVORS--

IT MAY BE *WEEKS* BEFORE THE EMPIRE PREPARES ANOTHER ATTACK.

I'M NOT *SO SURE* ABOUT THAT, PRINCESS. AT LEAST *ONE* IMPERIAL ESCAPED THE DEATH STAR...

...THE *LEAD PILOT* IN THAT *PROTOTYPE TIE FIGHTER!*

BUT TIE FIGHTERS DON'T HAVE HYPERDRIVES! EVEN IF THE IMPERIAL PILOT SURVIVED, IT COULD TAKE *DAYS* FOR HIM TO REACH AN IMPERIAL BASE!

OUR MAIN CONCERN IS TO *REBUILD THE REBEL FLEET*. WE LOST MOST OF OUR BEST PILOTS AT THE DEATH STAR.

WAIT A MINUTE! WHAT ABOUT THE *REWARD MONEY* I *GAVE BACK* TO YOU? *THAT* SHOULD BE ENOUGH FOR A *DOZEN* X-WINGS!

AND I THANK YOU FOR RETURNING YOUR REWARD, SOLO, BUT THAT MONEY IS PRACTICALLY *GONE*. WE NEED MORE FOOD AND MEDICAL SUPPLIES... NEW PARTS FOR OLDER SHIPS...

OLDER SHIPS, HUH? I GET THE *HINT*. IF YOU'LL *EXCUSE ME*, I'VE GOT SOME *WORK* TO DO ON *THE FALCON*.

WHAT'S WITH HAN? YOU DON'T THINK HE *REGRETS* RETURNING THE REWARD?

I DON'T KNOW, LUKE.

I JUST DON'T KNOW.

DID YOU HEAR THAT, ARTOO? BEFORE BEING FOUND IN THE NEARBY FORTRESS, Q-7N WAS ONCE CAPTURED BY PIRATES!

BWIPP MEEP-EEP WOOOP?

YES, ARTOO, BUT IT HAPPENED MANY YEARS AGO...

...ALMOST TWO THOUSAND YEARS TO BE EXACT. THE PIRATES PLACED ME IN THE FORTRESS TO GUARD THEIR STOLEN TREASURE.

I'M JUST SO GLAD THAT'S ALL BEHIND ME. NOW I HOPE TO HELP THE REBEL ALLIANCE!

WE CAN USE ALL THE HELP WE CAN GET, Q-7N!

BUBBUPP OOP-NEEP!

HMMM.

HOW GO THE REPAIRS, CHEWIE?

WOOOORL!

GREAT. LET'S TAKE HER FOR A SPIN.

MILLENNIUM FALCON TO REBEL BASE. WE'VE FINISHED REPAIRS. PERMISSION TO TAKE THE FALCON FOR A TEST FLIGHT.

PERMISSION GRANTED, CAPTAIN SOLO.

LISTEN, CHEWIE...YOU KNOW THAT *OLD DROID*, THE ONE DISCOVERED IN THE *ANCIENT FORTRESS*?

RRRRL?

WELL, I *OVERHEARD* THE DROID SAY SOMETHING THAT COULD HELP US OUT *A LOT*! THERE'S *A FORTUNE* IN THAT FORTRESS--

GRRWWWWLL?!

THAT'S RIGHT, PAL...

...WE'RE GOING *TREASURE HUNTING*!

NEXT: *THE FORBIDDEN FORTRESS!*

THAT SHOULD DO IT! HOW IS IT ON YOUR END, ARTOO?

WHOOOP NEEP BRIP-BIP!

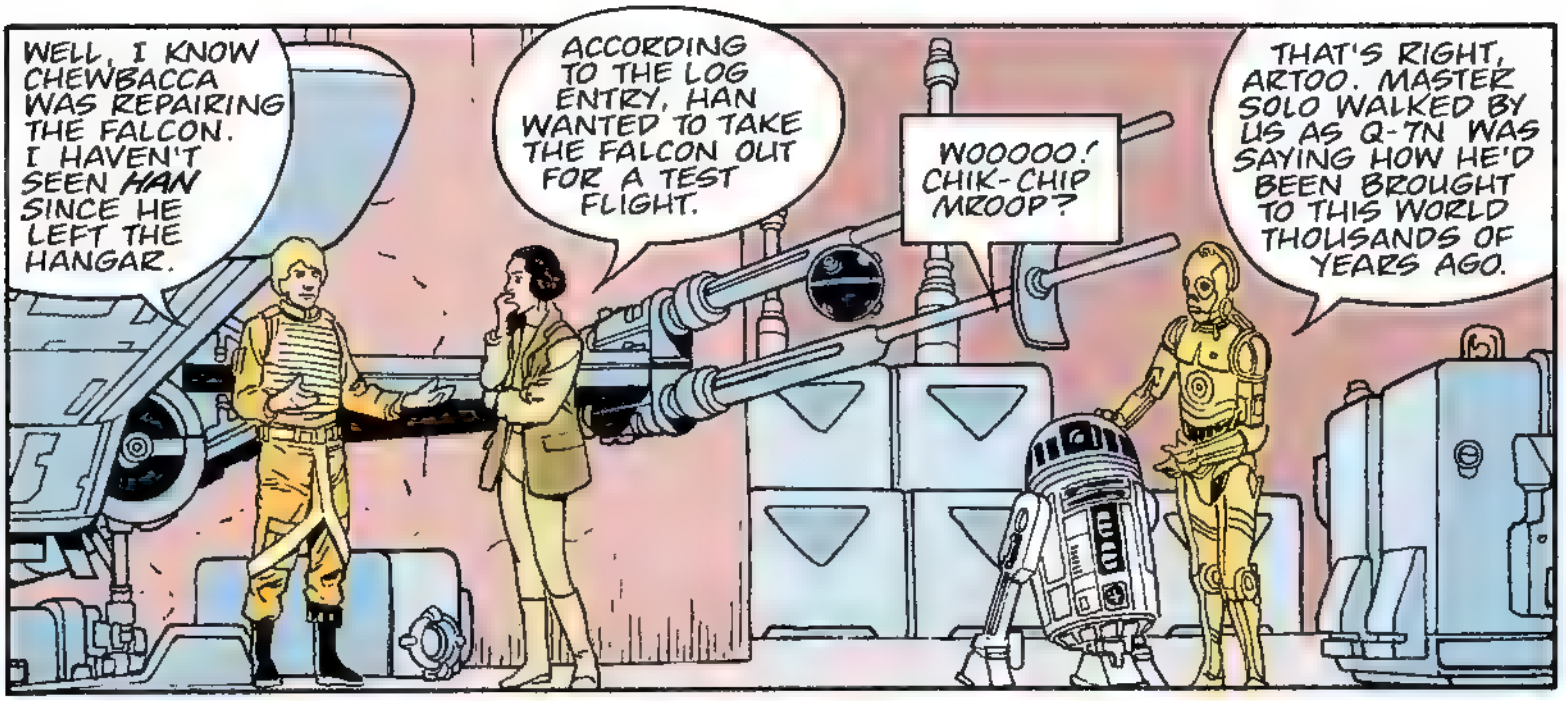
I DON'T UNDERSTAND, MASTER LUKE. THE DEATH STAR IS DESTROYED! WHY ARE YOU LABORING SO MUCH ON YOUR X-WING?

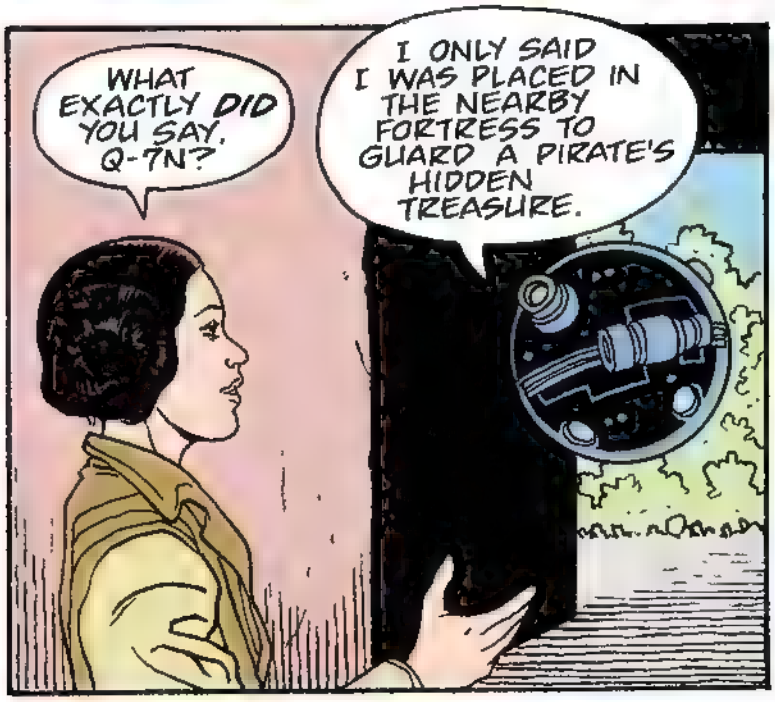
THE DEATH STAR MAY BE GONE, THREEPIO, BUT THE EMPIRE IS STILL OUT THERE. WHEN THEY STRIKE BACK, I WANT TO BE READY!

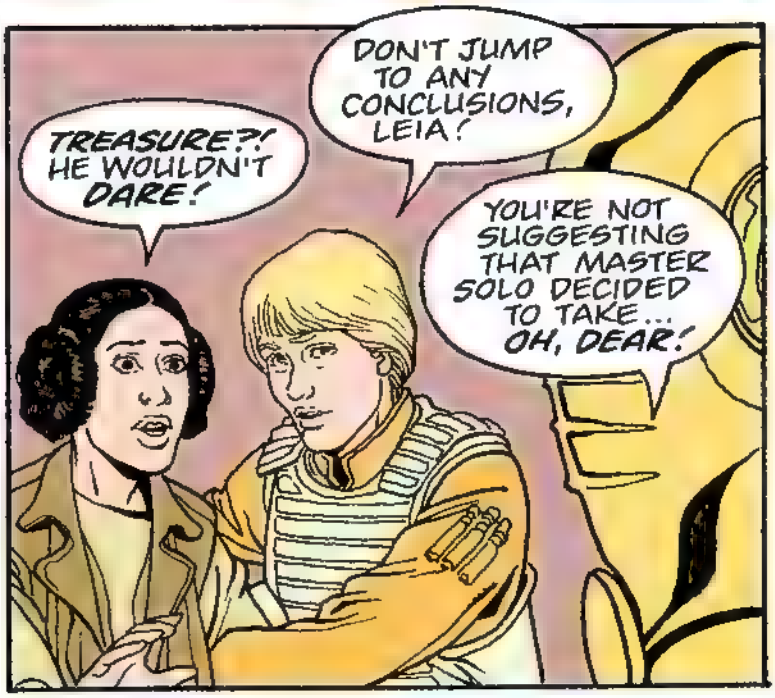
OH, LUKE?

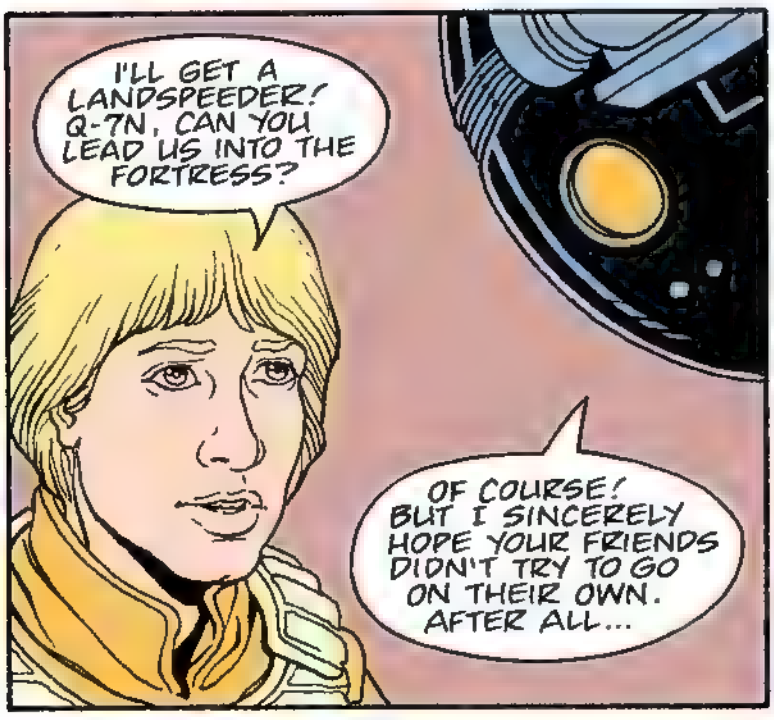
LEIA! WHAT'S WRONG?

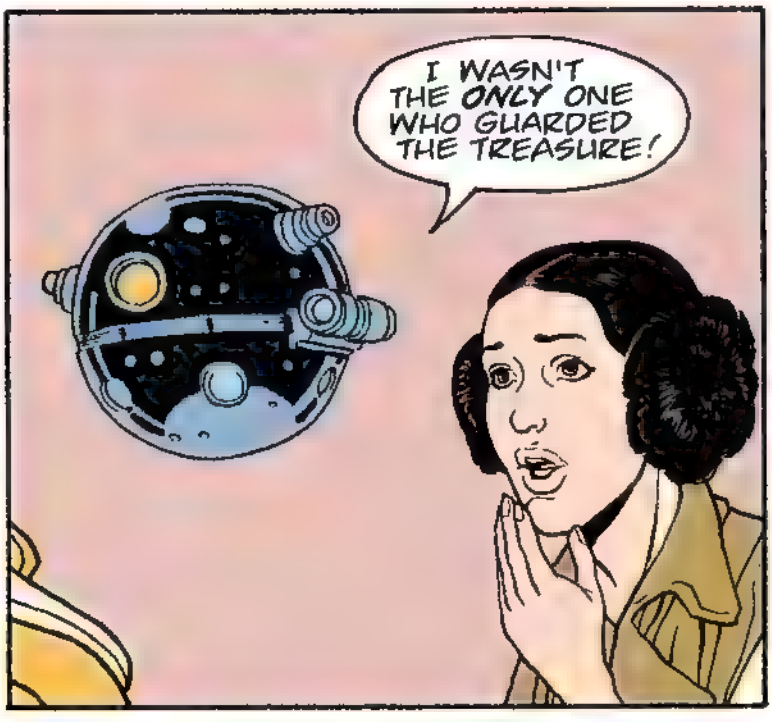
HAVE YOU SEEN HAN OR CHEWBACCA? THEY CHECKED OUT A WHILE AGO, BUT NO ONE SEEMS TO KNOW WHERE THEY WERE GOING!


WELL, I KNOW CHEWBACCA WAS REPAIRING THE FALCON. I HAVEN'T SEEN HAN SINCE HE LEFT THE HANGAR.
ACCORDING TO THE LOG ENTRY, HAN WANTED TO TAKE THE FALCON OUT FOR A TEST FLIGHT.
WOOOOO! CHIK-CHIP MROOP?
THAT'S RIGHT, ARTOO. MASTER SOLO WALKED BY US AS Q-7N WAS SAYING HOW HE'D BEEN BROUGHT TO THIS WORLD THOUSANDS OF YEARS AGO.


WHAT EXACTLY DID YOU SAY, Q-7N?
I ONLY SAID I WAS PLACED IN THE NEARBY FORTRESS TO GUARD A PIRATE'S HIDDEN TREASURE.


TREASURE?! HE WOULDN'T DARE!
DON'T JUMP TO ANY CONCLUSIONS, LEIA!
YOU'RE NOT SUGGESTING THAT MASTER SOLO DECIDED TO TAKE... OH, DEAR!


I'LL GET A LANDSPEEDER! Q-7N, CAN YOU LEAD US INTO THE FORTRESS?
OF COURSE! BUT I SINCERELY HOPE YOUR FRIENDS DIDN'T TRY TO GO ON THEIR OWN. AFTER ALL...


I WASN'T THE ONLY ONE WHO GUARDED THE TREASURE!

WRRRLLL?

QUIT WHINING, CHEWIE, AND HOLD THAT GLOW ROD STEADY!

IT LOOKS LIKE THERE'S A PASSAGEWAY UP AHEAD. COME ON!

GRRRRLLL!

I'M TELLING YOU, WE'RE NOT IN ANY DANGER! AND WHO'S GOING TO STOP US? THAT FLOATING PIPSQUEAK, Q-7N?

HEY, I THINK I SEE SOMETHING, CHEWIE. GIVE ME THE GLOW ROD.

WELL, CALL ME A NERF HERDER! THERE REALLY *IS* TREASURE!

CHEWIE, WAS THAT *YOU*?

NO, IT WASN'T ME EITHER!

NNN-NNNLL!

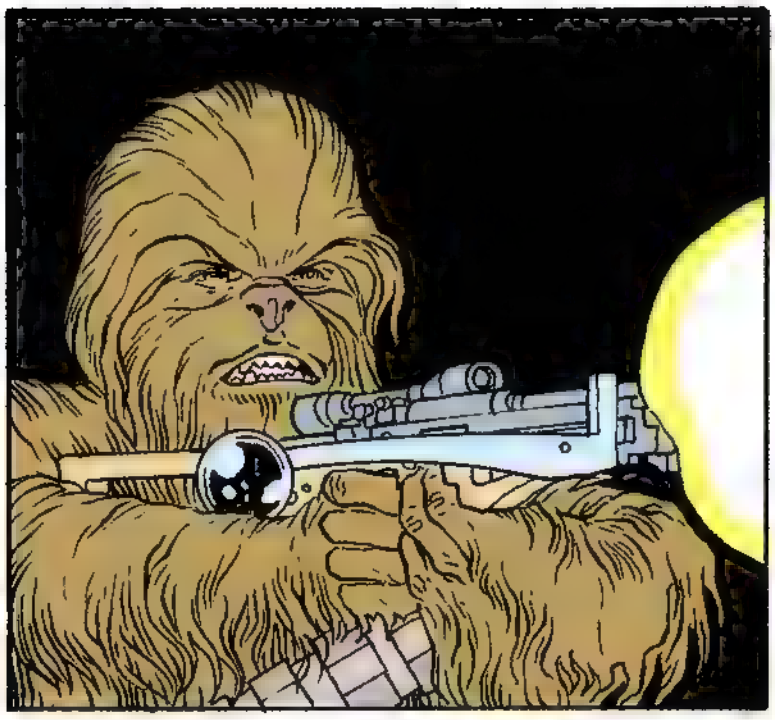
KRUNCH

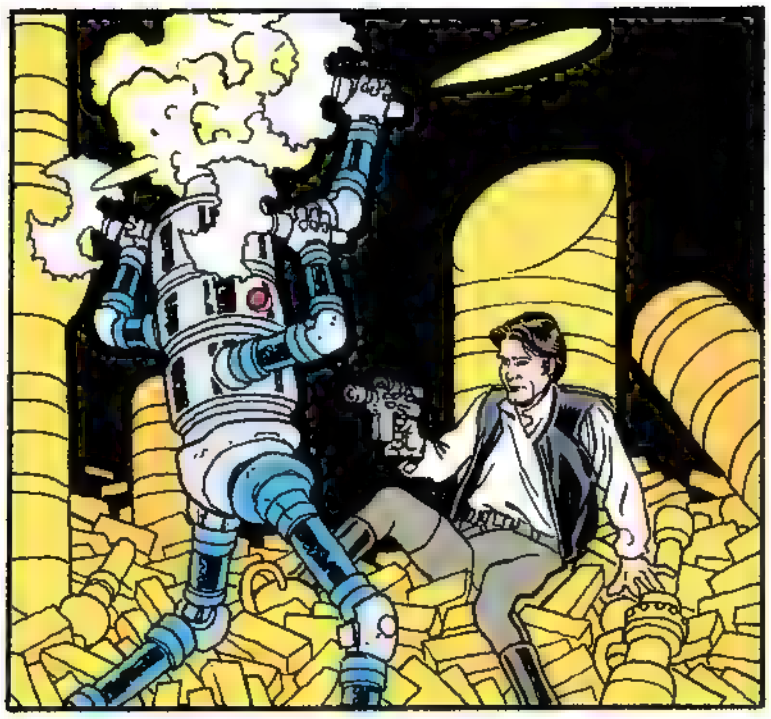
KLIK-KLIK... INTRUDERS!

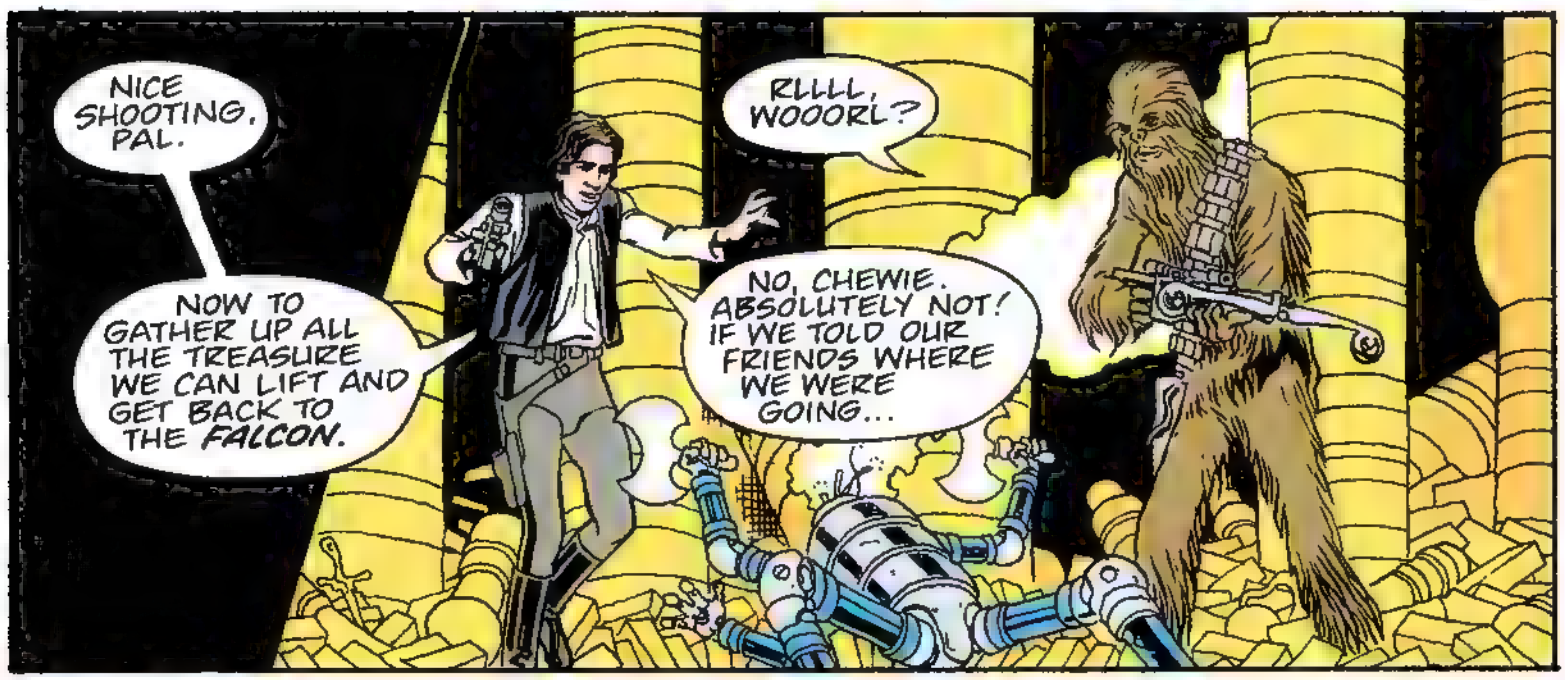
OOOPS.

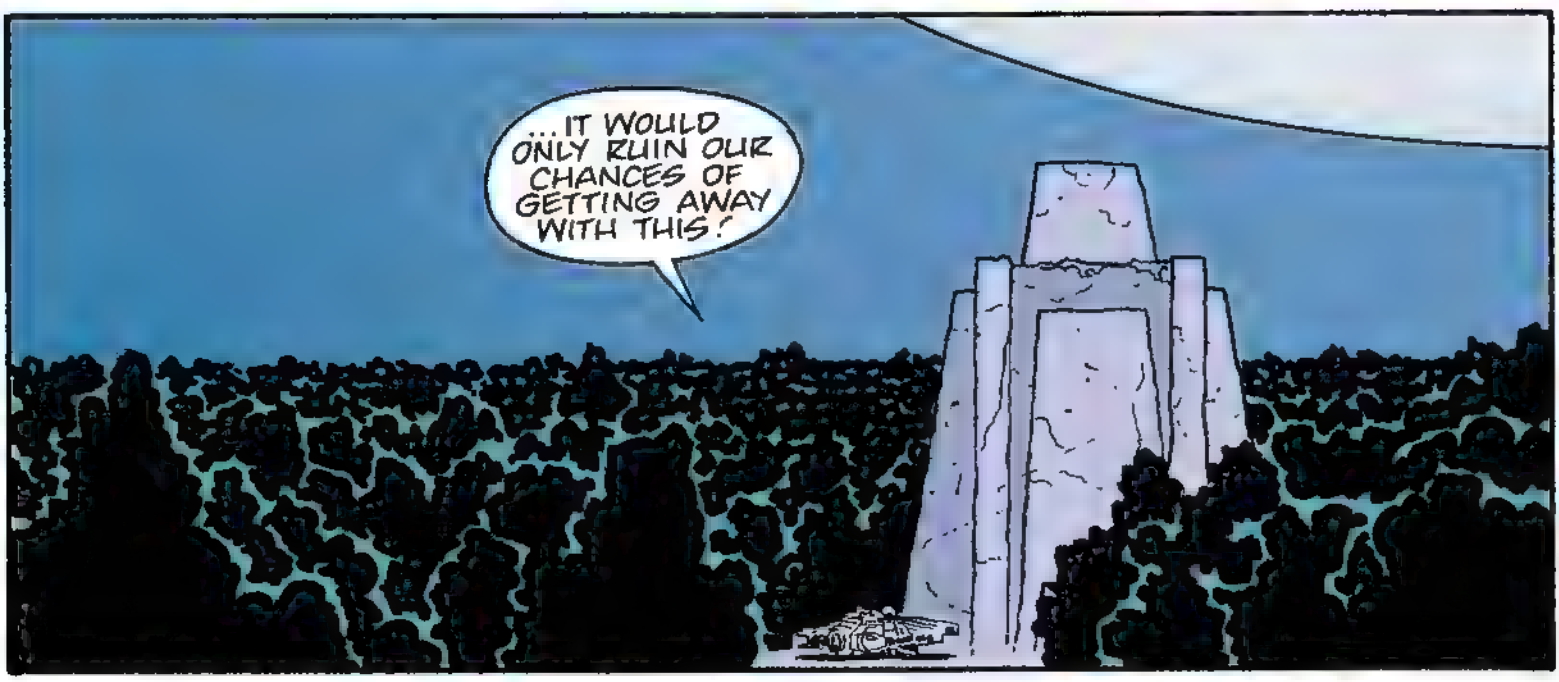
NEXT: DUEL TO THE DEATH!

WHRRR-KLIK! DEATH TO ALL INTRUDERS!
I THOUGHT Q-7N WAS THE ONLY DROID WHO GUARDED THIS FORTRESS!
ROOWRLL!
K-KLIK! YOU THOUGHT WRONG!
CHEWIE!






NICE SHOOTING, PAL.
NOW TO GATHER UP ALL THE TREASURE WE CAN LIFT AND GET BACK TO THE FALCON.
RLLLL, WOOORL?
NO, CHEWIE. ABSOLUTELY NOT! IF WE TOLD OUR FRIENDS WHERE WE WERE GOING...


...IT WOULD ONLY RUIN OUR CHANCES OF GETTING AWAY WITH THIS!

CAN'T WE GO ANY FASTER, LUKE?

SORRY, LEIA, BUT THIS JUNGLE IS REALLY DENSE.

DENSE, HUH? THAT REMINDS ME...

...WHEN I GET MY HANDS ON SOLO, I'LL WIPE THAT STUPID SMIRK OFF OF HIS FACE... PERMANENTLY!

DON'T JUMP TO CONCLUSIONS, LEIA! HAN WAS A SMUGGLER, NOT A THIEF!

AFTER ALL WE'VE BEEN THROUGH, I CAN'T BELIEVE HE WOULD JUST GO OFF AND STEAL A TREASURE.

I WISH I BELIEVED THE SAME THING.

HOW MUCH LONGER UNTIL WE REACH THE FORTRESS, Q-TN?

ACCORDING TO MY SENSORS, WE SHOULD BE THERE WITHIN MINUTES!

WAIT, THERE'S SOMETHING UP--

OH, NO!

IT'S THE *MILLENNIUM FALCON!* SOLO AND CHEWBACCA ARE TAKING OFF!

BUT WHY?! HOW COULD THEY?! MAYBE WE SHOULD CHECK THE FORTRESS FOR ANY SIGN OF--

NO, LUKE. I'VE SEEN ENOUGH.

I THINK WE SHOULD GO BACK TO THE REBEL BASE.

PWIPP-MEEP NOOP-OOP?

WELL, ANYTHING'S POSSIBLE, ARTOO...

"...BUT I DON'T BELIEVE WE'LL EVER SEE MASTER SOLO OR CHEWBACCA AGAIN!"

NEXT: THE HAMMERHEAD CONNECTION!

THERE'S DENNOGRA, HOME OF SPROOL THE TRADER. PLOT A COURSE FOR ZIO SNAFFKIN SPACEPORT, CHEWIE.

BR-WOWRLLLL?

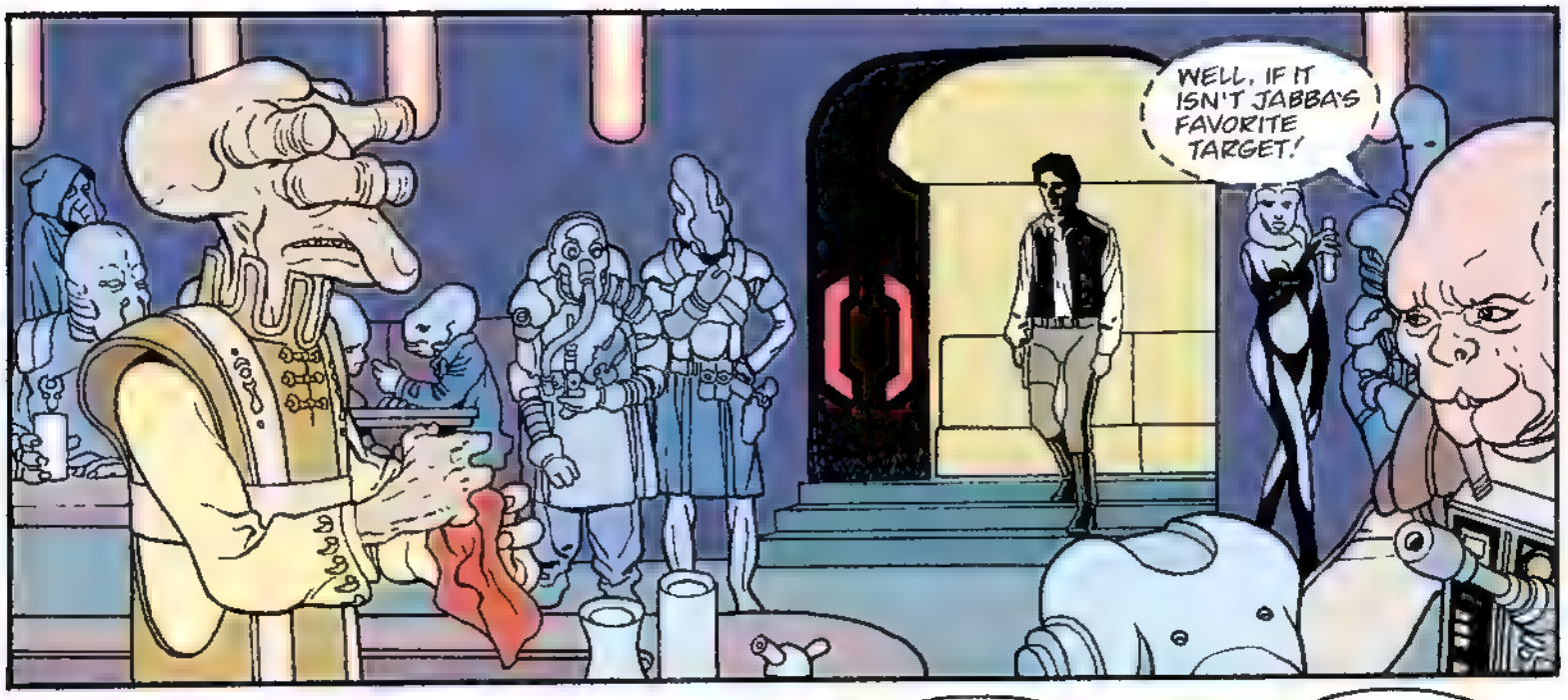
YEAH, WE'RE FLYING TO THE CANTINA, BUT DON'T GET YOUR HOPES UP...

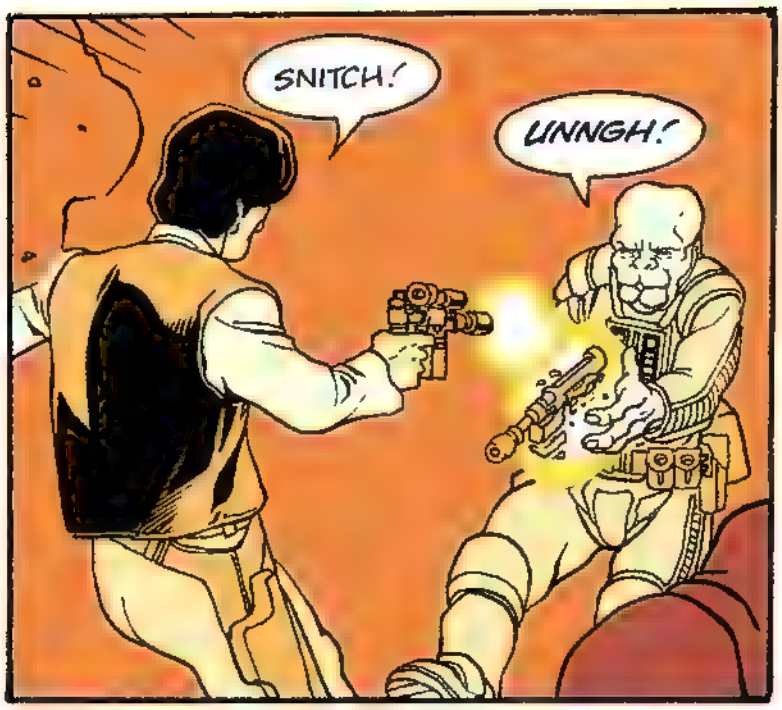
...WE WON'T CELEBRATE UNTIL *AFTER* WE SELL THE TREASURE.

OOOORRL

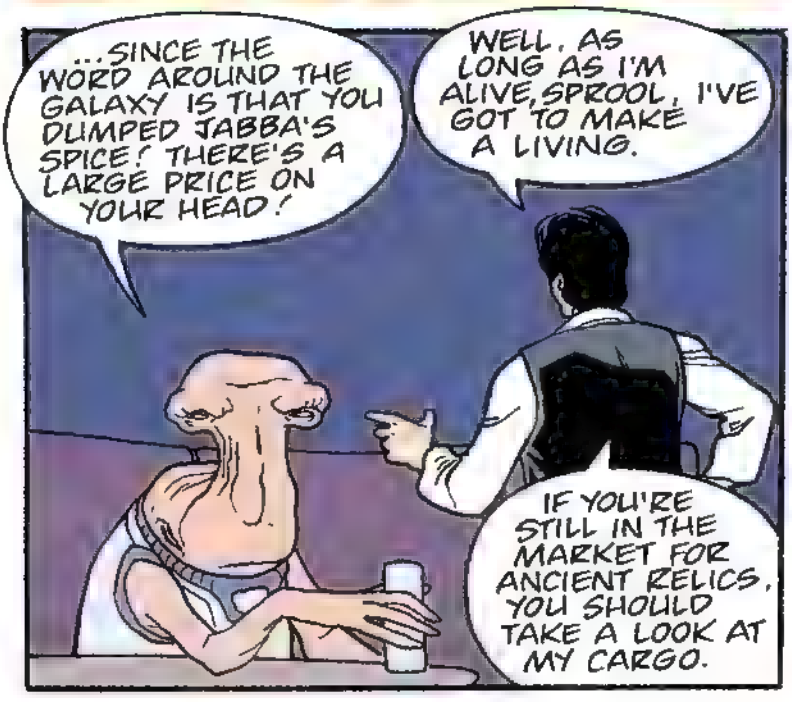
YEAH, YEAH...

KEEP THE ENGINE RUNNING, PAL. I'LL BE RIGHT BACK.


WELL, IF IT ISN'T JABBA'S FAVORITE TARGET!


SNITCH!
UNNGH!

THAT'S IT FOR THE ENTERTAINMENT, FOLKS! I'M LOOKING FOR SPROOL!
I'M SURPRISED YOU'RE STILL IN BUSINESS, SOLO...


...SINCE THE WORD AROUND THE GALAXY IS THAT YOU DUMPED JABBA'S SPICE! THERE'S A LARGE PRICE ON YOUR HEAD!
WELL, AS LONG AS I'M ALIVE, SPROOL, I'VE GOT TO MAKE A LIVING.
IF YOU'RE STILL IN THE MARKET FOR ANCIENT RELICS, YOU SHOULD TAKE A LOOK AT MY CARGO.

RELICS? WHY DIDN'T YOU SAY SO SOONER?
WHERE'S YOUR SHIP?
RIGHT OUTSIDE!

THIS...THIS IS *INCREDIBLE*, SOLO! WHERE DID YOU *FIND* THIS TREASURE?!

YOU DON'T REALLY EXPECT ME TO ANSWER THAT, DO YOU, SPROOL?

NOW, CHEWIE AND I ARE IN A HURRY, SO HERE'S THE DEAL...

...WE HAVE TWO CRATES OF THIS STUFF. FOR THE ONE YOU'RE LOOKING AT, I WANT FIVE HUNDRED THOUSAND CREDITS. YOU KNOW IT'S WORTH *MUCH* MORE.

DEAL! I'LL PAY YOU IMMEDIATELY!

WHAT ABOUT THE *SECOND* CRATE?

I WANT YOU TO GIVE IT TO JABBA.

WHAT?!

YOU HEARD ME, SPROOL.

TELL JABBA IT'S MY WAY OF PAYING HIM BACK. NO MORE TALKING ABOUT BOUNTY HUNTERS!

VERY WELL, SOLO. TRUST ME TO DELIVER THE CRATE TO JABBA!

I DON'T *HAVE* TO TRUST YOU, SPROOL. IF JABBA DOESN'T RECEIVE MY GIFT, CHEWBACCA WILL BE *VERY* UPSET!

WE DON'T WANT *THAT* TO HAPPEN, DO WE?

GRR-RRRRLL

ULP!

CAN YOU BELIEVE IT, CHEWIE?! FIVE HUNDRED THOUSAND CREDITS! THAT'S MORE THAN OUR REWARD FOR RESCUING THE PRINCESS!

AND SPEAKING OF LEIA...

"...WAIT'LL SHE HEARS ABOUT OUR LITTLE ADVENTURE!"

HAS THERE BEEN ANY SIGN OF THE *MILLENNIUM FALCON*, THREEPIO?

I'M AFRAID NOT, MISTRESS LEIA, BUT IT'S SUCH A DISTINCTIVE SHIP...

...IT'S *BOUND* TO BE SIGHTED SOONER OR LATER.

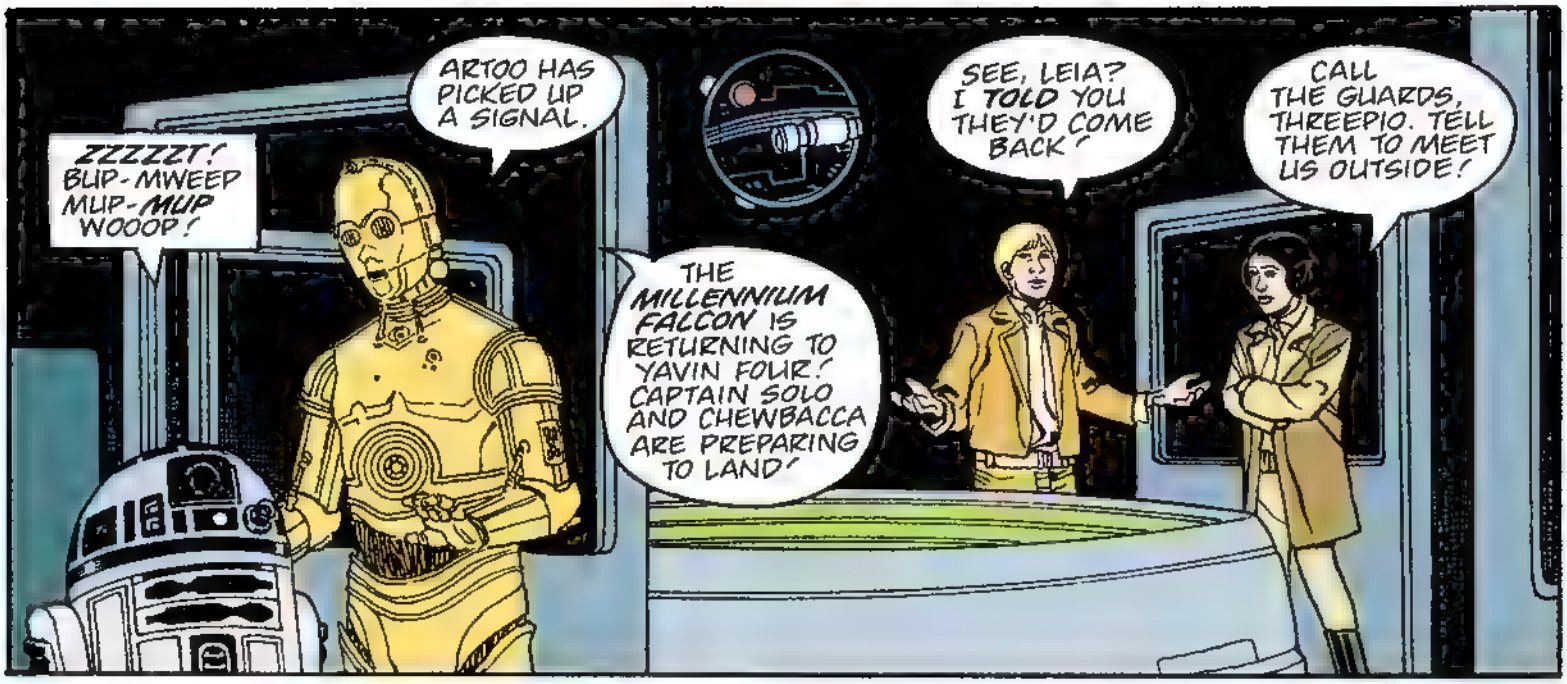
I'M SURE IF MASTER SOLO AND CHEWBACCA KNEW OF YOUR CONCERN, THEY'D CONTACT YOU IMMEDIATELY!

CONCERN? IS *THAT* WHAT YOU THINK?

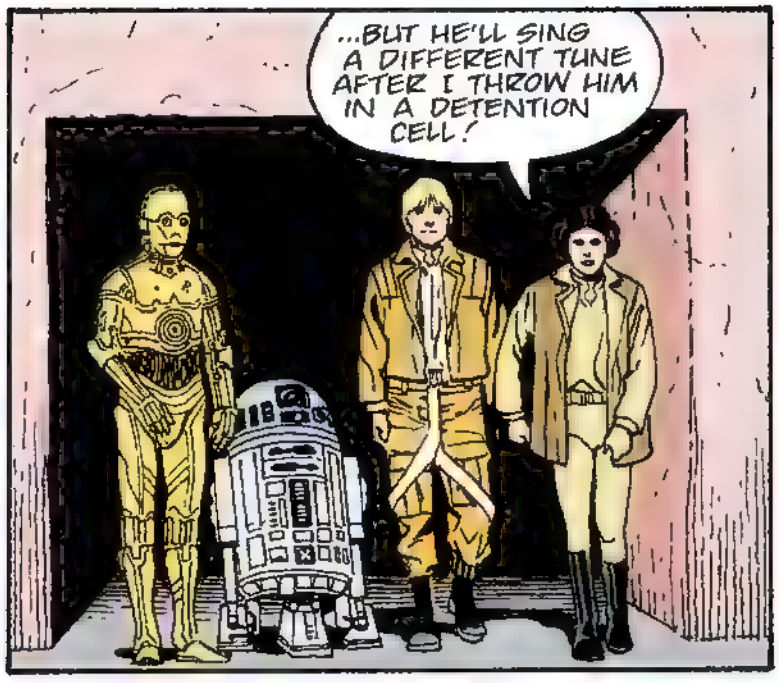
IF I EVER SEE THOSE TWO SCOUNDRELS AGAIN...

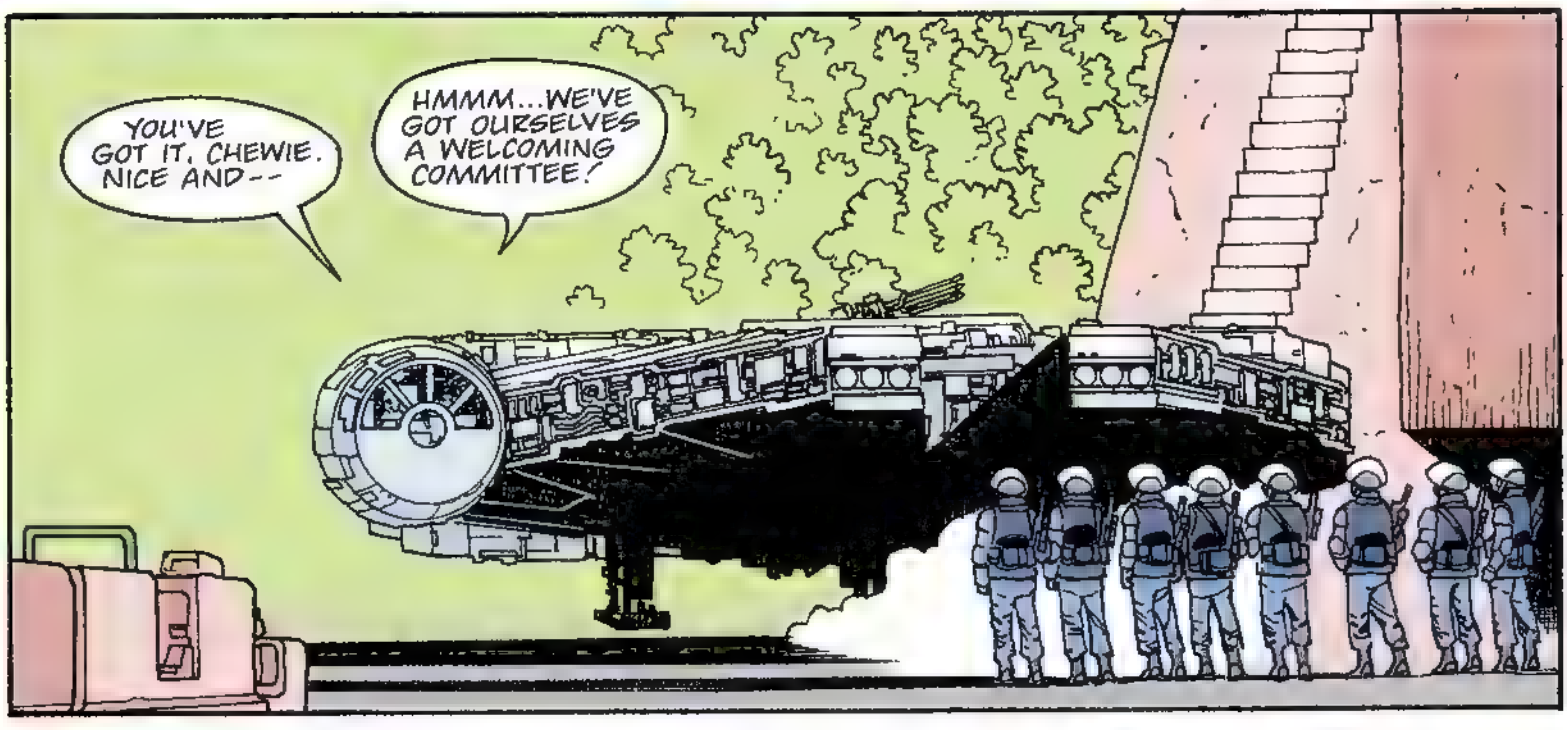
...I'LL MAKE SURE THEY'RE THROWN IN *PRISON!*

NEXT: RETURN OF THE MERCENARIES!


ZZZZZT! BUP-MWEEP MUP-MUP WOOOP!
ARTOO HAS PICKED UP A SIGNAL.
THE MILLENNIUM FALCON IS RETURNING TO YAVIN FOUR! CAPTAIN SOLO AND CHEWBACCA ARE PREPARING TO LAND!
SEE, LEIA? I TOLD YOU THEY'D COME BACK!
CALL THE GUARDS, THREEPIO. TELL THEM TO MEET US OUTSIDE!

I'M SURE SOLO HAS INVENTED A FINE EXCUSE FOR TAKING THE TREASURE FROM THE FORTRESS...


...BUT HE'LL SING A DIFFERENT TUNE AFTER I THROW HIM IN A DETENTION CELL!


YOU'VE GOT IT, CHEWIE. NICE AND--
HMMM...WE'VE GOT OURSELVES A WELCOMING COMMITTEE!

HI, EVERYBODY. SO...

...DID YOU MISS ME?

MISS YOU?!

COME ON, SOLO! WHAT DID YOU DO WITH THE TREASURE?!

WELL, I SOLD IT, OF COURSE.

SOLD IT! YOU...YOU ADMIT IT?!

EASY, LEIA--

WHOA! I KNEW YOU'D OVERREACT. BUT HOW ELSE WERE WE GOING TO FINANCE THE NEW REBEL FLEET?

FINANCE THE... WHAT?!

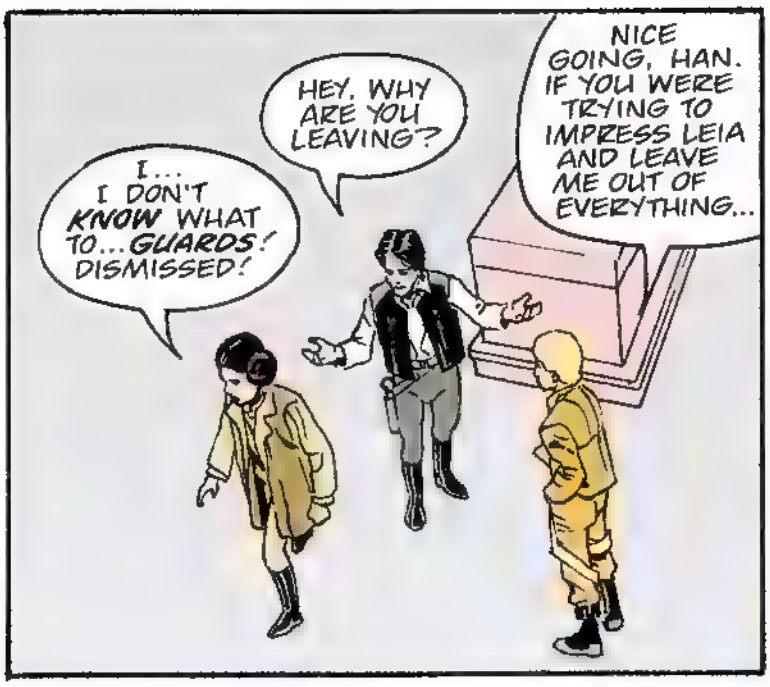
THAT TREASURE SAT UNTOUCHED FOR NEARLY TWO THOUSAND YEARS...

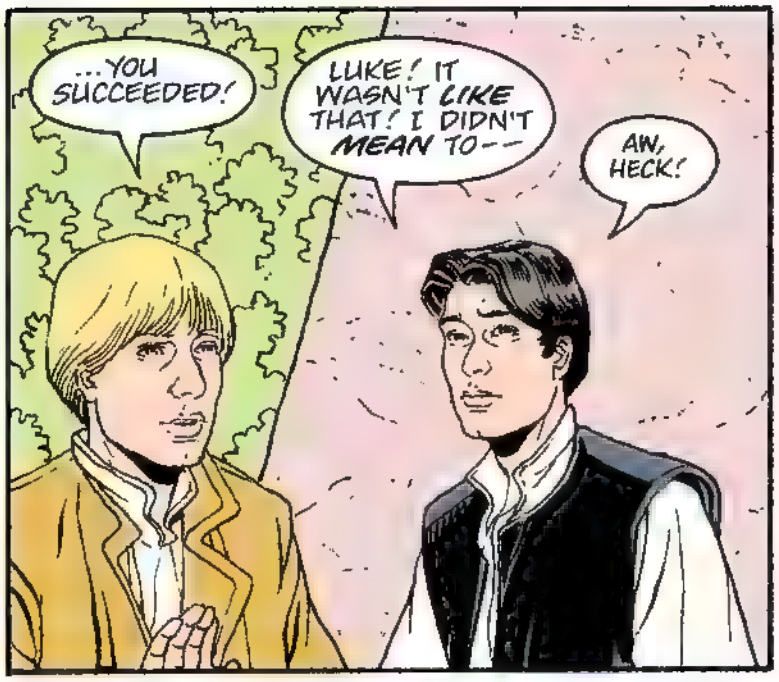
...SO I FIGURED NO ONE WOULD MISS IT.

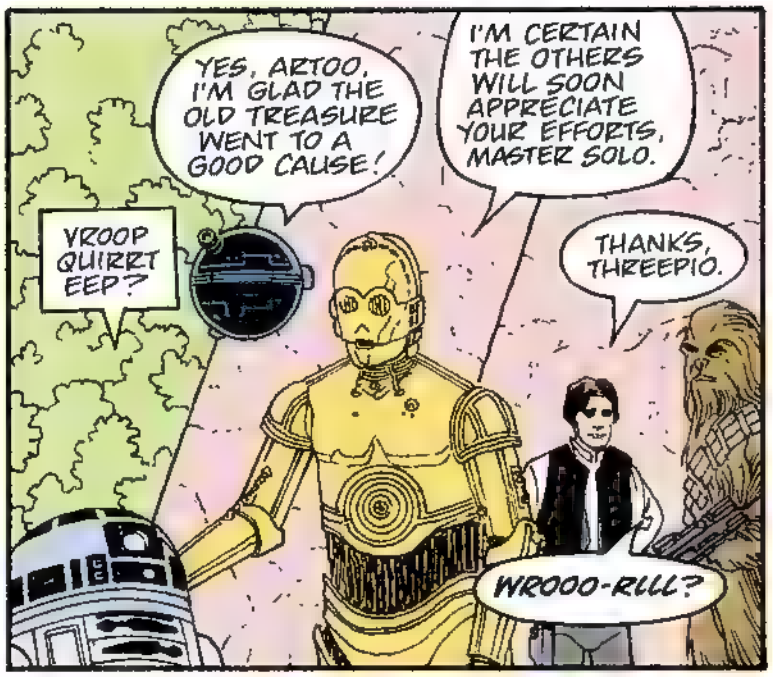
CHEWIE AND I SOLD IT TO A TRADER. WE GOT PAID FIVE HUNDRED THOUSAND CREDITS.

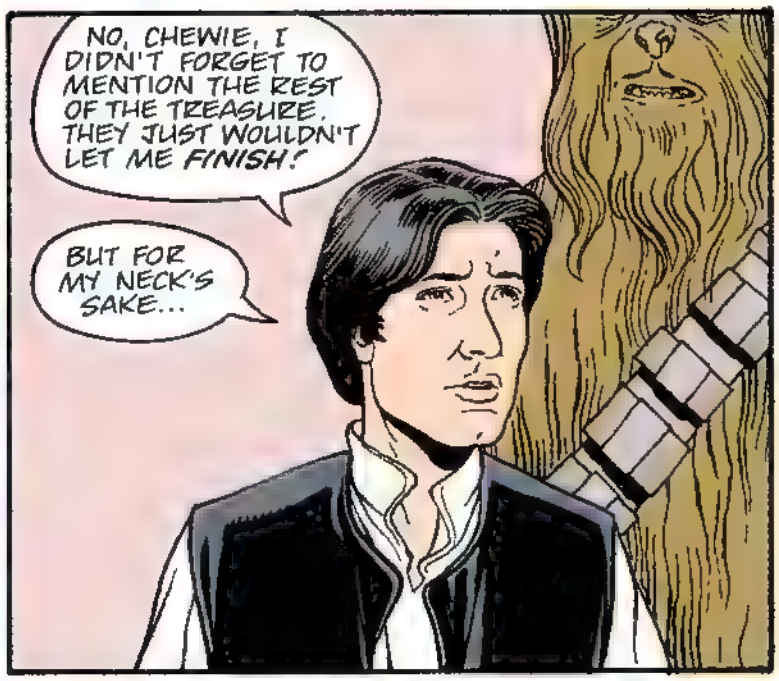
THAT SHOULD PAY FOR A NEW FLEET OF X-WINGS FOR THE ALLIANCE!

YOU DIDN'T THINK I'D JUST STEAL THE TREASURE, DID YOU?

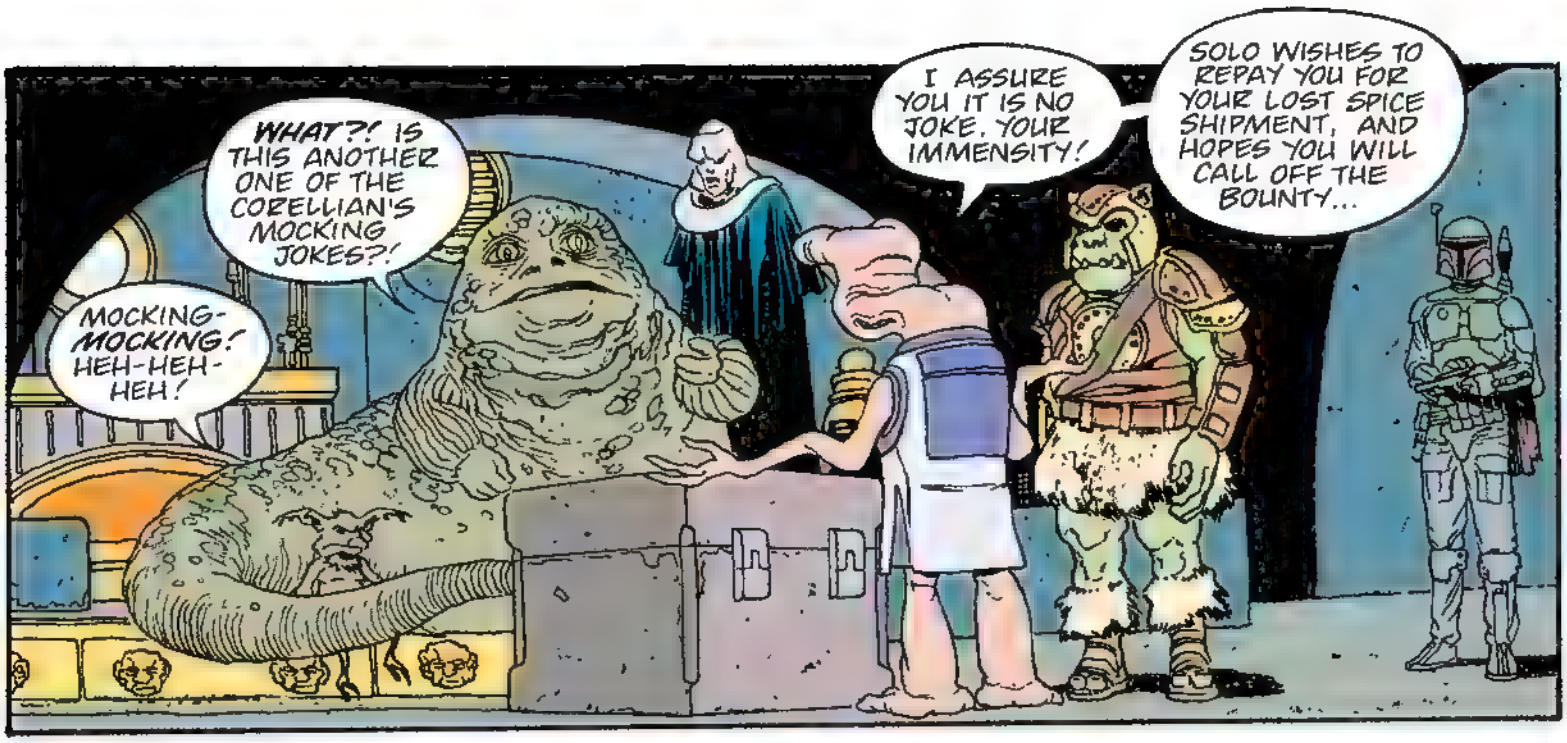

I... I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO...GUARDS! DISMISSED!
HEY, WHY ARE YOU LEAVING?
NICE GOING, HAN. IF YOU WERE TRYING TO IMPRESS LEIA AND LEAVE ME OUT OF EVERYTHING...


...YOU SUCCEEDED!
LUKE! IT WASN'T LIKE THAT! I DIDN'T MEAN TO--
AW, HECK!


YES, ARTOO, I'M GLAD THE OLD TREASURE WENT TO A GOOD CAUSE!
I'M CERTAIN THE OTHERS WILL SOON APPRECIATE YOUR EFFORTS, MASTER SOLO.
VROOP QUIRRT EEP?
THANKS, THREEPIO.
WROOO-RILL?

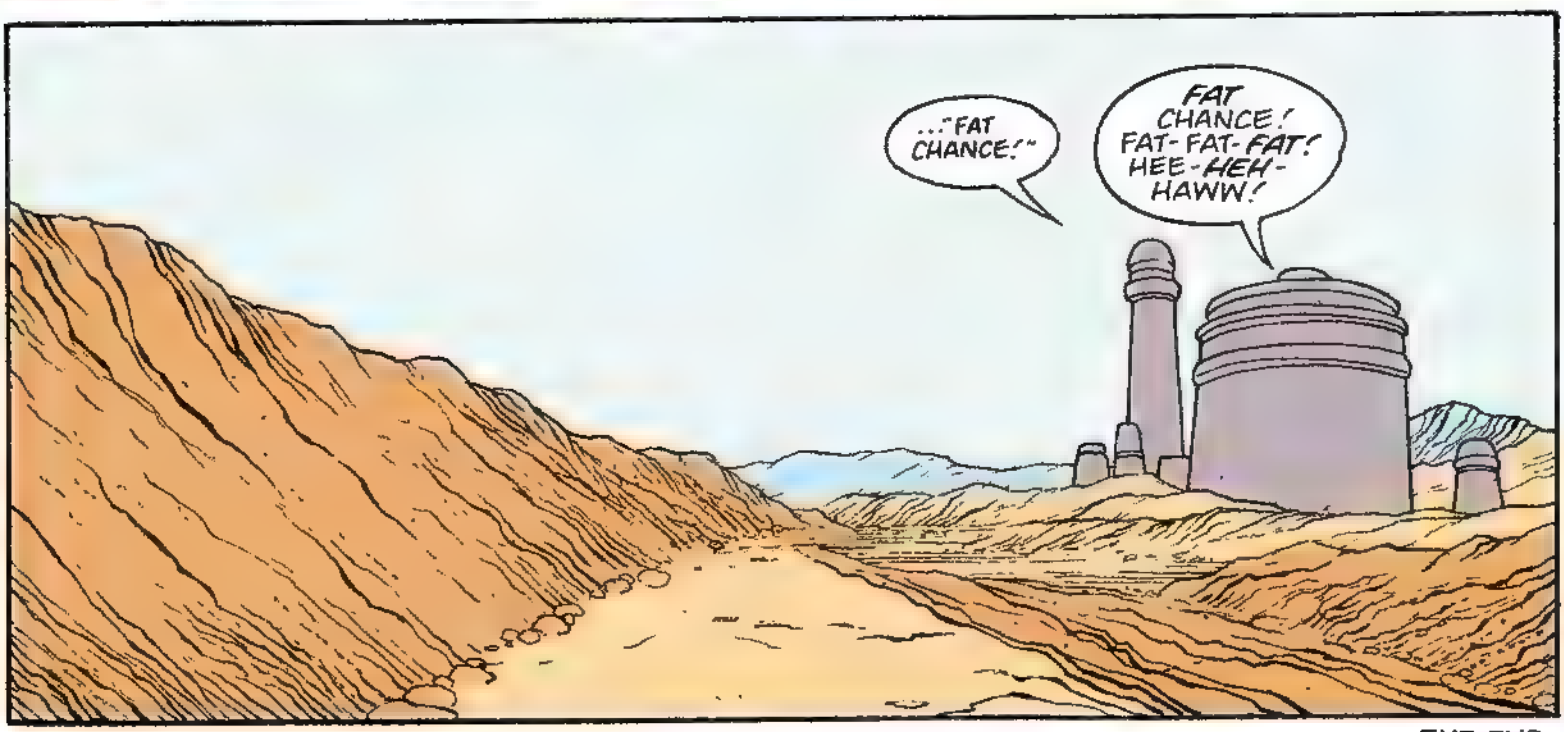

NO, CHEWIE, I DIDN'T FORGET TO MENTION THE REST OF THE TREASURE. THEY JUST WOULDN'T LET ME FINISH!
BUT FOR MY NECK'S SAKE...

"..SPROOL THE TRADER BETTER TELL JABBA EVERYTHING!"
YOU SAY YOU HAVE SOMETHING TO GIVE ME, SPROOL?
YES, MIGHTY JABBA. IT'S FROM HAN SOLO!


WHAT?! IS THIS ANOTHER ONE OF THE CORELLIAN'S MOCKING JOKES?!
MOCKING-MOCKING! HEH-HEH-HEH!
I ASSURE YOU IT IS NO JOKE, YOUR IMMENSITY!
SOLO WISHES TO REPAY YOU FOR YOUR LOST SPICE SHIPMENT, AND HOPES YOU WILL CALL OFF THE BOUNTY...

...AFTER YOU'VE RECEIVED THIS OFFERING!
HMMM. I ACCEPT SOLO'S MOST GENEROUS GIFT!

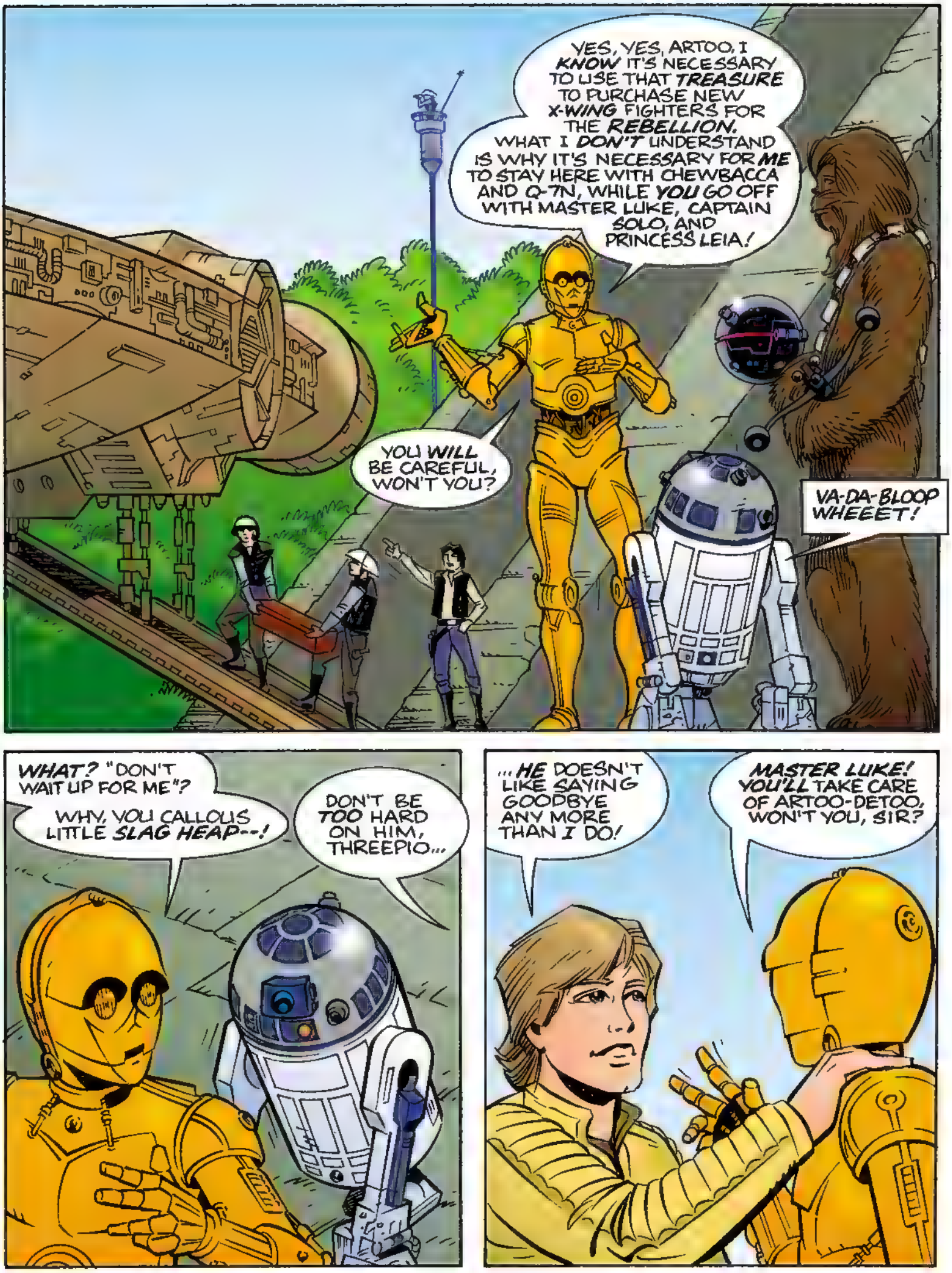
AS FOR CALLING OFF THE BOUNTY, TELL SOLO...


...FAT CHANCE!
FAT CHANCE! FAT-FAT-FAT! HEE-HEH-HAWW!

THE END

STAR WARS KIDS
X-Wing Marks the Spot

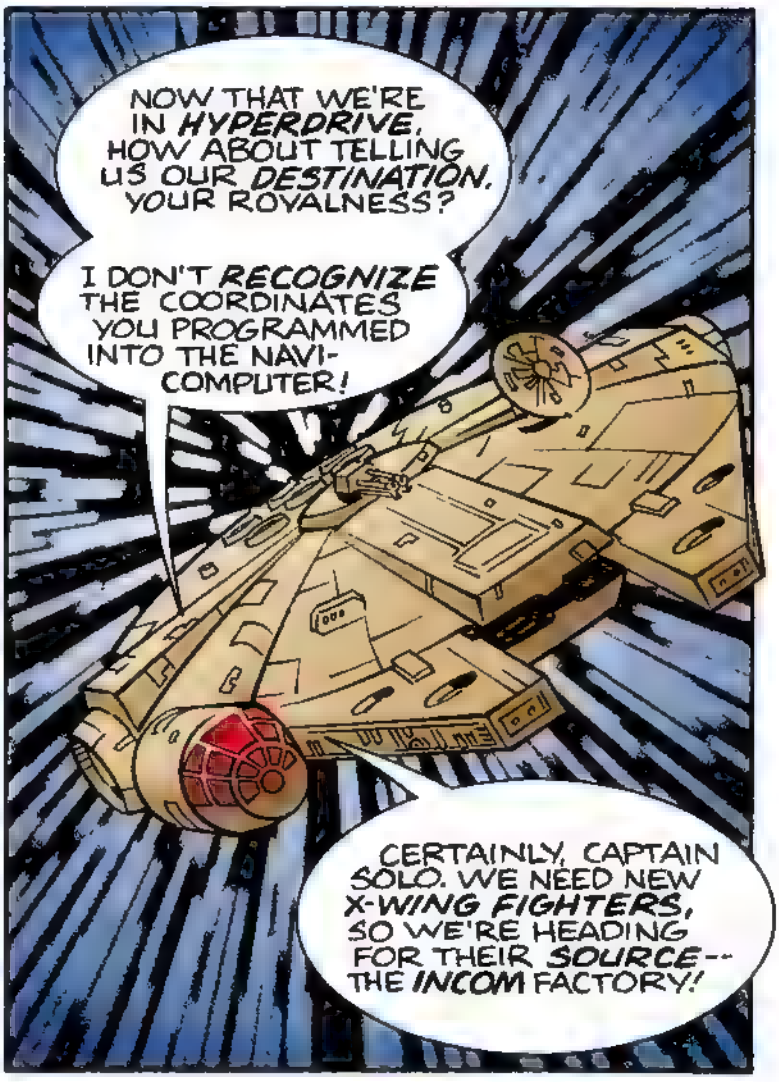
script by Mike W. Barr
art by Ken Steacy and Glen Mullaly
colors and lettering by Ken Steacy


YES, YES, ARTOO, I KNOW IT'S NECESSARY TO USE THAT TREASURE TO PURCHASE NEW X-WING FIGHTERS FOR THE REBELLION. WHAT I DON'T UNDERSTAND IS WHY IT'S NECESSARY FOR ME TO STAY HERE WITH CHEWBACCA AND Q-7N, WHILE YOU GO OFF WITH MASTER LUKE, CAPTAIN SOLO, AND PRINCESS LEIA!
YOU WILL BE CAREFUL, WON'T YOU?
VA-DA-BLOOP WHEEET!
WHAT? "DON'T WAIT UP FOR ME"?
WHY, YOU CALLOUS LITTLE SLAG HEAP--!
DON'T BE TOO HARD ON HIM, THREEPIO...
...HE DOESN'T LIKE SAYING GOODBYE ANY MORE THAN I DO!
MASTER LUKE! YOU'LL TAKE CARE OF ARTOO-DETOO, WON'T YOU, SIR?

I SURE WILL, THREEPIO--AFTER ALL, HE'S ALWAYS TAKEN CARE OF ME!
IT WON'T BE THE SAME WITHOUT YOU, CHEWIE... BUT SOMEONE'S GOTTA WATCH THE STORE IN CASE THERE'S TROUBLE, RIGHT, PAL?

HRNNNNK!
OW! CHEWIE, LEGGO! THE FALCON'S SEATS ARE BAD ENOUGH WITHOUT A BROKEN BACK!

LUKE, HAN, COME ON! WE'RE BEHIND SCHEDULE!
RIGHT BEHIND YOU, LEIA!
LET'S MOVE, ARTOO!
VLOOOPT!


NOW THAT WE'RE IN HYPERDRIVE, HOW ABOUT TELLING US OUR DESTINATION, YOUR ROYALNESS?
I DON'T RECOGNIZE THE COORDINATES YOU PROGRAMMED INTO THE NAVI-COMPUTER!
CERTAINLY, CAPTAIN SOLO. WE NEED NEW X-WING FIGHTERS, SO WE'RE HEADING FOR THEIR SOURCE--THE INCOM FACTORY!

BUT I THOUGHT THE *EMPIRE* TOOK OVER THE FACTORY AND *IMPRISONED* ITS OWNER!

MORE IMPERIAL *PROPAGANDA*, LUKE! THE DESIGNER OF THE X-WING, *VORS VOORHORIAN, ESCAPED* AND SET UP PRODUCTION ON A REMOTE PLANET!

AND VOORHORIAN FINALLY MANAGED TO GET A MESSAGE TO YOU THROUGH THE REBELLION'S *SPIES*, EH? SOUNDS *RISKY!*

BUT IT'S THE ONLY CHANCE WE'VE *GOT*, HAN! THE ATTACK ON THE *DEATH STAR* ALMOST *EXHAUSTED* OUR SUPPLY OF X-WINGS!

DON'T WORRY, LEIA. IT'LL WORK OUT! IT'S *GOT* TO!

I'M *WITH* YOU, KID -- BUT I KNOW FROM EXPERIENCE THAT THE THINGS THAT "HAVE" TO WORK OUT ARE THE THINGS THAT CAN FOUL UP THE *WORST!*

VWEEEEP!

LOOKS LIKE WE'VE REACHED OUR *DESTINATION!* STRAP YOURSELVES *IN!*

WELL, WE'RE *HERE!* BUT WHERE'S THE WELCOMING *COMMITTEE?* NOTHING HERE BUT THAT *NAVIGATION BEACON!*

IT'S *NOT* A NAV BEACON, HAN! WE'RE RECEIVING A *TRANSMISSION* FROM IT!

HEY THERE, SPACE TRAVELERS, IF YOU NEED GOOD USED TRANSPORTATION, SEE *ME*-- "GEARS" GILHOOEY!

SOME KIND OF *ADVERTISEMENT*--?

LOOK...!

KROOM!

THE BEACON *EXPLODED!*

IT MUST'VE BEEN RIGGED TO DELIVER ITS MESSAGE *ONCE*, TO WHATEVER SHIP *ARRIVED* HERE, THEN *SELF-DESTRUCT!*

WE HAVE TO *FOLLOW* THE COORDINATES THE MESSAGE GAVE, HAN!

IT'S OUR *ONLY LEAD!*

I *KNOW*, I KNOW--

I'M JUST SURE THIS IS GONNA WIND UP BEING MORE TROUBLE THAN I CAN *IMAGINE!* AND I CAN IMAGINE QUITE A BIT!

SQUADRON LEADER TO PATROL-- SOURCE OF HYPERDRIVE EMANATIONS *CONFIRMED!* DO NOT ATTACK-- *YET!* LET THEM LEAD US TO THEIR *REBEL BUSINESS...*

...THEN WE'LL *PAY THEM BACK* FOR THE *DEATH STAR!*

NEXT: *THE PHANTOM FLEET!*

THE WAY THESE PEOPLE ARE GIVING US THE *ONCE-OVER* YOU'D THINK WE WORKED FOR THE *EMPIRE!*

THEY'RE ON THE *RUN* FROM THE EMPIRE, HAN! *I'D* BE SUSPICIOUS IN THEIR PLACE, TOO!

ARE YOU *SURE* THEY'VE GOT *X-WING* FIGHTERS, LEIA? FROM THE LOOKS OF THIS PLACE, THEY'VE NEVER SEEN ANYTHING MORE SOPHISTICATED THAN A *VAPORATOR!*

WELL, *HOWDY,* STRANGERS! WELCOME TO "GEARS" GILHOOEY'S *USED SPACESHIPS,* WHERE A STRANGER IS *NEVER* A STRANGER FOR LONG!

HIM AGAIN! WANT ME TO *GET RID* OF HIM?

I *WANT* YOU TO STICK *CLOSE* AND LET *ME* DO THE TALKING!

SURE THING, YOUR PRINCESSNESS! JUST WATCH ME *CHARM* THE LOCALS INTO TELLING US WHERE *VORS VOORHORIAN,* THE GUY WHO *DESIGNED* THE X-WING--

HEY, SOMETHING'S *WRONG--!*

TALK, OLD MAN! WHAT'S YOUR STORY?

HAN, WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

SEE FOR YOURSELF, LEIA...!

THE FILE ON VOORHORIAN SAYS HE ALWAYS WEARS A RING MADE FROM AN X-WING COG-- JUST LIKE THIS OLD COOT!

HOW'D YOU GET THAT RING, YOU CRAZY OLD GALOOT? WHERE'S VORS VOORHORIAN?

YE'RE BEIN' A MITE =UNNF= UNFRIENDLY, STRANGER...!

...WE DO THINGS FRIENDLY-LIKE HERE AT "GEARS"!

WHOOOP

THANK YOU FOR POINTING OUT THE ONE FLAW IN MY DISGUISE, CAPTAIN SOLO...

... FOR THAT, YOU MAY SEE THE X-WING FIGHTERS WHICH YOUR REBELLION SO SORELY *NEEDS!*

YOU'RE VORS VOORHORIAN!

I *DO* APOLOGIZE FOR THE CAMOUFLAGE, PRINCESS LEIA, BUT I HAD TO MAKE SURE YOU WEREN'T FROM THE *EMPIRE!* I WILL *NOT* PERMIT THE SHIP I DESIGNED OR MY NEW *FACTORY* TO SERVE THE EMPIRE'S EVIL!

WANT ME TO CHECK OUT THOSE X-WINGS, LEIA, WHILE YOU--?

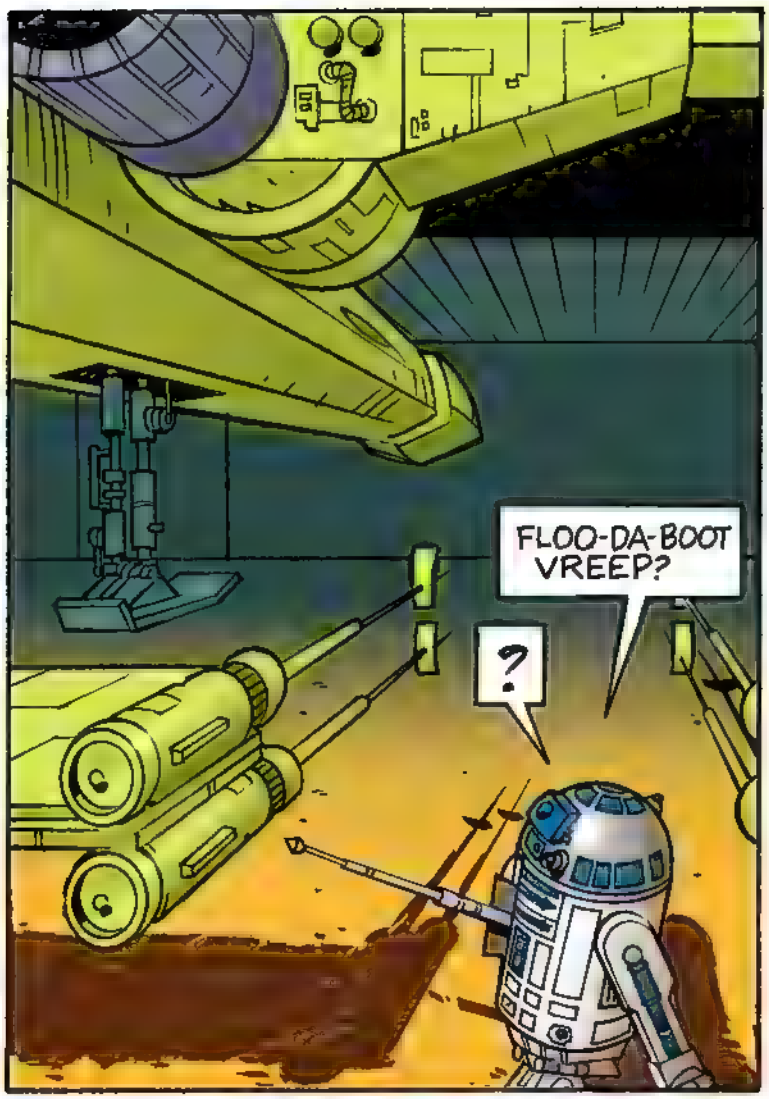
NO!

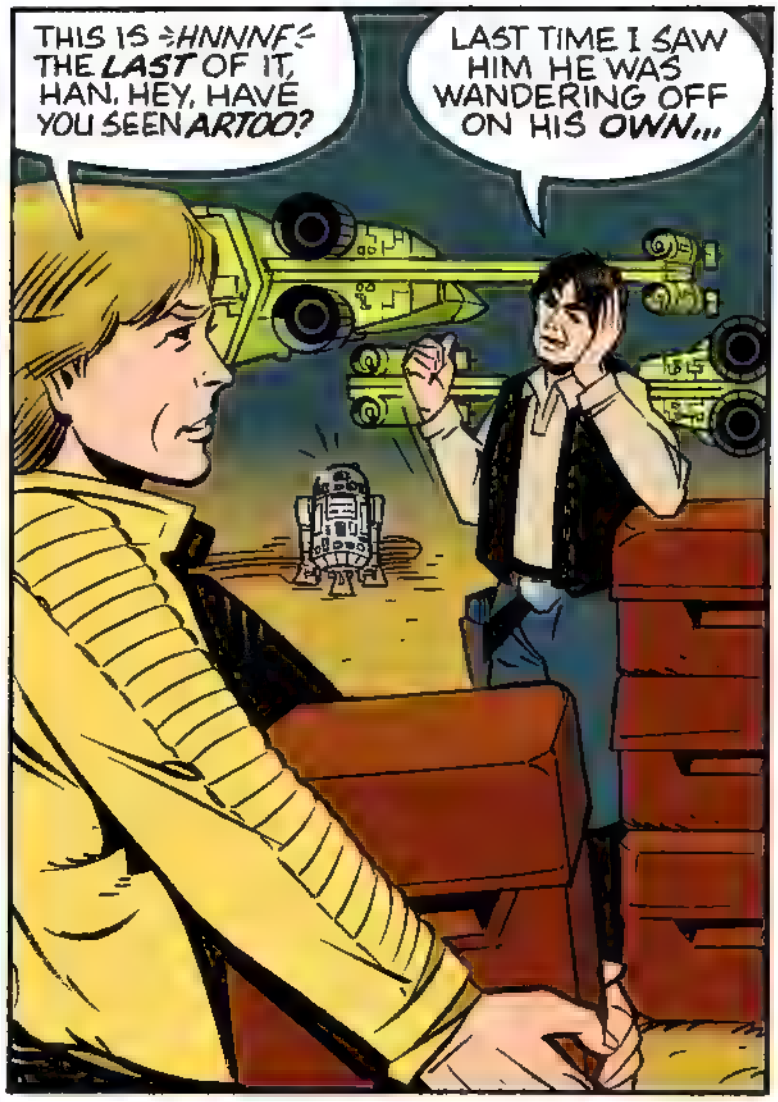
YOU AND HAN SUPERVISE UNLOADING THE *TREASURE!*

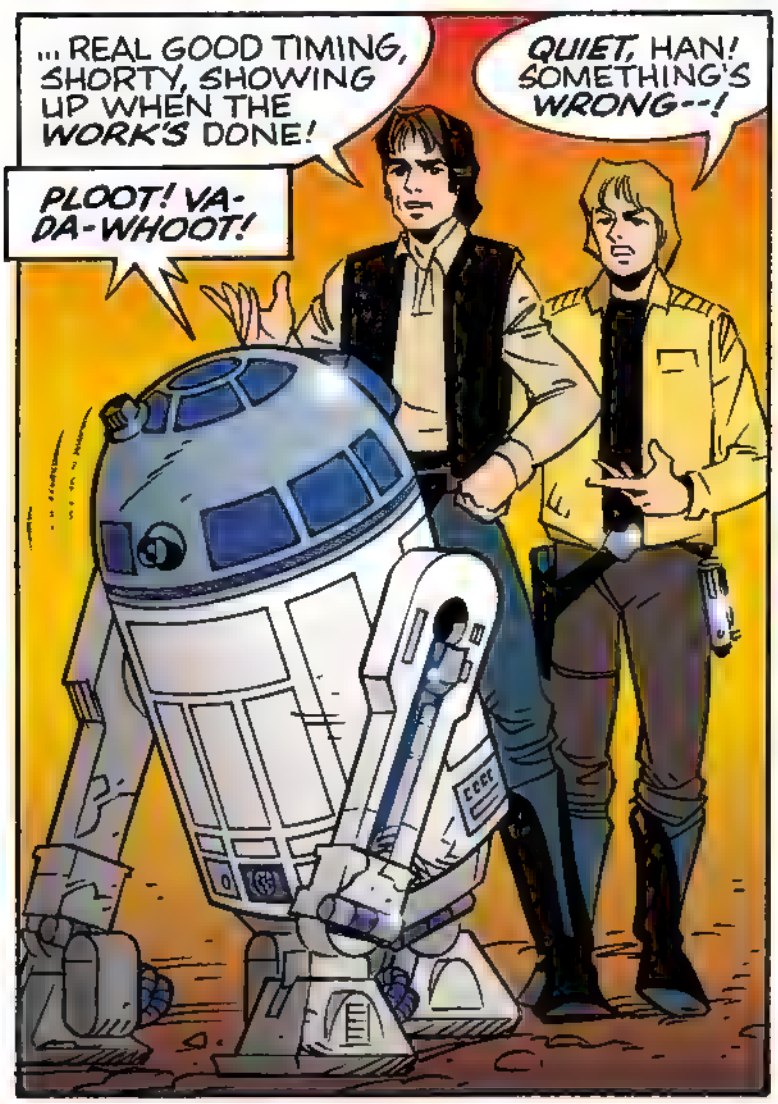
YOU THOUGHT *BEN KENOBI* WAS JUST A "CRAZY OLD GALOOT" TOO, HAN!

DON'T YOU *EVER* LEARN?

ANYBODY EVER TELL YOU YOU *TALK* TOO MUCH, JUNIOR?


FLOO-DA-BOOT VREEP?
?


THIS IS =HNNNF= THE LAST OF IT, HAN. HEY, HAVE YOU SEEN ARTOO?
LAST TIME I SAW HIM HE WAS WANDERING OFF ON HIS OWN...


... REAL GOOD TIMING, SHORTY, SHOWING UP WHEN THE WORK'S DONE!
QUIET, HAN! SOMETHING'S WRONG--!
PLOOT! VA-DA-WHOOT!

HE SAYS THE X-WINGS ARE JUST HOLLOW SHELLS--FAKES! AND SO IS THIS "FACTORY"!
AND LEIA SET THIS DEAL UP. SHE MUST HAVE KNOWN THAT!
NEXT: REVENGE OF THE EMPIRE!

STEP ASIDE, BOYS!
WE HAVE TO SEE PRINCESS LEIA!
IMPOSSIBLE!
THE CONFERENCE CANNOT BE INTERRUPTED!
LOOKS LIKE WE DIDN'T MAKE OURSELVES CLEAR, LUKE!
I GUESS NOT, HAN! THEY DON'T UNDERSTAND...
...WE'RE NOT ASKING!
HMMMN

VIPP!

CRZZZ!

ZIPP!

SHKK

HEY--!

WHAKK!

AGGGGH!

ZPPPT!

THANKS FOR THE *SAVE*, ARTOO!

NOW LET'S GET *INSIDE*, BEFORE ANYONE *ELSE*--

CAPTAIN SOLO...!

...I LEFT ORDERS *VORS VOORHORIAN* AND I WERE *NOT* TO BE DISTURBED! NEGOTIATING TO BUY HIS *X-WING FIGHTERS* IS--

--IS A WASTE OF *TIME*, PRINCESS!

LOOK, LEIA! *ARTOO* TOLD US THESE ARE JUST EMPTY *SHELLS*!

NO *ENGINES*, NO *PARTS*-- *NOTHING*!

-SIGH-

LUKE, IF YOU'D JUST LET ME *EXPLAIN*--!

PLEASE, PRINCESS LEIA, ALLOW *ME*...!

MAKE IT *GOOD*, PAL!

YES, THIS "FACTORY" AND THESE X-WINGS ARE *SHAMS!*

EVEN *THIS* LOCATION MIGHT NOT BE ENTIRELY SECURE AGAINST DISCOVERY BY THE *EMPIRE!*

...SO THE *TRUE* LOCATION OF THE X-WINGS IS OUT IN *SPACE!* THE PRINCESS AND I WERE JUST PREPARING TO *TAKE* YOU THERE WHEN YOU SO FORCEFULLY *INTRUDED!*

WELL... YOU MIGHT HAVE *TOLD* A FELLA!

I'M SORRY, BUT AT THE TIME YOU WEREN'T CLEARED TO KNOW THAT INFORMATION.

THE *ALARM--!*

RAOOOGA

IMPERIAL TIE FIGHTERS!

THEY MUST HAVE *TRACKED* US HERE FROM *HYPERSPACE!*

TALK ABOUT "FORCEFUL INTRUSION"!

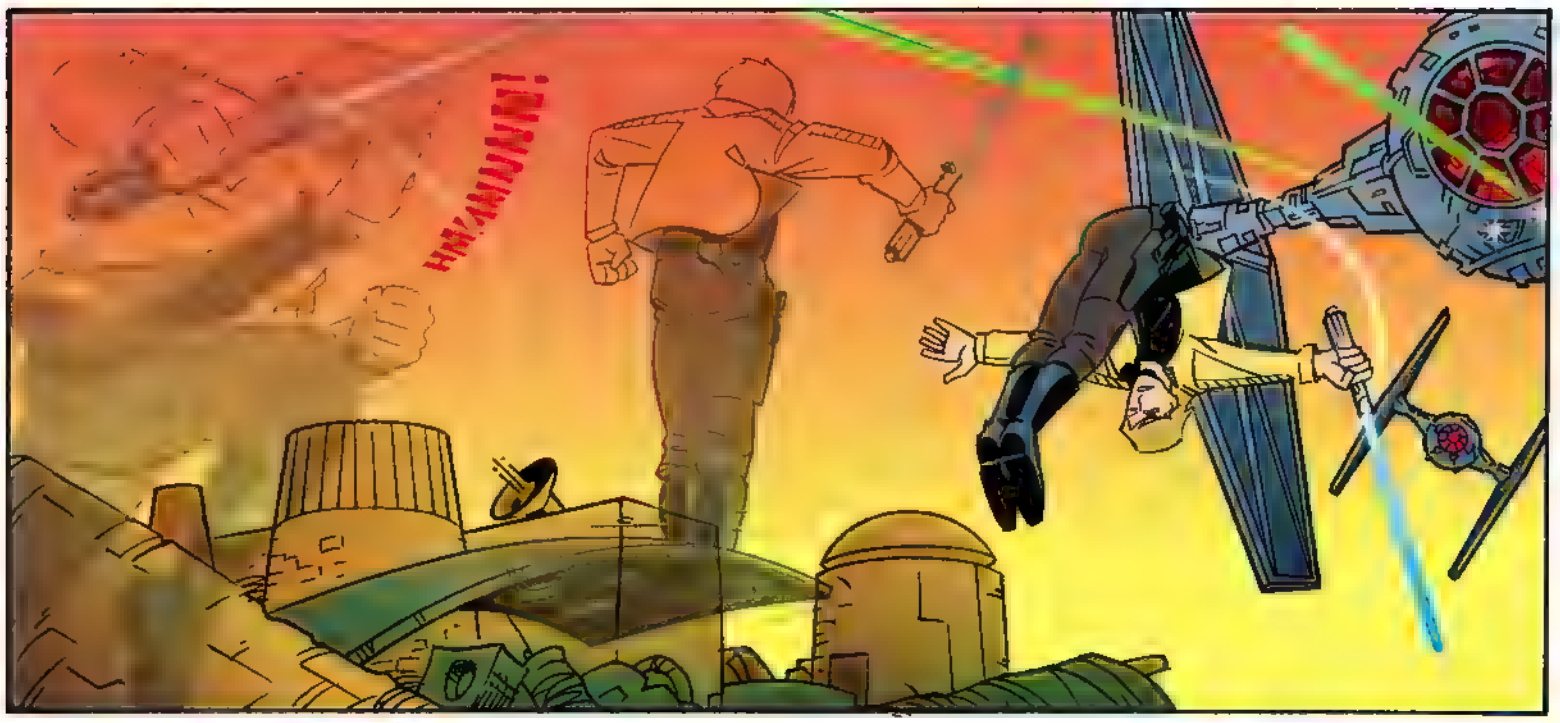
YOU HAVEN'T SEEN *ANY-THING* YET!

NEXT: *DEADLY DERELICT!*

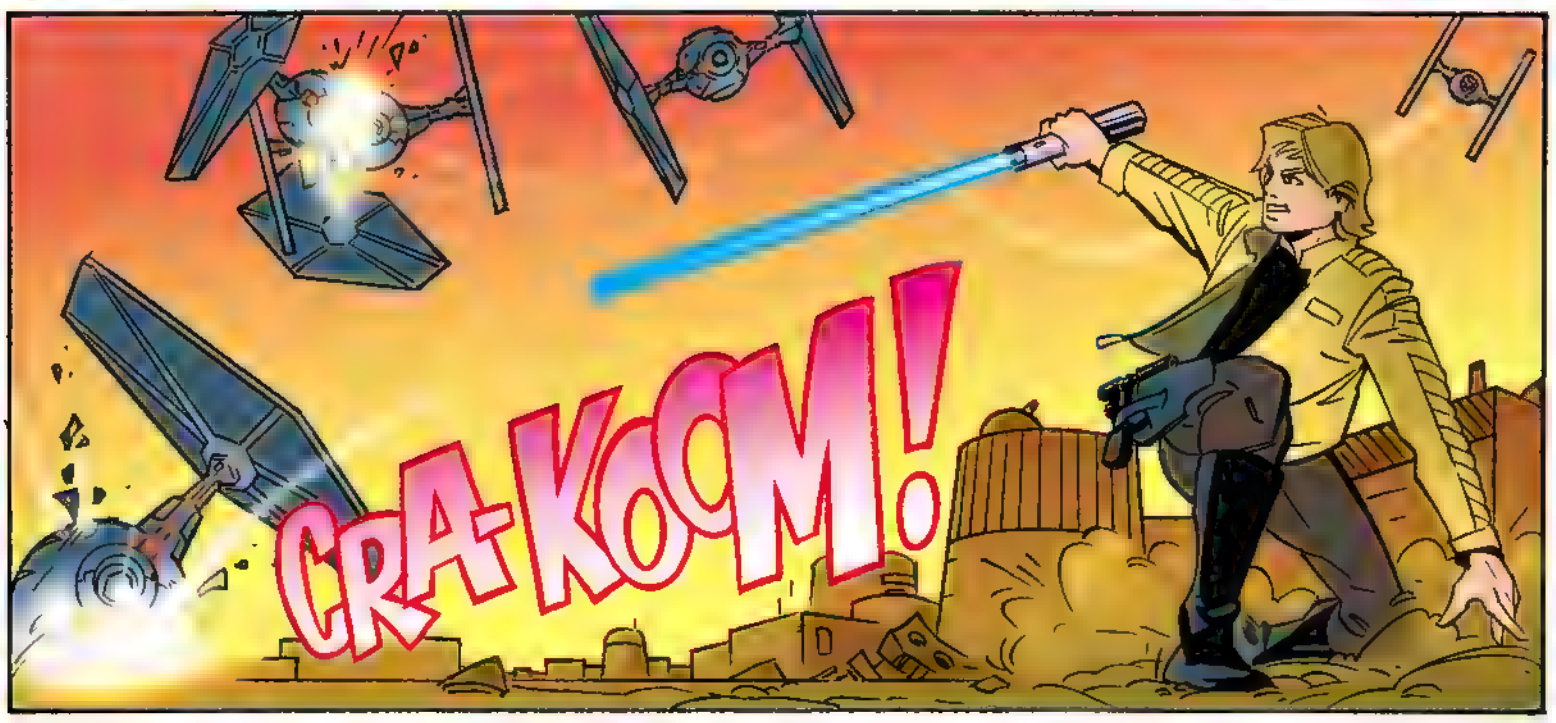
GET ABOARD THE SHIP!
QUICKLY!

IF WE DON'T GET *AIRBORNE*, WE'LL BE *DESTROYED!*
AND IF WE *DO* GET AIRBORNE, WE'LL BE BLOWN OUT OF THE *SKY!*
WE NEED SOME KIND OF *DIVERSION!*
LEAVE THAT TO *ME!*

THEY'RE *DISPERSING*, SIR! DO WE *BREAK FORMATION?*
NEGATIVE! MAINTAIN FORMATION!


HNNNNNNNH!

RNNNKT!


CRA-KOOM!

WE'VE COME A LONG WAY FOR THOSE ***X-WING FIGHTERS*** OF YOURS, MR. VOORHORIAN... CARE TO TELL US WHERE THEY ***ARE?***

WE'RE COMING UP ON THEM ***NOW,*** PRINCESS LEIA!

THAT? THAT'S JUST A ***DERELICT FREIGHTER***-- NOT WORTH THE COST IT'D TAKE TO ***SALVAGE IT!***

APPEARANCES CAN BE ***DECEIVING,*** CAPTAIN SOLO ...MAY I SUGGEST YOU BREAK OUT YOUR ***BREATHING MASKS?***

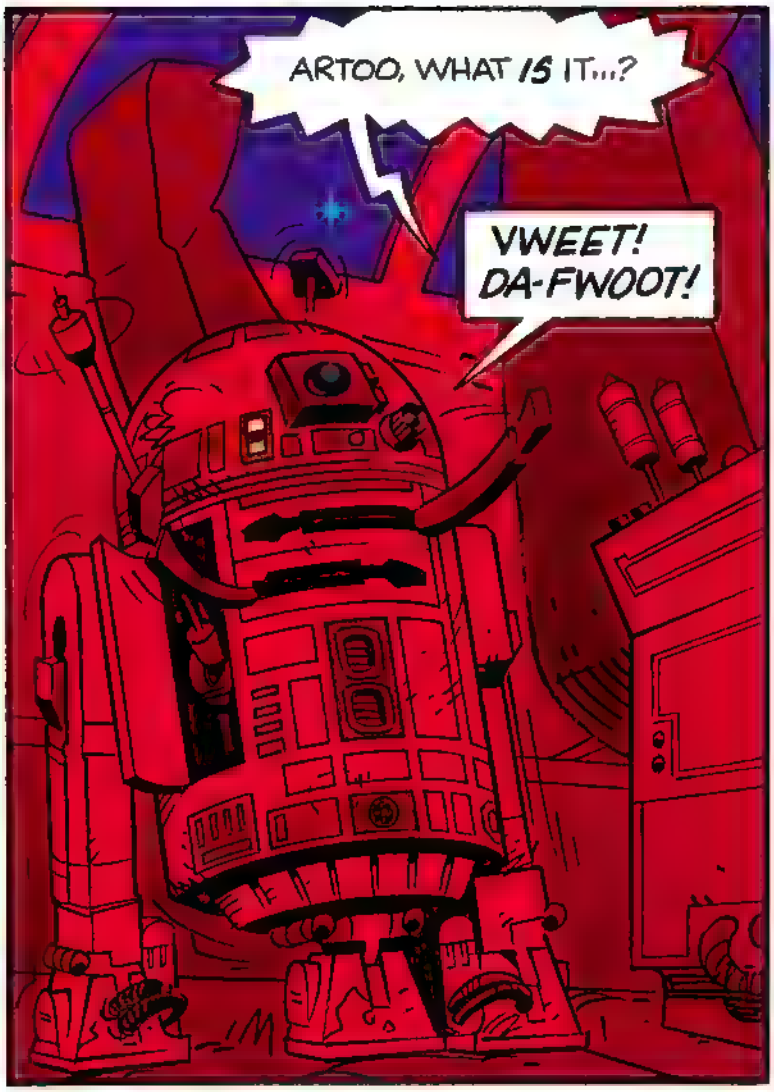
WHERE ARE YOU ***TAKIN'*** US, VOORHORIAN?

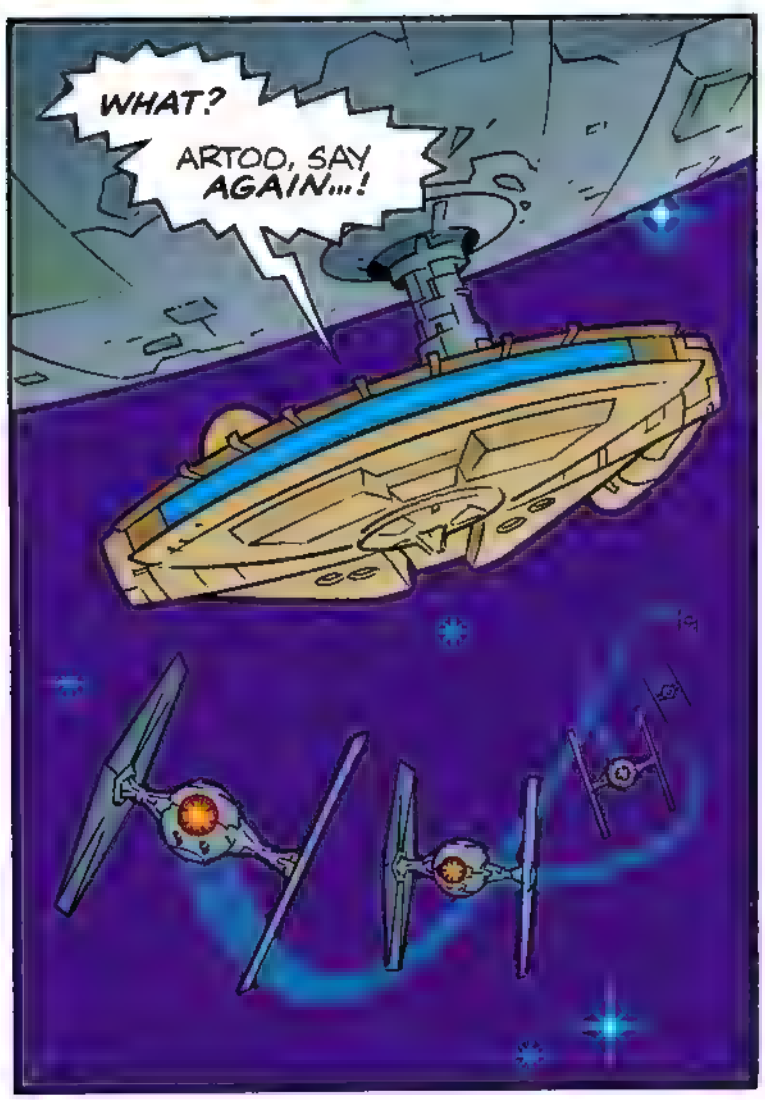
THERE'S ***NOTHIN'*** HERE!

WHAT BETTER ***HIDING PLACE,*** CAPTAIN...

...THAN THE ***MIDDLE*** OF ***NOTHING?***

LOOK AT 'EM--!
MORE THAN ENOUGH TO REPLENISH OUR FLEET!
FULLY CHARGED AND READY TO BE FLOWN INTO BATTLE AGAINST THE EMPIRE!
?
THAT MUST BE ARTOO, BACK ON THE FALCON...


ARTOO, WHAT IS IT...?
VWEET! DA-FWOOT!


WHAT?
ARTOO, SAY AGAIN...!

WE DIDN'T LOSE THOSE TIE FIGHTERS! THEY MUST HAVE TRACKED US HERE!
WE HAVE ALL THE X-WINGS WE NEED TO FIGHT THEM OFF...!
...BUT NO PILOTS FOR THEM!
JUST OUR LUCK, ISN'T IT!
NEXT: TRUST THE FORCE!

RUN THIS BY ME *AGAIN*, JUNIOR?

I HAVE TO HOLD OFF *ALL* THOSE *TIE* FIGHTERS?

I'M *GOOD*, BUT EVEN *I* DON'T KNOW IF I'M *THAT* GOOD!

YOU WON'T HAVE TO HOLD THEM OFF FOR *LONG*, HAN...

...JUST UNTIL WE CAN GET THE *DEFLECTOR SHIELDS* OF THIS DERELICT FREIGHTER *ON-LINE!* THEN YOU CAN LURE THE *TIE* FIGHTERS *INTO* THE SHIELD!

WELL, IT'S BETTER THAN *NOTHING*...

...BUT NOT BY *MUCH!* WHAT ARE YOU USING TO *POWER* THAT HEAP?

YOU LEAVE THAT TO *ME!*

SKYWALKER OUT!

ARTOO! THESE ARE ALL READY TO BE *WIRED!*

VLOOT!

DO YOU THINK LUKE'S PLAN WILL *WORK*, VORS? WILL THE X-WINGS POWER THIS FREIGHTER'S *SHIELDS?*

THE X-WING BATTERY IS A POWERFUL LITTLE CELL IF I DO SAY SO MYSELF, PRINCESS! IN *TANDEM*, THEY SHOULD BE *MORE* THAN POWERFUL ENOUGH!

YOU SHOULD BE GETTING MORE POWER *NOW*, LUKE! DO YOU HAVE ANYTHING ONLINE BESIDES THE *VIEWSCREEN?*

WE'RE *GETTING* THERE, LEIA! IT'S UP TO *HAN* TO HOLD THEM OFF FOR A FEW MORE MINUTES!

YOU BOYS WANT A PIECE OF ME?

THEN COME AND *GET IT!*

LUKE, YOU'D BETTER *HURRY!* IT WON'T BE LONG BEFORE ONE OF THESE GUYS FIGURES OUT HE SHOULD BE SHOOTING AT *YOU!*

THEY'RE WAY *AHEAD* OF YOU, HAN! EVERYBODY, *LOOK OUT!*

NO! WE'VE LOST *VISUAL!* *HAN!* CAN YOU *HEAR*--?

AUDIO'S OUT, TOO!

LUKE, DEFLECTOR SHIELDS ARE *OPERATIONAL!* BUT IF YOU CAN'T *SEE* HIM...!

THERE'S MORE THAN *ONE* WAY TO *SEE*.

WHAT IS HE *DOING?*

AT A TIME LIKE *THIS*--?

SHHHH! HAVE YOU EVER HEARD OF *THE FORCE?*

NOW!!

WHEW!
IF THE FALCON HAD AN EXTRA COAT OF PAINT--!

KID, YOU KEEP THIS UP, AND YOU'LL MAKE ME A BELIEVER IN THE FORCE!
OF COURSE, I'LL HAVE NOTHIN' BUT GRAY HAIR, BUT--
TIME FOR THAT LATER, HAN...

...RIGHT NOW, LET'S GET A TRACTOR BEAM ON THE FREIGHTER, AND GET THOSE X-WINGS TO THE PEOPLE WHO NEED THEM--
THE REBELS!
THE END!

STAR WARS KIDS
Imperial Spy

script by Mike W. Barr
art by Ken Steacy and Glen Mullaly
colors and lettering by Ken Steacy

WELL, IT CERTAINLY SEEMS AS THOUGH YOU HAD AN *EXCITING TIME* FINDING THOSE *X-WING* FIGHTERS, ARTOO! OF COURSE, *WE* HAD QUITE A BUSY TIME, *TOO*, DIDN'T WE, Q-7N?

OH, YES!

SEE-THREEPIO THOUGHT HE SAW A SPOT OF *RUST* ON HIS *CAPACITOR*...

...AND NEARLY *SHUT DOWN* FROM *FRIGHT!*

SUCH INSOLENCE!

SOMEDAY MY TALENTS SHALL BE *APPRECIATED!*

VOOP VOOP

I'M SHUTTLING THE *RED SQUAD* BACK UP TO BRING DOWN SOME MORE *X-WINGS*, LEIA!

A COUPLE MORE TRIPS AND WE SHOULD HAVE THEM ALL *DOWN!*

GOOD WORK, LUKE! THIS WILL HELP *EVEN* THE ODDS WHEN WE MEET THE *EMPIRE* AGAIN!

AND YOU KNOW WE WILL, YOUR ROYALNESS--

DARTH VADER IS PROBABLY MASSING AN ATTACK FORCE RIGHT NOW!

I'M WELL ***AWARE*** OF THAT, CAPTAIN SOLO...

...BUT THERE ARE ***HUNDREDS*** OF STAR SYSTEMS TO SORT THROUGH, NOT TO MENTION THE ***HABITATION*** AND ***SECURITY*** ISSUES! IS THERE EDIBLE VEGETATION? IS THERE ***WATER?*** IS THERE--

TAKE IT ***EASY,*** LEIA...

...YOU KNOW, ***YOU*** HAVEN'T HAD ANY TIME OFF SINCE WE BLEW UP THE ***DEATH STAR!*** A ***HOT MEAL*** AND A FEW HOURS OF ***SLEEP*** WOULDN'T ***KILL*** YOU!

MAYBE YOU'RE ***RIGHT.*** FEEL LIKE SHARING A PACK OF ***SYNTHO-RATIONS?***

YOU'RE ON ***MANUAL*** FOR THE APPROACH, VORS. TAKE US ***IN!***

RIGHT AWAY, LUKE!

I MUST SAY, IT'S ***GRATIFYING*** TO SEE MY ***X-WINGS*** IN THE HANDS OF THE ***REBELLION,*** AS THEY WERE ***INTENDED*** TO BE...

...AND IT'LL BE EVEN *BETTER* SEEING THEM FIGHTING *IMPERIAL*--

AAOOGA!!

YOU MAY GET YOUR CHANCE SOONER THAN WE *THOUGHT*, VORS! SOMETHING'S COMING OUT OF *HYPERSPACE*--!

DO NOT FIRE!

REPEAT, *DO NOT FIRE!*

WE REQUEST *ASYLUM!*

...WE ARE THE TRANSPORT *BAIL ORGANA* FROM THE PLANET *ALDERAAN*...!

ALDERAAN!?

ISN'T IT *EXCITING*, CAPTAIN SOLO?

SURVIVORS FROM PRINCESS LEIA'S *HOME PLANET!*

I CAN'T *WAIT* TO SEE THE *LOOK* ON HER FACE--!

ME *NEITHER*, GOLDENROD-- BUT THIS IS THE FIRST REST SHE'S HAD IN *WEEKS*...

...I THINK THE NEWS CAN WAIT UNTIL MORNING!

I UNDERSTAND, SIR-- AND I QUITE AGREE!

THERE'S A LOAD OFF MY MIND.

LIEUTENANT ROGOR TO COMMANDER SKYWALKER.

SIR, WE'VE HAD AN UNAUTHORIZED INTRUSION...

LUKE, WHAT'S THE PROBLEM?

OUR NAV CHARTS AND POSSIBLE BASE SITES HAVE BEEN RIFLED THROUGH, HAN.

I THINK IT'S PRETTY OBVIOUS...

"...WE'VE GOT A SPY."

YOUR PLAN WORKED PERFECTLY, SIR.

WHILE THE REBEL SCUM ARE RUNNING IN CIRCLES TRYING TO FIGURE OUT HOW MUCH WE KNOW...

...WE CAN AMASS A STRIKE FORCE AND TAKE THEM BY SURPRISE!

EXCELLENT!

YOU SERVE THE EMPEROR WELL.

NEXT: THE HIDDEN TRAITOR!

HEY, NOW HOLD ON YOUR ROYALOSITY--!
DON'T YOU DARE TAKE THAT ATTITUDE WITH ME, CAPTAIN SOLO!
OUR MAIN COMPUTER BANK HAS BEEN BROKEN INTO, OUR EVACUATION PLANS AND LOCATIONS OF POSSIBLE BASES HAVE BEEN EXAMINED...
... AND WHERE WAS I? ASLEEP! THE GUARDS DIDN'T WAKE ME BECAUSE YOU TOLD THEM NOT TO!

BUT YOU NEEDED THE REST--!
I'LL BE THE JUDGE OF WHAT I "NEED," THANK YOU!

YOU WERE A LOTTA HELP! WHY DIDN'T YOU STICK UP FOR ME?
DID YOU SEE THAT LOOK IN HER EYES?
I'D RATHER TAKE ON A SUPERNOVA!

ODD TO THINK THE SPY MIGHT BE ONE OF *US!*

DON'T FORGET THAT TRANSPORT FULL OF *REFUGEES* FROM *ALDERAAN* YOU FOUND! THEY HAD THE *TIME*, AND THEY WEREN'T *GUARDED* TOO CLOSELY!

YOU'D SUSPECT A *REFUGEE* FROM A *PLANET* THAT'S BEEN *DESTROYED?*

HOW DID YOU *GET* SO SUSPICIOUS?

IT'S WHAT'S KEPT ME *ALIVE*, JUNIOR!

EXCUSE ME, PRINCESS LEIA, BUT YOUR FELLOW ALDERAANIANS HAVE REQUESTED AN AUDIENCE WITH YOU...

I SHOULD HAVE SEEN THEM *EARLIER.* I'LL BE RIGHT THERE, ROGOR.

YOUR *HIGHNESS--!*

PLEASE, NO *FORMALITIES!*

CALL ME *LEIA!*

AS YOU *WISH*, PRIN--LEIA. I'M *TOLOK*. IT IS GOOD TO SEE THAT AT LEAST ONE OF THE ROYAL FAMILY ESCAPED...

RANK DOESN'T MATTER! ONLY THE FACT THAT WE'RE *ALIVE* MATTERS!

AS LONG AS EVEN *ONE* OF US STILL LIVES, *ALDERAAN* STILL LIVES--!

YOU *TELL* 'EM, LEIA!

WHO--?

LEIA, IT'S *ME!*

=GASP!= D-DARLEN?!!

I NEVER THOUGHT I'D *SEE* YOU AGAIN! WHEN I HEARD THE IMPERIAL *SENATE* WAS DISSOLVED, I THOUGHT--

I'M STILL ALIVE, DARLEN! AND STILL *FIGHTING!* WE CAN'T LET THE *EMPIRE* WIN!

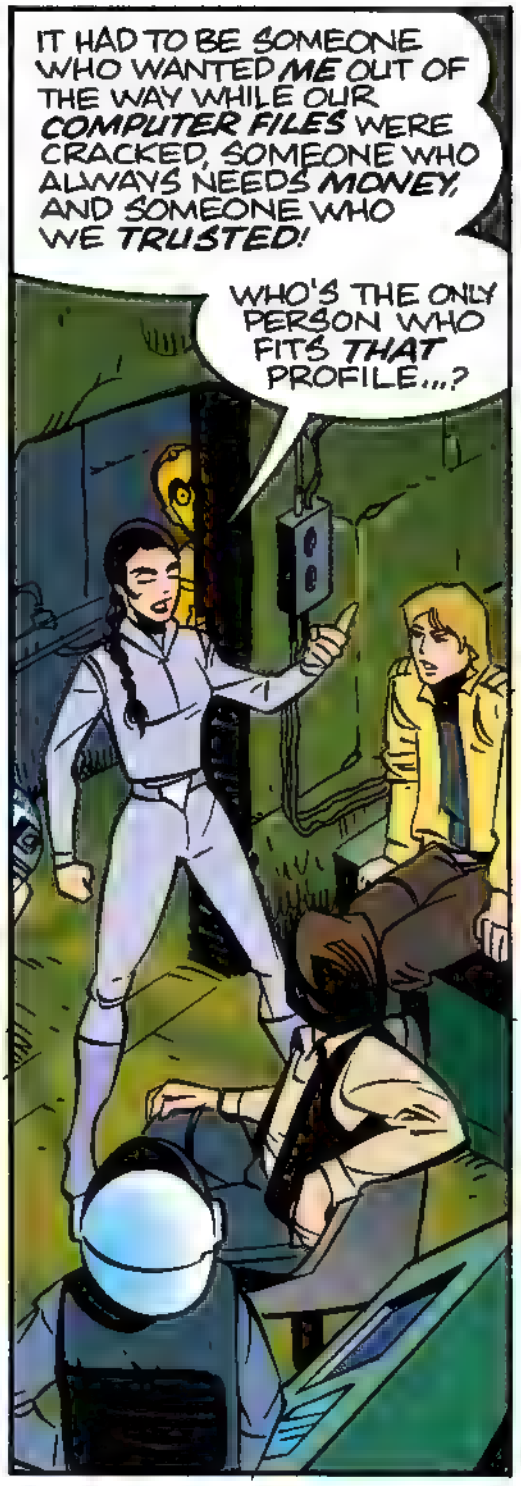
THE REBELLION IS BIGGER, MORE IMPORTANT THAN ANY *ONE* PERSON, AND WE ALL HAVE TO BE PREPARED TO--

--TO...

LEIA, WHAT *IS* IT?

EXCUSE ME-- I JUST THOUGHT OF SOMETHING!

I THINK YOUR CROWN'S A LITTLE TOO TIGHT, PRINCESS!
LEIA, ARE YOU SURE--?
OF COURSE!
THE IDENTITY OF THE SPY WAS OBVIOUS!


IT HAD TO BE SOMEONE WHO WANTED ME OUT OF THE WAY WHILE OUR COMPUTER FILES WERE CRACKED, SOMEONE WHO ALWAYS NEEDS MONEY, AND SOMEONE WHO WE TRUSTED!
WHO'S THE ONLY PERSON WHO FITS THAT PROFILE...?

HAN SOLO!
YOU'RE THE SPY!
NEXT: SOLO HUNT!

OUTTA MY WAY!
HAN, STOP! IT'LL ONLY MAKE THINGS HARDER--!
YOU HEARD HER, HAN! WE CAN'T LET YOU GET AWAY!
YOU CAN'T "LET" ME--?
HMNNNN
JUNIOR, WHO SAID YOU HAD A CHOICE?

MOVE ASIDE!

OH, DEAR!

CHEWIE, LET'S GET SCARCE!

RRNNNNKK!

NO USE!

BY THE TIME WE START AFTER HIM, HE COULD BE ANYWHERE!

I CAN'T BELIEVE CAPTAIN SOLO IS THE IMPERIAL SPY, LT. ROGOR!

NEITHER CAN I, MR. VOORHORIAN-- BUT HE DID RUN, AND HE NEVER DENIED IT!

ARE YOU ALL RIGHT, LUKE?

I'LL LIVE, LEIA! BUT WE'D BETTER EVACUATE BEFORE THAT TRAITOR SOLO CAN WARN HIS IMPERIAL FRIENDS!

FOR ONCE, I'M GLAD OBI-WAN KENOBI WASN'T HERE TO SEE THAT! HAN WILL NEVER BELIEVE I LET HIM NAIL ME!

YOU TWO CAN HASH THAT OUT LATER!

IF THE REAL SPY WAS FOOLED BY OUR LITTLE ACT AND GETS CARELESS, IT'LL ALL BE WORTH IT!

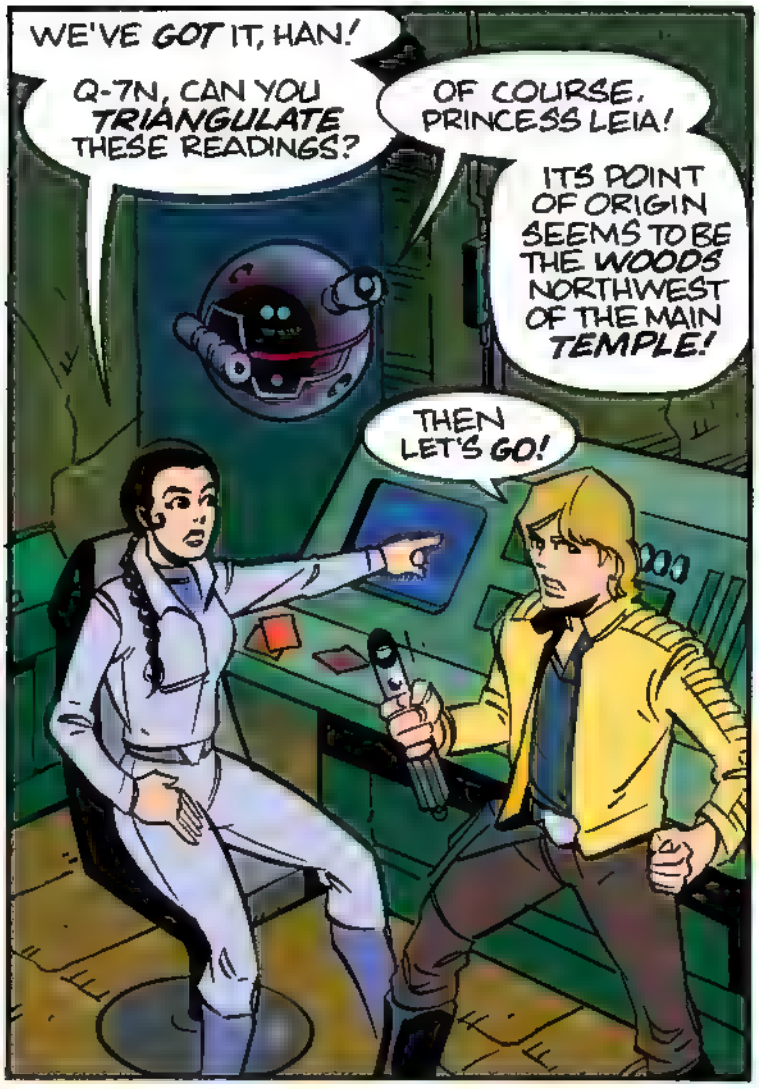
YEAH, BUT YOU BELIEVE I LET HIM GET AWAY, DON'T YOU? LEIA...?

=Sigh=

BE CAREFUL YOU DON'T RUN INTO ANY OF OUR PATROLS, HAN! THEY STILL BELIEVE YOU'RE THE SPY!

LUKE, THE DAY I GET SPOTTED BY AMATEURS LIKE THAT, I'LL RETIRE!

RRRGGGG!
YOU HEAR THAT? CHEWIE'S FOUND SOME SORT OF UNAUTHORIZED TRANSMISSION--!


WE'VE GOT IT, HAN!
Q-7N, CAN YOU TRIANGULATE THESE READINGS?
OF COURSE, PRINCESS LEIA!
ITS POINT OF ORIGIN SEEMS TO BE THE WOODS NORTHWEST OF THE MAIN TEMPLE!
THEN LET'S GO!

HOLD IT RIGHT THERE!

LEIA, WHAT--?
DARLEN?
YOU'RE THE SPY?
NEXT: THE RETURN of DARTH VADER!

DARLEN!

YOU AND *TOLOK* ARE THE IMPERIAL SPIES?

LEIA, WHAT ARE YOU *TALKING* ABOUT?

Q-7N! DIDN'T YOU TRACE THE TRANSMISSION TO *THIS* SPOT?

WELL, THIS *AREA*, COMMANDER SKYWALKER...

...BUT NOW THAT I'M ACTUALLY *HERE*, A LITTLE RECALIBRATION MIGHT BE IN ORDER.

I'M PICKING UP A TRANSMISSION FROM OVER IN *THIS* DIRECTION...

...AH, *HERE* IT IS! AN *AUTOBEACON* LEFT BY OUR *QUARRY*, NO DOUBT IN AN ATTEMPT TO *MISLEAD*--

LOOK OUT, Q-7N...!

...IT'S *MORE* THAN AN ATTEMPT TO *MISLEAD* US!

WHOOOM!

HAN, WE TRACED A *FAKE MESSAGE*, PROBABLY A *COVER* FOR THE SPY'S *REAL TRANSMISSION!* ARE YOU READING ANYTHING *ELSE*?

LEMME *CHECK*...!

CHEWIE, DO YOU HAVE *ANOTHER* SIGNAL?

GRNNNNG!

HE'S *GOT* SOMETHING, LUKE! YOU'LL NEVER GET THERE IN TIME. I'LL HANDLE IT!

HRNNNKK--?

LOTS OF *GUARDS* ON *OBSERVATION DUTY*, ALL RIGHT-- BUT *NONE* OF 'EM SHOULD BE MAKING ANY *OFF-PLANET TRANSMISSIONS!*

MISSED 'IM!

AND THE WOODS'LL PROBABLY JUST BREAK HIS FALL, INSTEAD OF HIS NECK!

SHOOM!

SHOOM!

SHOOM!

HE GOT LUCKY, LUKE!

AND THE GROUND COVER'S TOO THICK FOR ME TO SPOT HIM!

BETTER COME ON DOWN, HAN... NO USE TRYING TO PRETEND YOU'RE THE SPY ANY LONGER!

DO YOU TWO WANT TO TELL ME WHAT YOU'RE DOING OUT HERE?

YOU BROKE THE CURFEW!

WE--WE HAD TO, LEIA...! TOLOK AND I, WE GOT...

WE GOT MARRIED!

WE KEPT IT A SECRET, BECAUSE WE DIDN'T THINK WE HAD ANY RIGHT TO TALK ABOUT OUR HAPPINESS AFTER ALDERAAN HAD BEEN DESTROYED!

THIS WAS OUR ONLY CHANCE TO BE *TOGETHER...!*

AND YOU GAVE THE *SPY* A PRIME OPPORTUNITY TO *COVER HIS TRACKS!*

A REGROUPED IMPERIAL FORCE COULD BE ON THEIR WAY *NOW*-- LT. ROGOR, GIVE THE ORDER TO *EVACUATE!*

BUT THE SPY'S SABOTAGE COULD STILL DELAY US UNTIL THEY *GOT* HERE!

I HOPE SOMEONE *ELSE* HAS AN IDEA-- I'M FRESH OUT!

THAT'S BECAUSE *YOU* DON'T KNOW *THE FORCE!*

...THE REBEL FORCES ARE STILL *DISORGANIZED* AND *DEMORALIZED*, LORD VADER! I SUGGEST AN *ATTACK* AS SOON AS FEASIBLE!

AGREED!

OUR REGROUPED FLEET SHALL ARRIVE WITHIN *HOURS!*

NEXT: *THE TRAITOR REVEALED!*

TRANSPORTS THREE THROUGH FIVE, YOU ARE CLEARED TO DEPART NOW! DELAY, AND YOU'LL LOSE YOUR WINDOW!
X-WING SQUADRON, BEGIN PRE-EVACUATION COUNTDOWN--!
VOO-DOOP?
YES, ARTOO, BASE EVACUATION CERTAINLY *IS* EXCITING--
AND IT MAY BE VERY *SHORT*, TOO-- IF THE *IMPERIALS* HAVE FOUND US!
FOR ONCE, *YOU'RE* THE ONE WHO'S THE *WORRIER*, Q-7N! I'M *CERTAIN* THERE'S NO--
LEIA, *STOP!* STOP THE EVACUATION!

YOU *CAN'T* CONTINUE THE EVACUATION UNTIL WE'VE FOUND THE IMPERIAL *SPY!*

LUKE, THERE'S NO *TIME*-- AND NO *WAY* TO FIND HIM!

WE'VE TRIED *EVERYTHING!*

NOT THE FORCE! WE KNOW THE SPY SABOTAGED THE TRANSMITTER WE FOUND IN THE WOODS, HOURS AGO!

BUT THE FORCE SPANS THE UNIVERSE-- IT CONNECTS ALL THINGS--

...AND THIS *PART* FROM THAT TRANSMITTER WILL CONNECT *ME* WITH THE SABOTEUR-- REFLECT HIS OWN EVIL RIGHT *BACK* AT HIM!

ALL I HAVE TO DO IS *CONCENTRATE...!*

NO!

ROGOR!?

GET AWAY FROM ME--!

LET HIM GO!

OUT OF MY WAY--!

CHEWIE, FIRE UP THE FALCON WE'RE IN PURSUIT OF--

NO NEED FOR CONCERN, CAPTAIN SOLO...

"...THAT WAS ONE OF THE OLD X-WINGS--HE'LL MAKE MORE PROGRESS PUSHING IT!"

YOU KNOW, I NEVER TRUSTED ROGOR! YOU MUST BE GETTING PRETTY GOOD WITH THE FORCE TO LURE HIM OUT THAT WAY, LUKE!

ACTUALLY, I'VE GOT A LOT TO LEARN, HAN...

...BUT I KNOW WHEN TO *BLUFF!*

I'M IMPRESSED, JUNIOR-- ABOUT *TIME* YOU STARTED PICKING UP SOME POINTERS FROM ME!

DARLEN, I'M *SORRY* I SUSPECTED YOU AND TOLOK OF *SPYING*... BUT AS THE *LEADER* OF THE REBELLION--

WE *UNDER-STAND*, LEIA!

IN FACT, WE HAVE A LITTLE *GOOD* NEWS...!

I'M GOING TO HAVE A *BABY*...!

THAT'S *WONDERFUL!*

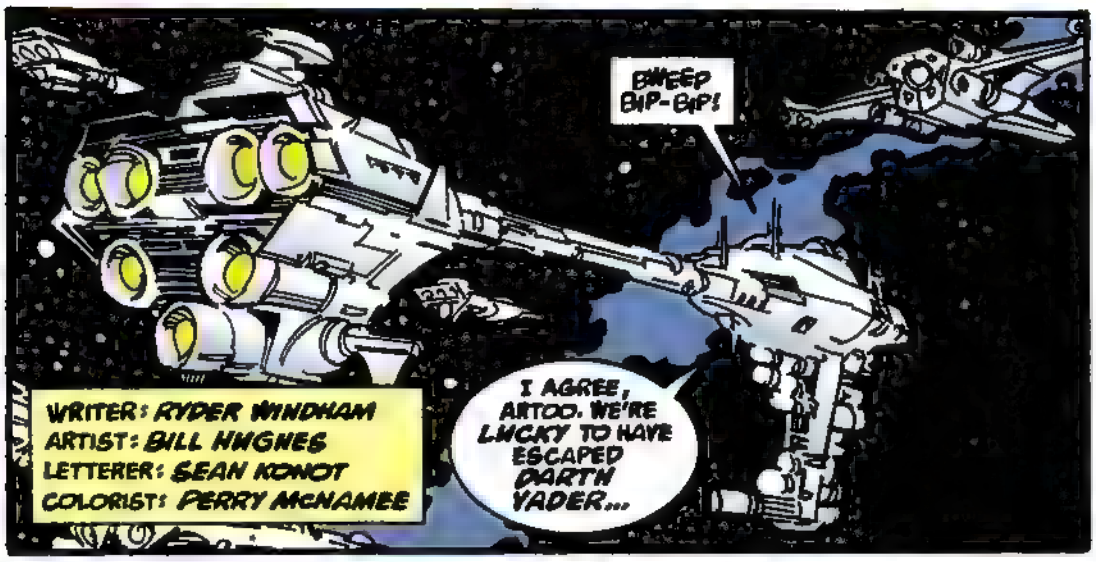
THROUGH THE TWO OF YOU, ALDERAAN WILL LIVE *ON!*

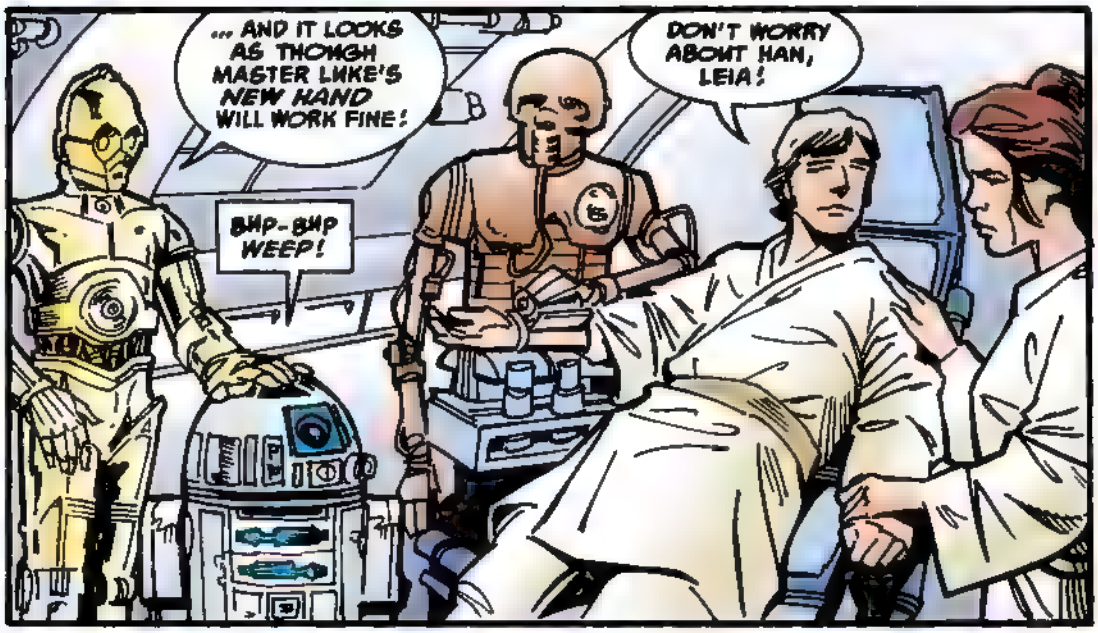
"YOU KNOW, LUKE, IT'S TOO BAD WE HAD TO LEAVE *ROGOR* ALL ALONE ON YAVIN 4!"

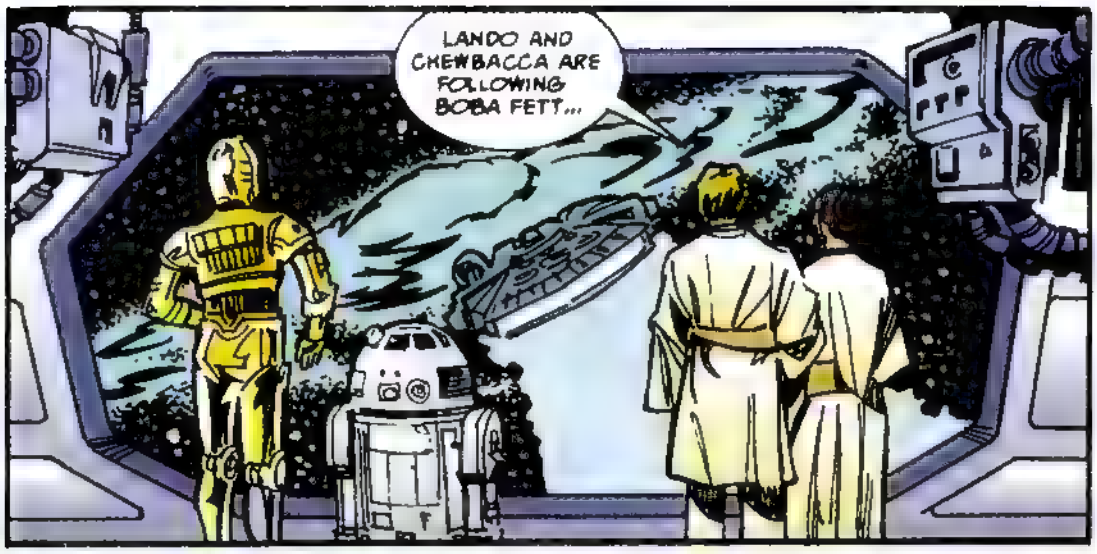
"I WOULDN'T *WORRY*, HAN. REMEMBER, HE *FAILED* HIS MISSION...

"...AND WITH THE *EMPIRE* ON THE WAY, HE WON'T BE LONELY FOR *LONG!*"

THE END!


BWEEP BIP-BIP!
WRITER: RYDER WINDHAM
ARTIST: BILL HUGHES
LETTERER: SEAN KONOT
COLORIST: PERRY MCNAMEE
I AGREE, ARTOO. WE'RE LUCKY TO HAVE ESCAPED DARTH VADER...

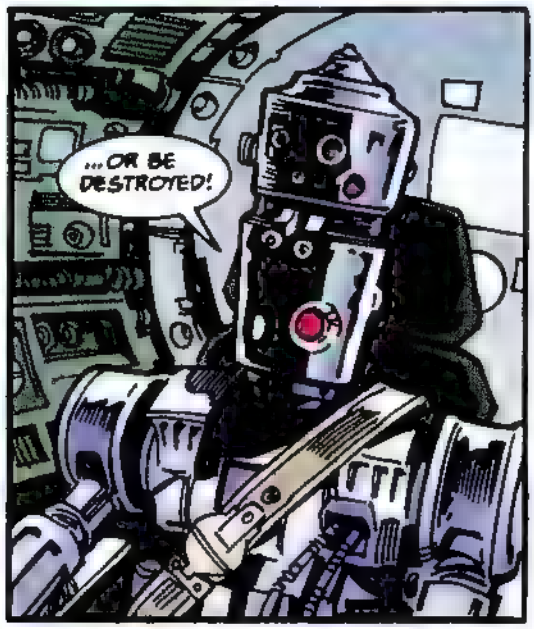

... AND IT LOOKS AS THOUGH MASTER LUKE'S NEW HAND WILL WORK FINE!
BHP-BHP WEEP!
DON'T WORRY ABOUT HAN, LEIA!

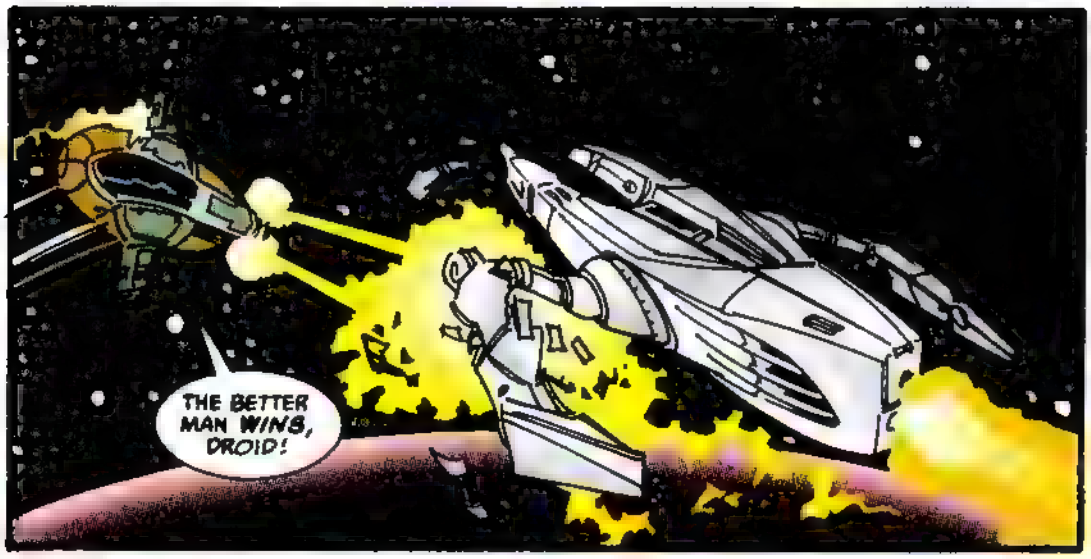

LANDO AND CHEWBACCA ARE FOLLOWING BOBA FETT...

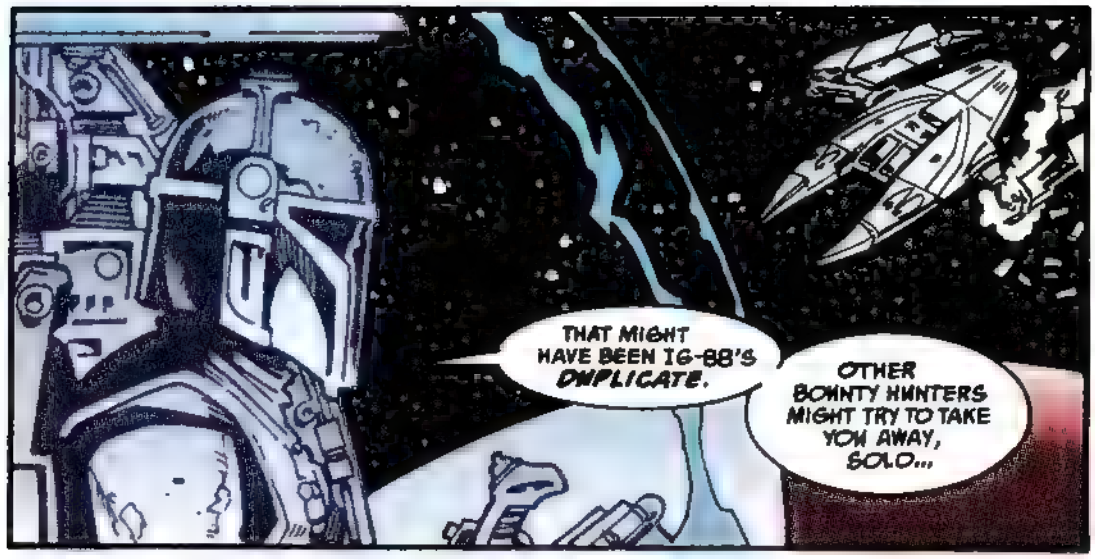
"AND WE'LL RESCUE HAN ON TATOOINE!"
JABBA MIGHT LIKE YOU FROZEN IN CARBONITE, SOLO!

YOU'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO TALK BACK TO HIM AGAIN!

SURRENDER YOUR PRISONER, BOBA FETT...
WHAT THE---?!

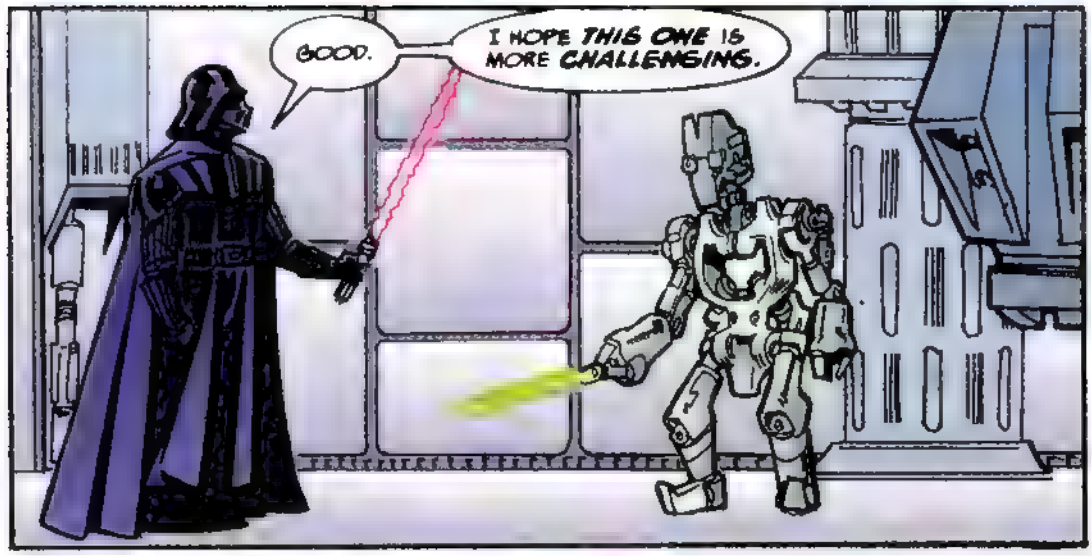

...OR BE DESTROYED!


THE BETTER MAN WINS, DROID!


THAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN IG-88'S DUPLICATE.
OTHER BOUNTY HUNTERS MIGHT TRY TO TAKE YOU AWAY, SOLO...

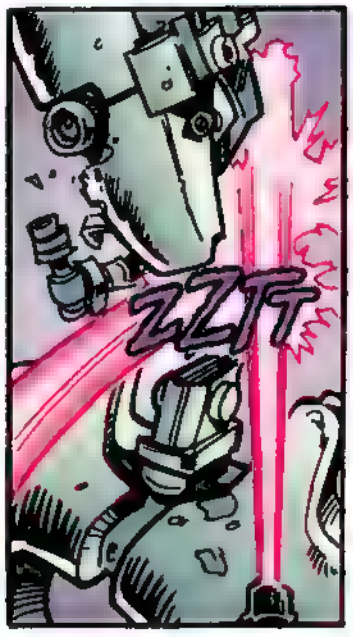
... SO JABBA WILL HAVE TO WAIT WHILE WE TAKE A DETOUR...

"SOMEWHERE AWAY FROM ANY OTHER ENTANGLEMENTS!"
IS IT READY?
Y-YES, LORD VADER.


GOOD.
I HOPE THIS ONE IS MORE CHALLENGING.

KSSH

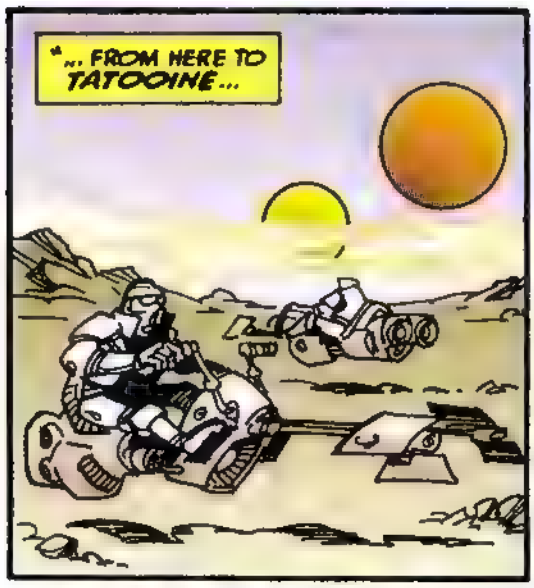
ZZT


ZZTT

I'VE ALMOST FULLY RECOVERED SINCE MY BATTLE WITH SKYWALKER.
CLEAN UP THIS MESS.
YES, LORD VADER.
THE EMPEROR IS TRANSMITTING, SIR!
I'M READY TO RESUME MY SEARCH FOR SKYWALKER, MASTER.
FORGET SKYWALKER... FOR NOW!
YES, MY MASTER. WHAT IS THY BIDDING?
YOU WILL OVERSEE CONSTRUCTION ON OUR NEW WEAPON...
...AND WORK WITH PRINCE XIZOR! THAT IS ALL.
I EXPECT NO DELAYS, PRINCE XIZOR.
THERE WILL BE NONE, EMPEROR.
I HAVE A PLAN, GURI.
HOW MAY I SERVE YOU, MY PRINCE?
VADER WANTS TO DELIVER LUKE SKYWALKER TO THE EMPEROR...
IF SOMETHING WERE TO... HAPPEN TO SKYWALKER, THE DARK LORD MIGHT LOSE FAVOR WITH THE EMPEROR...
...AND YOU WOULD GAIN POWER. DO YOU WANT ME TO "TAKE CARE OF" SKYWALKER?

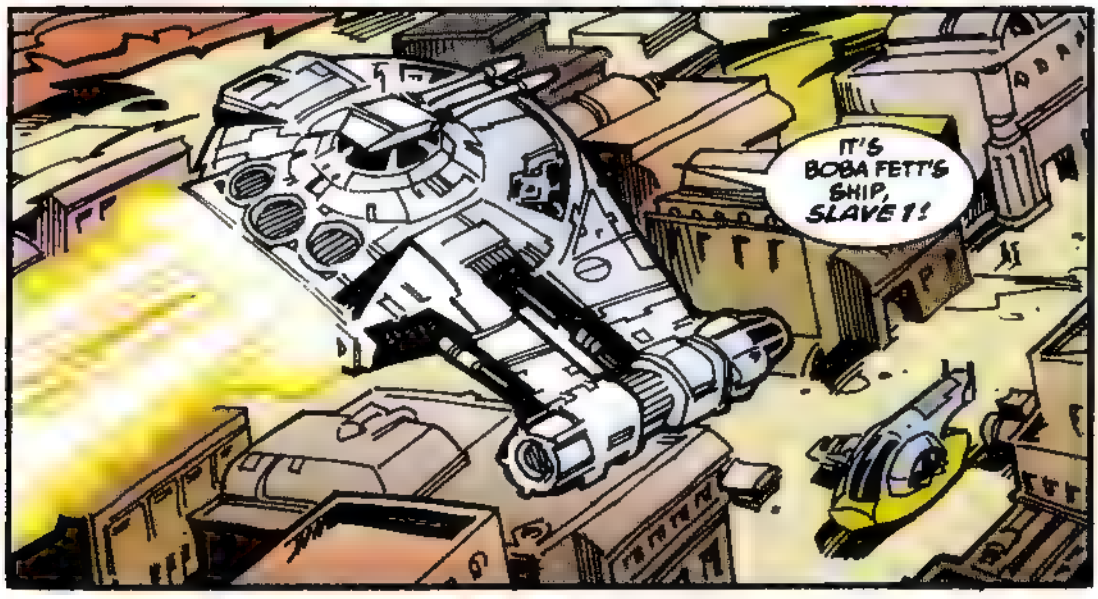
NO, GURI. NO ONE MUST KNOW OF OUR HAND IN THIS.

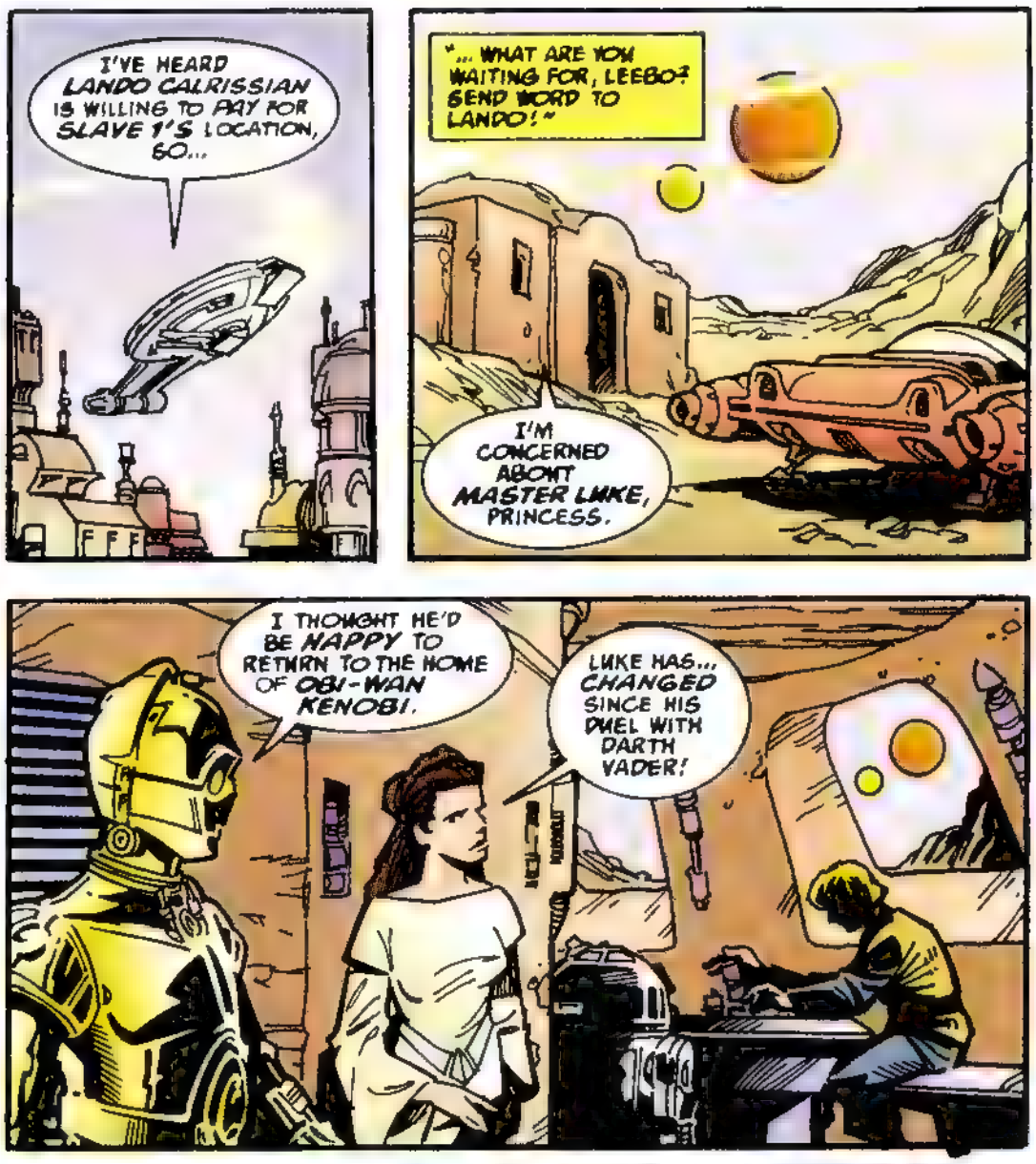
"LET YOUR CONTACTS INFORM EVERY BOUNTY HUNTER IN THE GALAXY...


"... FROM HERE TO TATOOINE...

"... THERE'S A PRICE ON SKYWALKER'S HEAD!"
WE'RE ARRIVING IN BALL CITY, MASTER RENDAR...

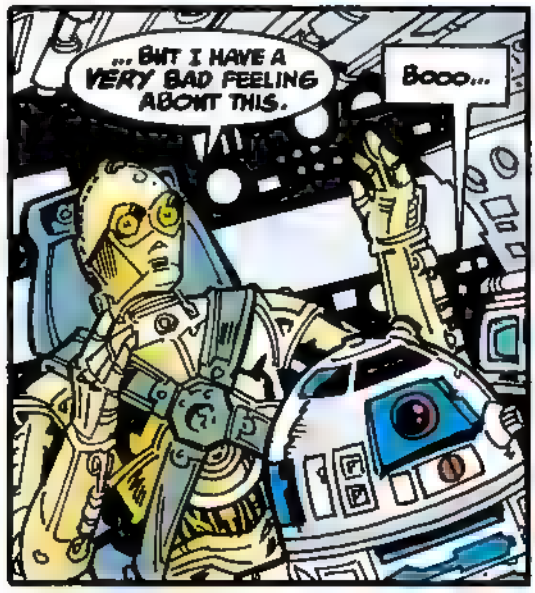
... SHALL I DO ANYTHING BEFORE WE LAND?
MAKE SURE THE HATCHES ARE SECURED-- HEY! DO YOU SEE THAT?

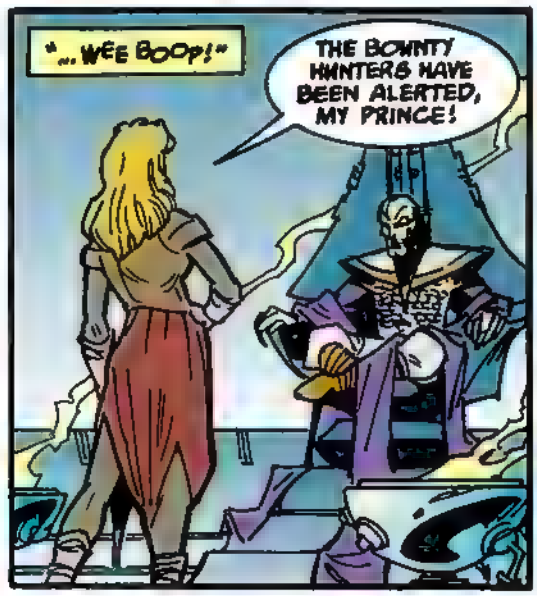

IT'S BOBA FETT'S SHIP, SLAVE I!


I'VE HEARD LANDO CALRISSIAN IS WILLING TO PAY FOR SLAVE 1'S LOCATION, SO...
"... WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR, LEEBO? SEND WORD TO LANDO!"
I'M CONCERNED ABOUT MASTER LUKE, PRINCESS.
I THOUGHT HE'D BE HAPPY TO RETURN TO THE HOME OF OBI-WAN KENOBI.
LUKE HAS... CHANGED SINCE HIS DUEL WITH DARTH VADER!
COULD VADER REALLY BE MY FATHER?
WHY DIDN'T BEN AND YODA TELL ME?
HEY, PUT THAT DOWN, ARTOO! THOSE PARTS ARE FOR MY NEW LIGHTSABER.
MAY AS WELL WORK ON IT WHILE WE WAIT FOR SOME SIGN OF BOBA FETT--
WOOP?
GOOD NEWS, LUKE!

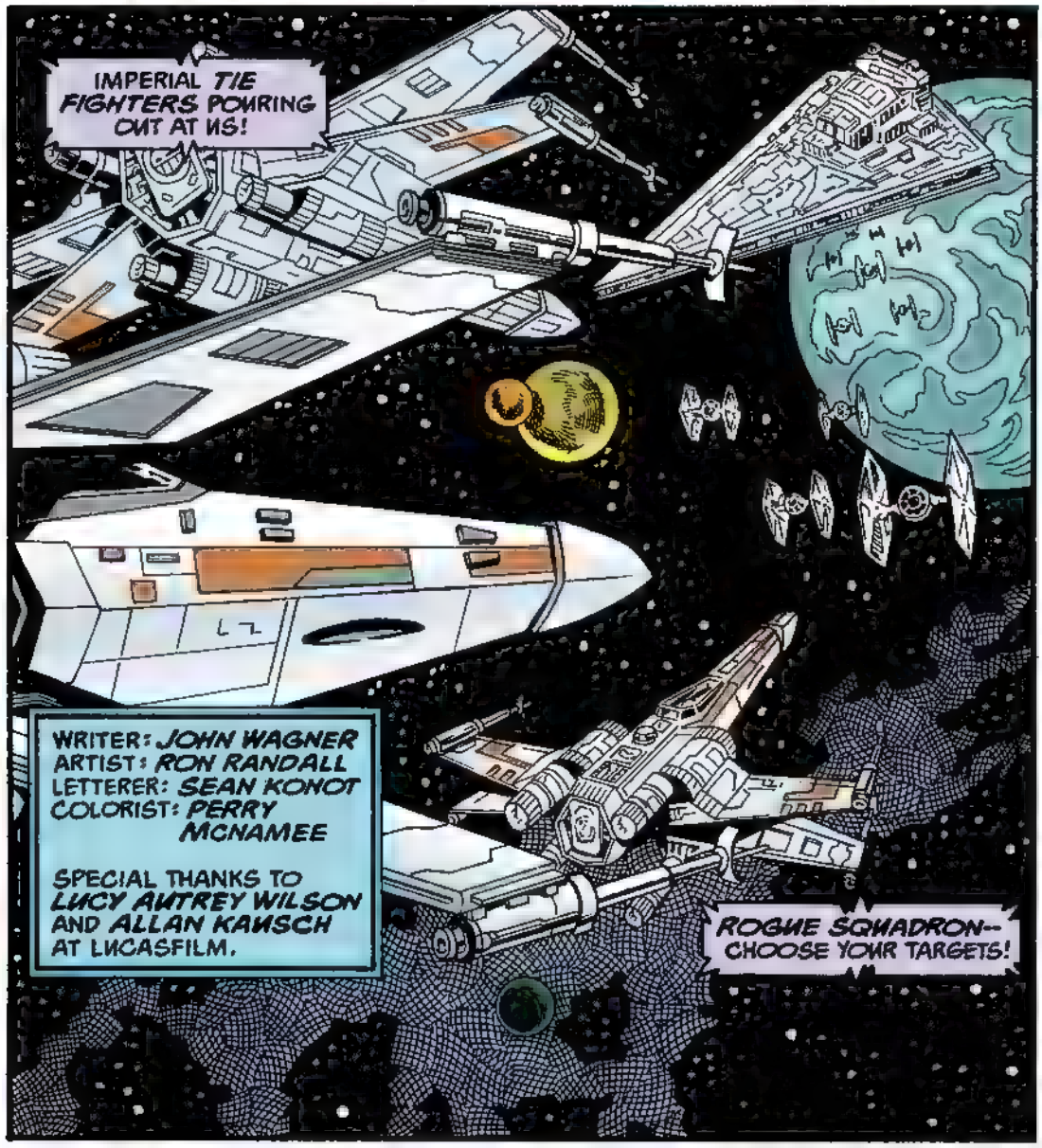
WHAT, LANDO?
DASH RENDAR SPOTTED SLAVE 1 ON GALL.
MOTOR'S RUNNING ON THE LANDSPEEDER--
WHAT ARE WE WAITING FOR?! LET'S GET TO THE FALCON!

DON'T TELL ANYONE I SAID THIS, ARTOO...


...BUT I HAVE A VERY BAD FEELING ABOUT THIS.
Booo...

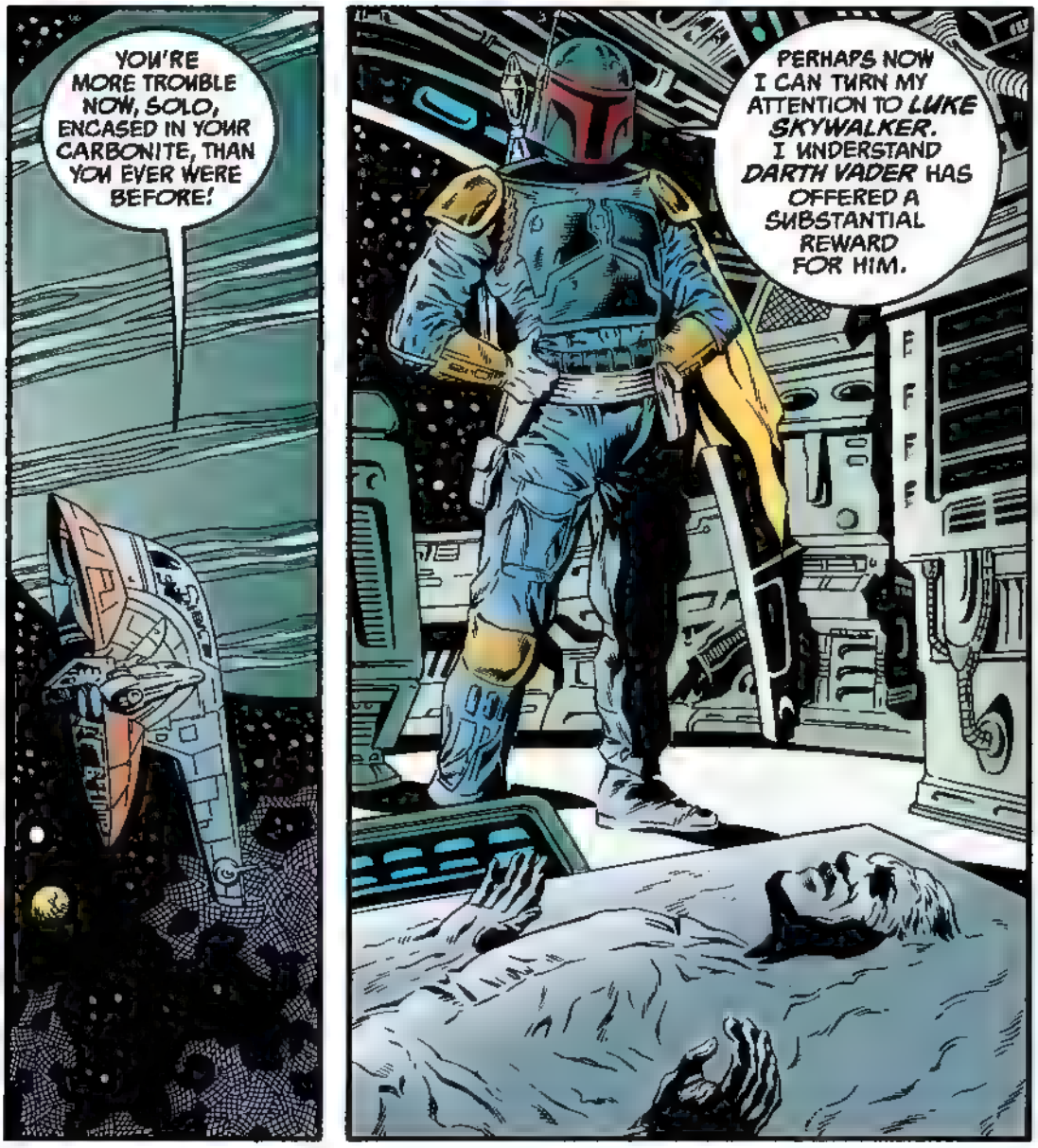

"...WEE BOOP!"
THE BOUNTY HUNTERS HAVE BEEN ALERTED, MY PRINCE!

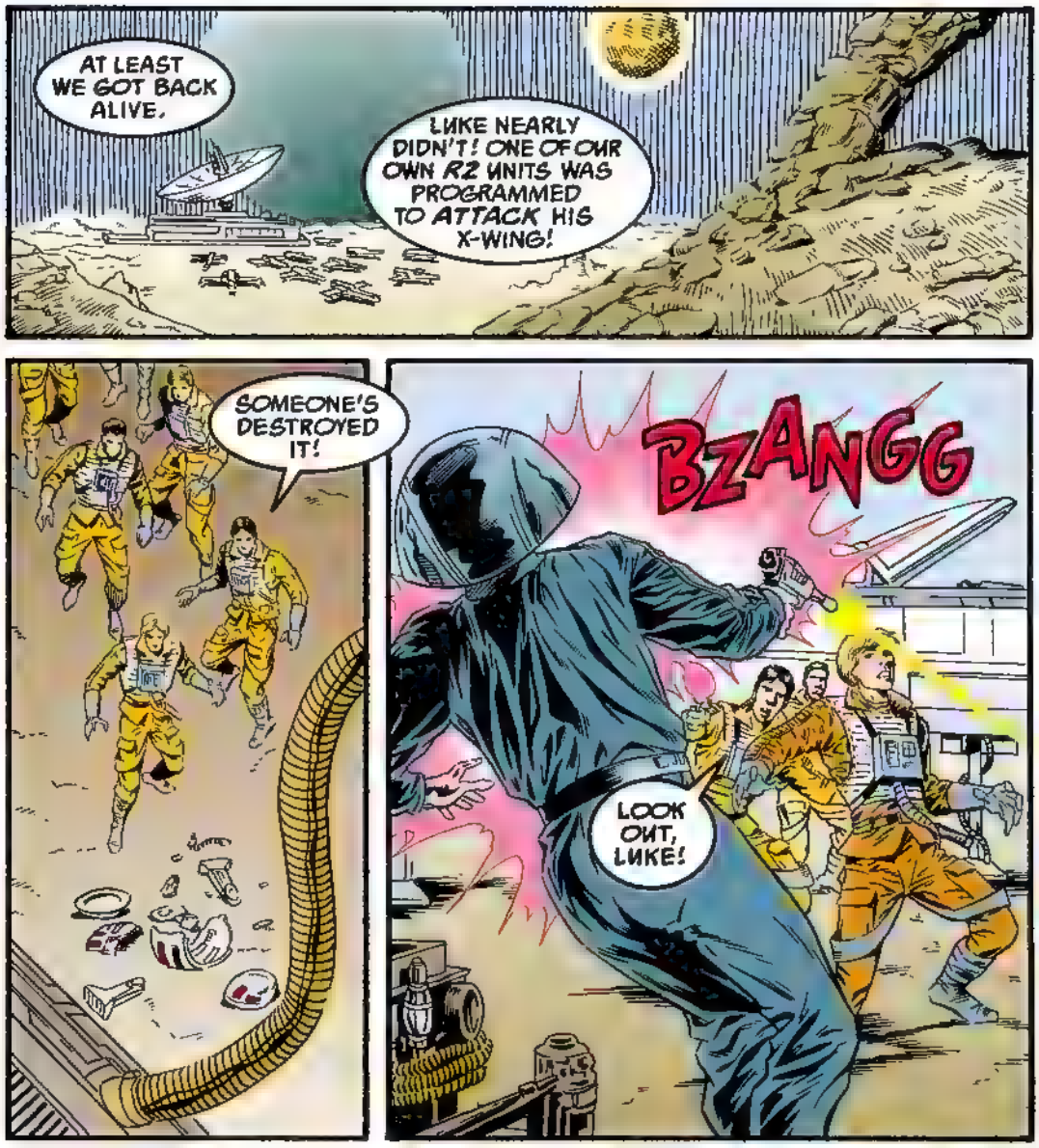
EXCELLENT, GURI! THE FUTURE PROMISES TO BE MOST... INTERESTING!


IMPERIAL TIE FIGHTERS POURING OUT AT US!
WRITER: JOHN WAGNER
ARTIST: RON RANDALL
LETTERER: SEAN KONOT
COLORIST: PERRY MCNAMEE
SPECIAL THANKS TO LUCY AUTREY WILSON AND ALLAN KAUSCH AT LUCASFILM.
ROGUE SQUADRON--CHOOSE YOUR TARGETS!

THEY'VE GOT US HEAVILY OUTNUMBERED, LUKE! WE'RE TAKING A BIG RISK!
BLEEPL-EEP!
ARTOO AGREES, WEDGE -- BUT WE HAVE TO KEEP THEM BUSY!
VAWOOM
BOBA FETT'S ON CALL WITH HAN. WE HAVE TO GIVE LEIA AND THE OTHERS TIME TO GET TO HIM!
F-TUM
F-TUM
WHO SAID THE SIMPLE IDEAS WERE THE BEST, PRINCESS?
KEEP GOING, LANDO! FETT'S SHIP CAN'T BE FAR NOW!!
VAROOOOM
IT'S WHAT WE DO WHEN WE GET THERE THAT WORRIES ME, PRINCESS.
OH, DEAR! YOU MEAN IT'S GOING TO GET WORSE?
SLAVE I IS TAKING OFF! FETT'S RUNNING FOR IT!

THE FALCON'S HIT!
WE'RE DAMAGED, PRINCESS! WE HAVE TO BREAK OFF!
AND LEAVE HAN IN THE BOUNTY HUNTER'S CLUTCHES? NO!
WE'VE NO CHOICE!
I'M SORRY, HAN.
I PROMISE I WON'T REST UNTIL I'VE FREED YOU.


YOU'RE MORE TROUBLE NOW, SOLO, ENCASED IN YOUR CARBONITE, THAN YOU EVER WERE BEFORE!
PERHAPS NOW I CAN TURN MY ATTENTION TO LUKE SKYWALKER. I UNDERSTAND DARTH VADER HAS OFFERED A SUBSTANTIAL REWARD FOR HIM.


AT LEAST WE GOT BACK ALIVE.
LUKE NEARLY DIDN'T! ONE OF OUR OWN R2 UNITS WAS PROGRAMMED TO ATTACK HIS X-WING!
SOMEONE'S DESTROYED IT!
BZANGG
LOOK OUT, LUKE!
SOMEONE'S DEFINITELY OUT TO GET YOU, LUKE.
SO THE MECHANIC RASCALED THE R2-- BUT WHO PAID THE MECHANIC?
WHO ELSE? VADER!
WE ARE WITHIN RANGE OF THE REBEL SHIPYARD, LORD VADER. THEIR FIGHTERS ARE COMING OUT TO ENGAGE US.

READY MY TIE FIGHTER! I WILL DEAL WITH THEM MYSELF!

THIS IS NO CHALLENGE! AFTER LUKE, OTHER OPPONENTS ARE NO TEST OF MY POWERS!

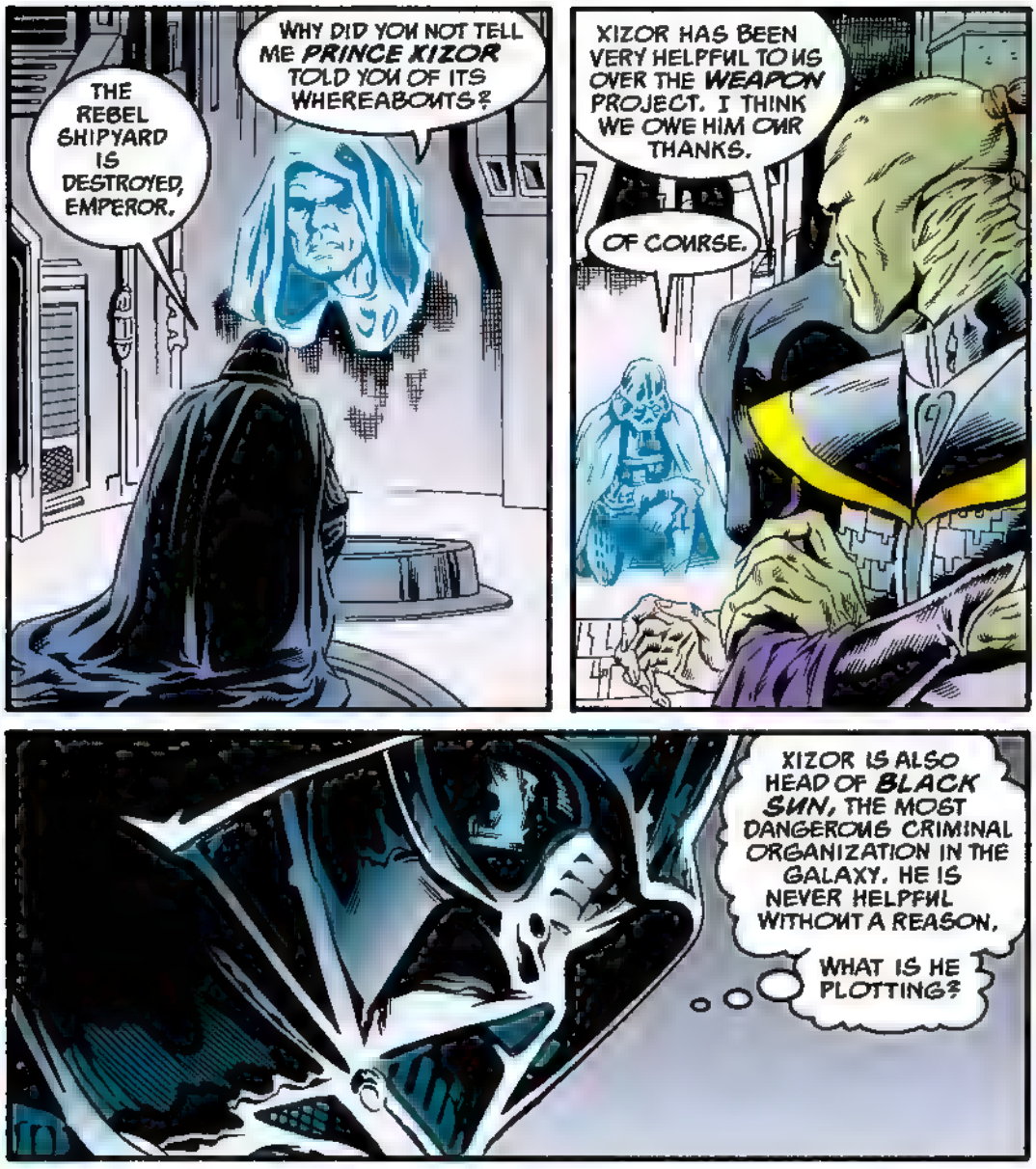
WHEN THE *NEW WEAPON* IS COMPLETE, LUKE WILL SEE THE *ALLIANCE* IS FINISHED. HE WILL JOIN ME ON THE DARK SIDE--

--THEN TOGETHER WHAT CAN WE NOT ACHIEVE, FATHER AND SON?

STAR DESTROYER-- COMPLETE THE TASK!

VADOOM

SHANGG


THE REBEL SHIPYARD IS DESTROYED, EMPEROR.
WHY DID YOU NOT TELL ME PRINCE XIZOR TOLD YOU OF ITS WHEREABOUTS?
XIZOR HAS BEEN VERY HELPFUL TO US OVER THE WEAPON PROJECT. I THINK WE OWE HIM OUR THANKS.
OF COURSE.
XIZOR IS ALSO HEAD OF BLACK SUN, THE MOST DANGEROUS CRIMINAL ORGANIZATION IN THE GALAXY. HE IS NEVER HELPFUL WITHOUT A REASON.
WHAT IS HE PLOTTING?
HOW I ENJOYED VADER'S EMBARRASSMENT, GURI! IF HE BUT KNEW THE TRUE EXTENT OF MY CUNNING!
THE BOUNTY HUNTERS HAVE BEEN INFORMED. A LARGE REWARD IS OFFERED FOR LUKE SKYWALKER-- DEAD.
YOU DID NOT REVEAL MY HAND IN THIS?
THEY BELIEVE THE OFFER COMES FROM VADER.
EXCELLENT! THE EMPEROR WILL BE MOST DISPLEASED SHOULD HE SUCCEED.
AND I WILL SEE TO IT THAT HE DOES!

MESSAGE DROID COMING IN!
IT'S FOR LEIA. THE BOTHAN SPIES HAVE VITAL INFORMATION OF A SECRET PROJECT THE EMPIRE'S COOKING UP...
IT IS MOST IMPORTANT YOU COME IMMEDIATELY!
BUT LEIA'S NOT HERE! THAT JUST LEAVES US--!
COME ON, ARTOO!
BLEEPL-EEP-BLEEEE!
BELIEVE ME, ARTOO, I KNOW THIS IS GOING TO BE DANGEROUS!
BUT IF WE DON'T FIND OUT WHAT THE EMPIRE'S UP TO, IT COULD BE THE END OF US ALL!

STAR WARS

THE MIXED-UP DROID

story by John Whitman
script by Ryder Windham
art by Bill Hughes
colors by Pamela Rambo
lettering by Steve Dutro

THREEPIO! A RACE OF CREATURES ON THE PLANET YAG'DHUL WANTS TO JOIN THE ALLIANCE!

THEY PREFER TO DEAL WITH DROIDS AND REQUESTED YOU BECAUSE OF YOUR DIPLOMATIC SKILLS!

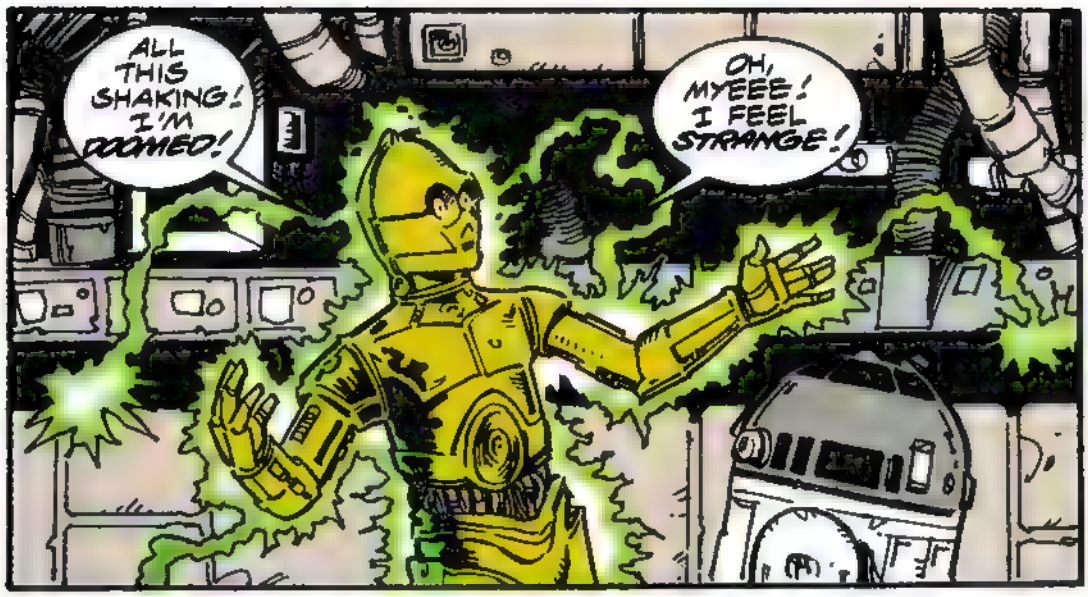
I WOULD BE DELIGHTED, PRINCESS LEIA!

ABOARD THE MILLENIUM FALCON, OUR HEROES ARE ON THEIR WAY TO YAG'DHUL, WHEN SUDDENLY...

OH, NO! TIE FIGHTERS!

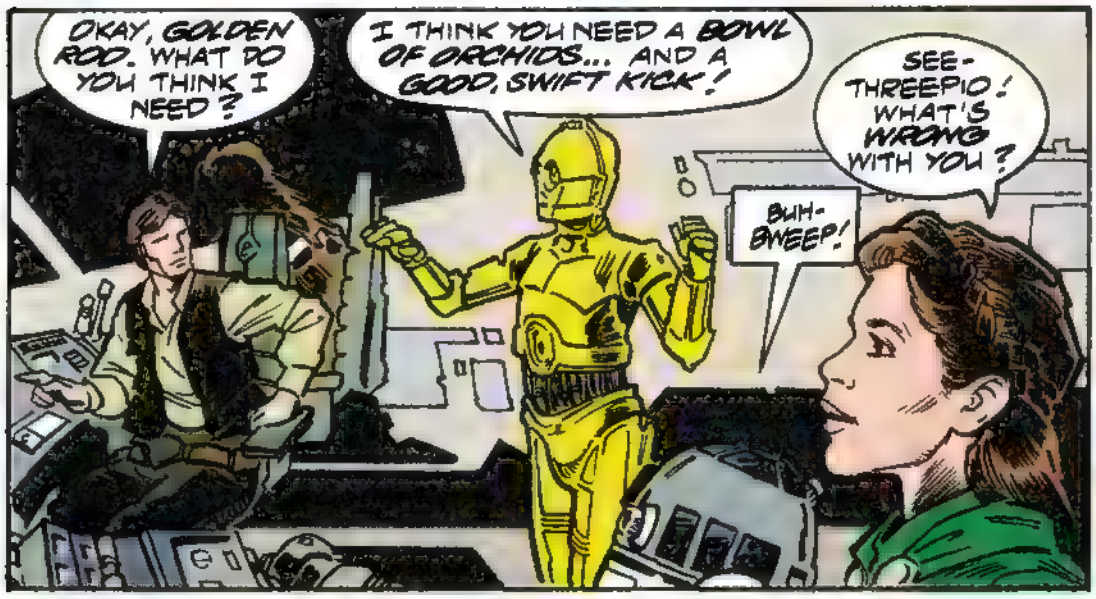
BEEOW BEEOW

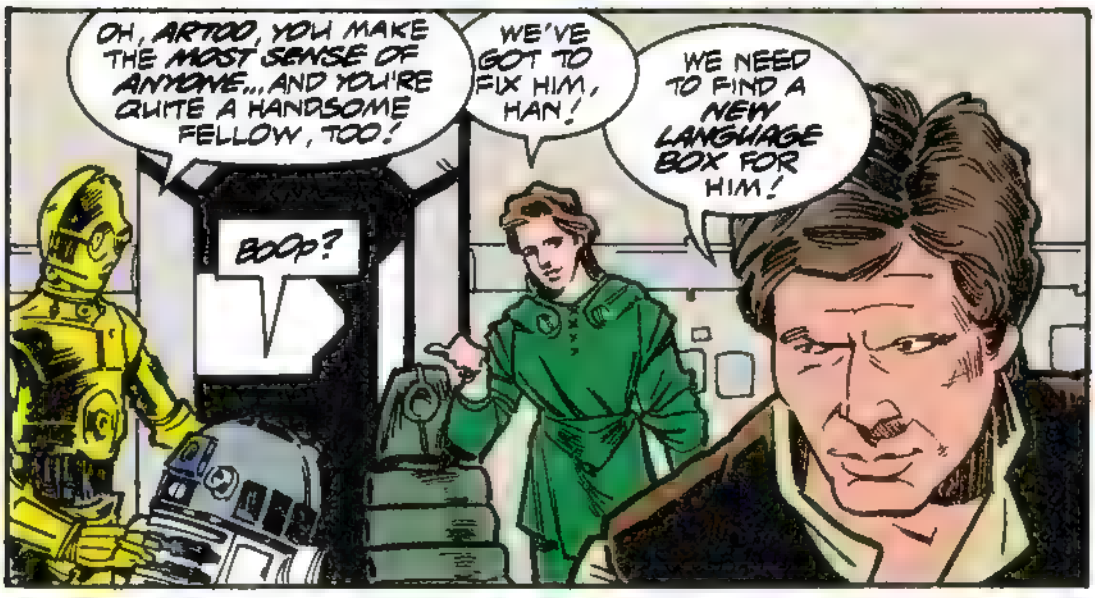
BOOM


ALL THIS SHAKING! I'M DOOMED!
OH, MYEEE! I FEEL STRANGE!

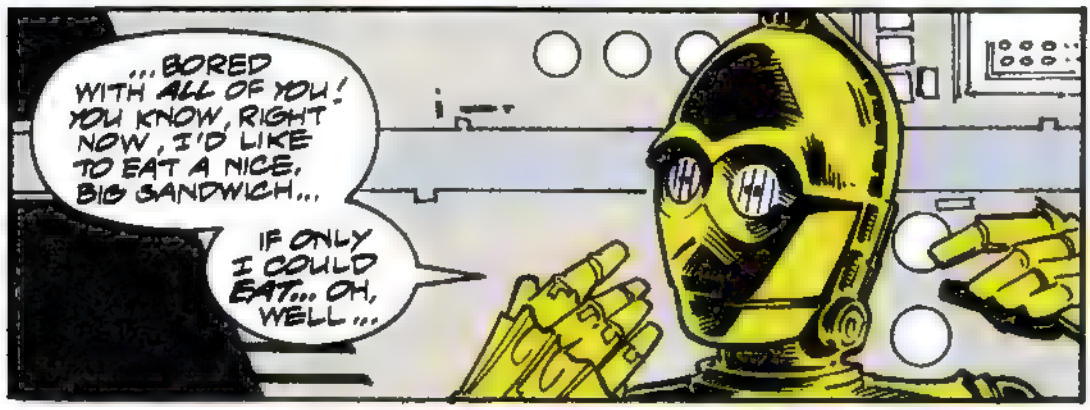
WE'VE ESCAPED, BUT THE FALCON MIGHT BE DAMAGED! THREEPIO...!

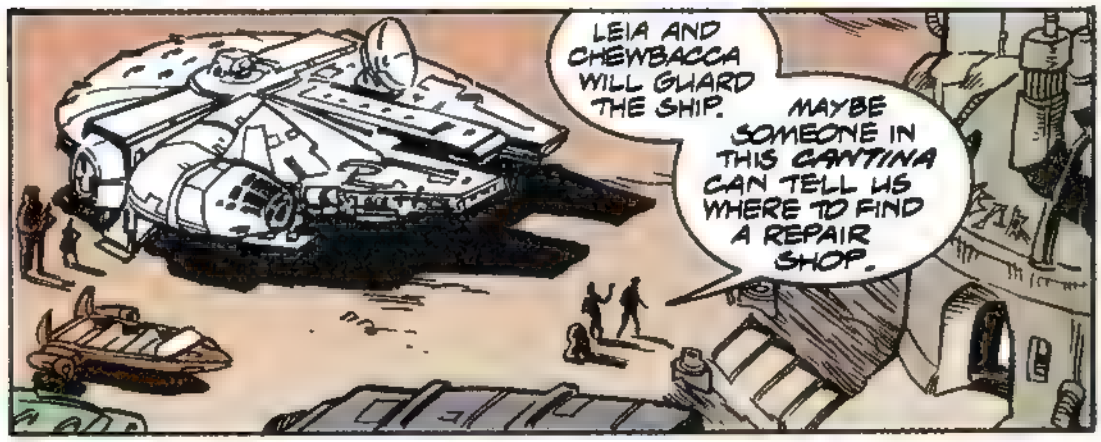
...ASK THE SHIP COMPUTER IF WE'RE OKAY!


OKAY, GOLDEN ROD. WHAT DO YOU THINK I NEED?
I THINK YOU NEED A BOWL OF ORCHIDS... AND A GOOD, SWIFT KICK!
SEE- THREEPIO! WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOU?
BUH- BWEEP!

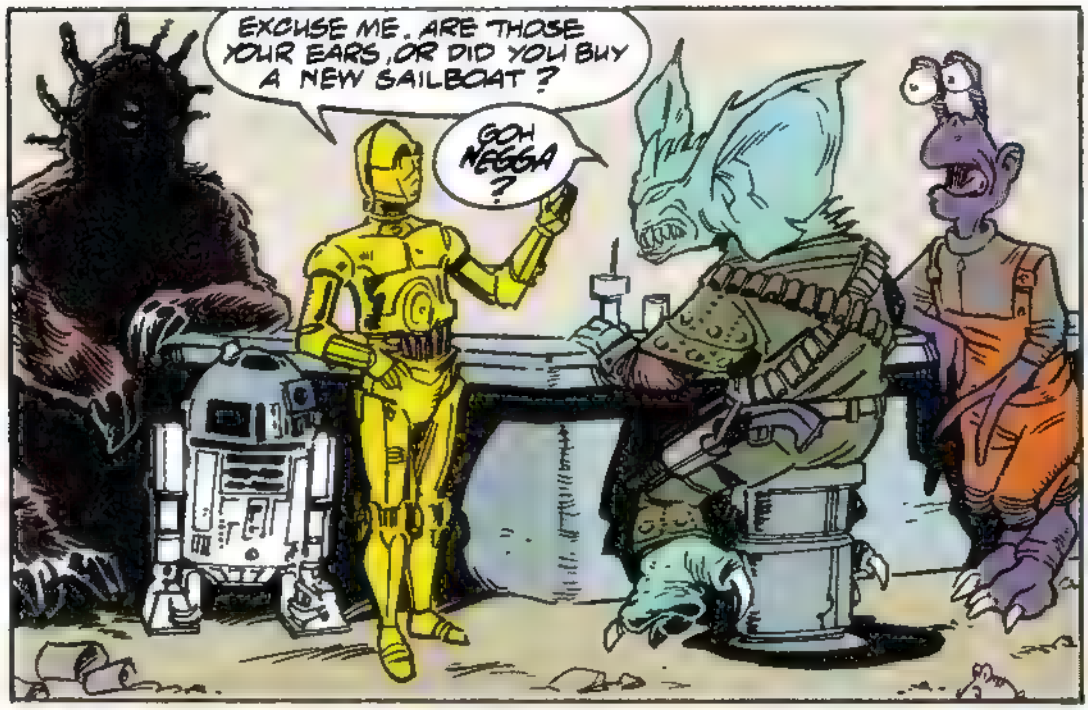

OH, ARTOO, YOU MAKE THE MOST SENSE OF ANYONE... AND YOU'RE QUITE A HANDSOME FELLOW, TOO!
WE'VE GOT TO FIX HIM, HAN!
WE NEED TO FIND A NEW LANGUAGE BOX FOR HIM!
BOOP?

WE SHOULD BE ABLE TO FIND A DROID REPAIR SHOP HERE... ON NAR SHADDAA!
OH, I'M BORED...

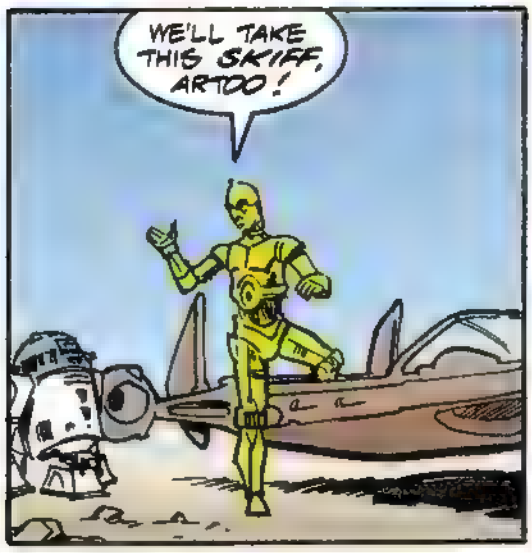

...BORED WITH ALL OF YOU! YOU KNOW, RIGHT NOW, I'D LIKE TO EAT A NICE, BIG SANDWICH...
IF ONLY I COULD EAT... OH, WELL...

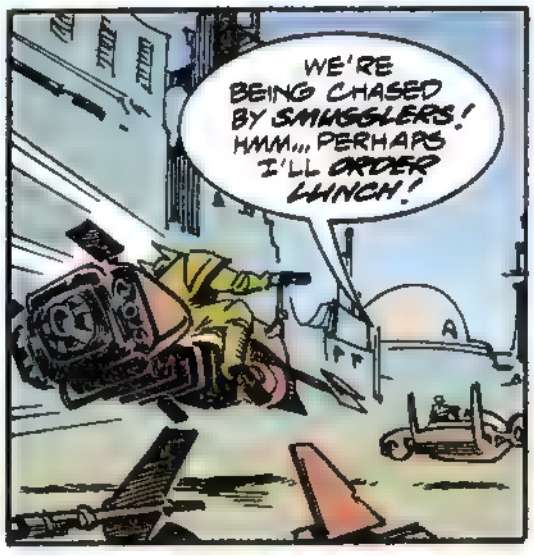

LEIA AND CHEWBACCA WILL GUARD THE SHIP.
MAYBE SOMEONE IN THIS CANTINA CAN TELL US WHERE TO FIND A REPAIR SHOP.

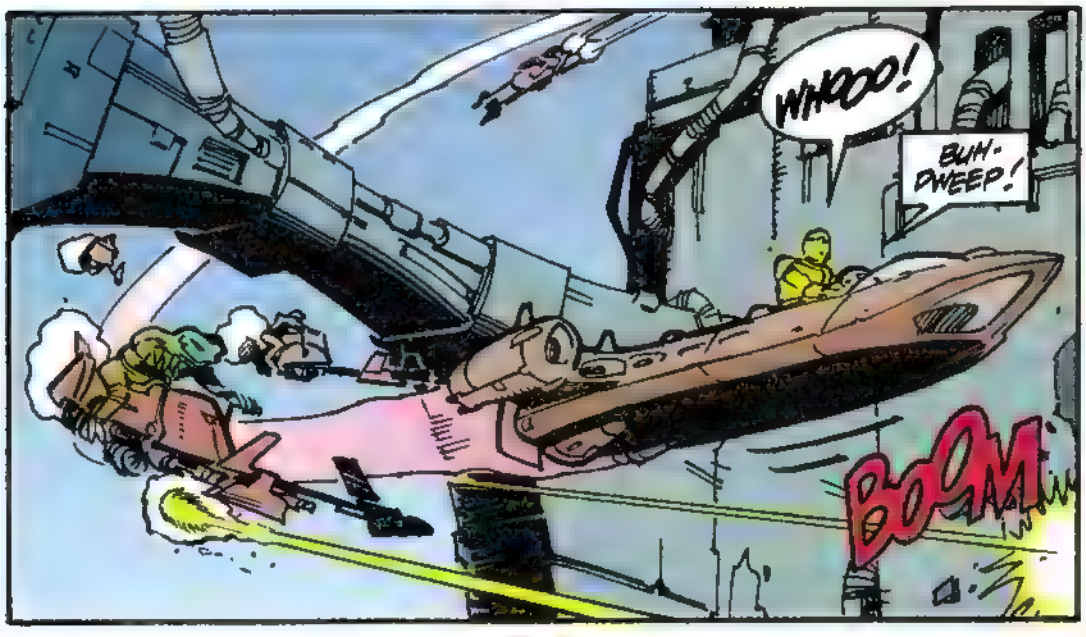
ONCE WE'RE INSIDE, DON'T TALK TO ANYONE, GOT IT?
OF COURSE, SIR! NOT A WORD OUT OF ME...

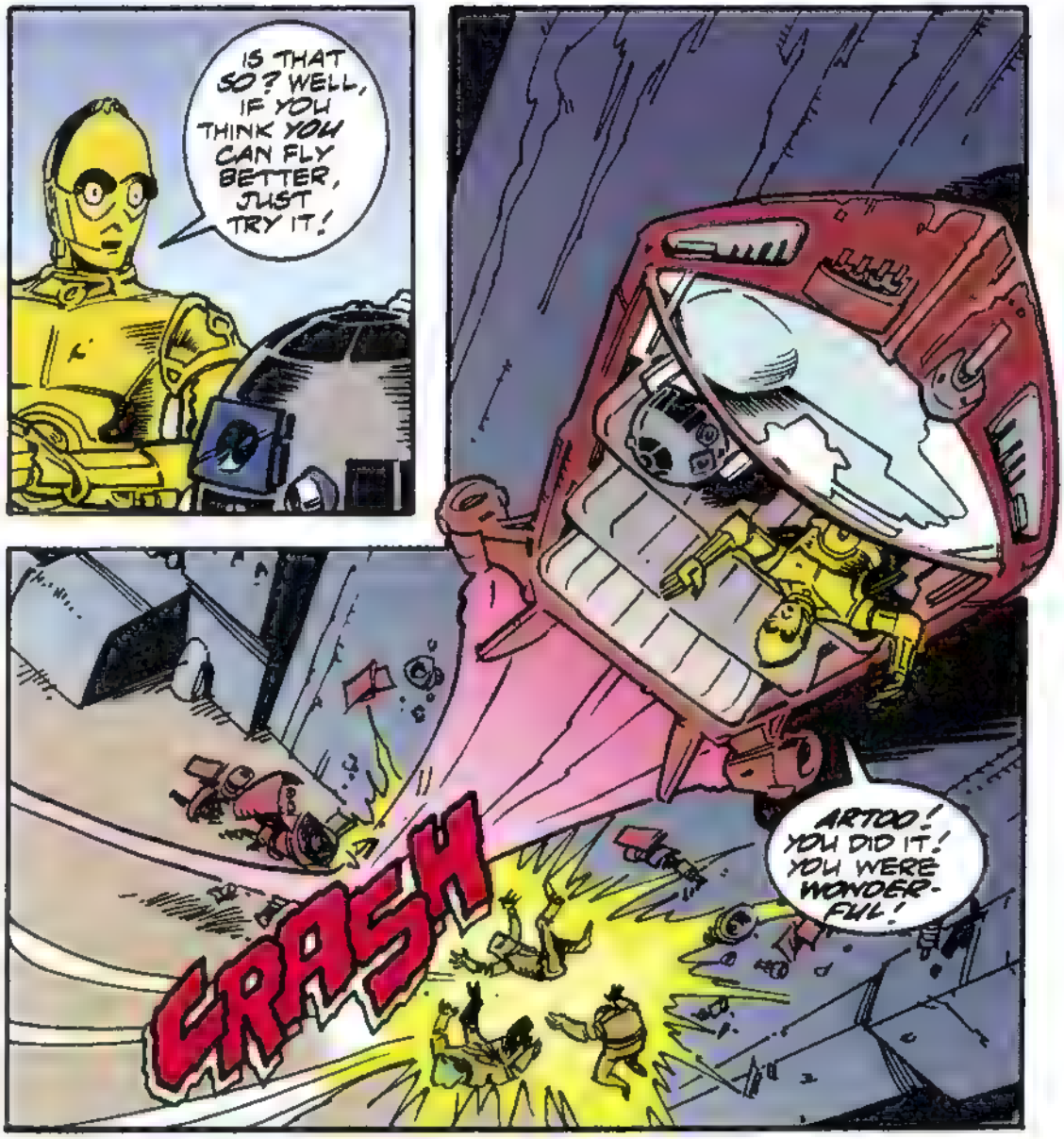

EXCUSE ME. ARE THOSE YOUR EARS, OR DID YOU BUY A NEW SAILBOAT?
OOH NEGGA?

HRRAHH!
BLT
NYAH NYAH! MISSED ME!


WE'LL TAKE THIS SKIFF, ARTOO!


WE'RE BEING CHASED BY SMUGGLERS! HMM... PERHAPS I'LL ORDER LUNCH!


WHOOO!
BUH-DWEEP!
BOOM

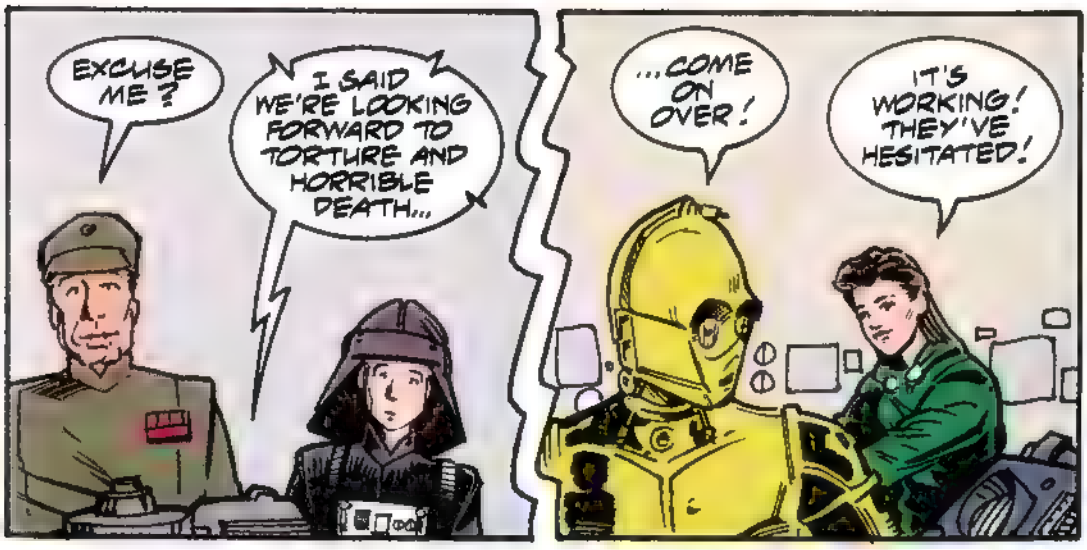

IS THAT SO? WELL, IF YOU THINK YOU CAN FLY BETTER, JUST TRY IT!
CRASH
ARTOO! YOU DID IT! YOU WERE WONDER-FUL!

SOON, THE DROIDS WERE BACK ON THE FALCON...
I MANAGED TO GET A NEW SET OF LANGUAGE CIRCUITS FOR THREEPIO...
...BUT ALL THIS ACTION HAS ATTRACTED THE IMPERIALS!

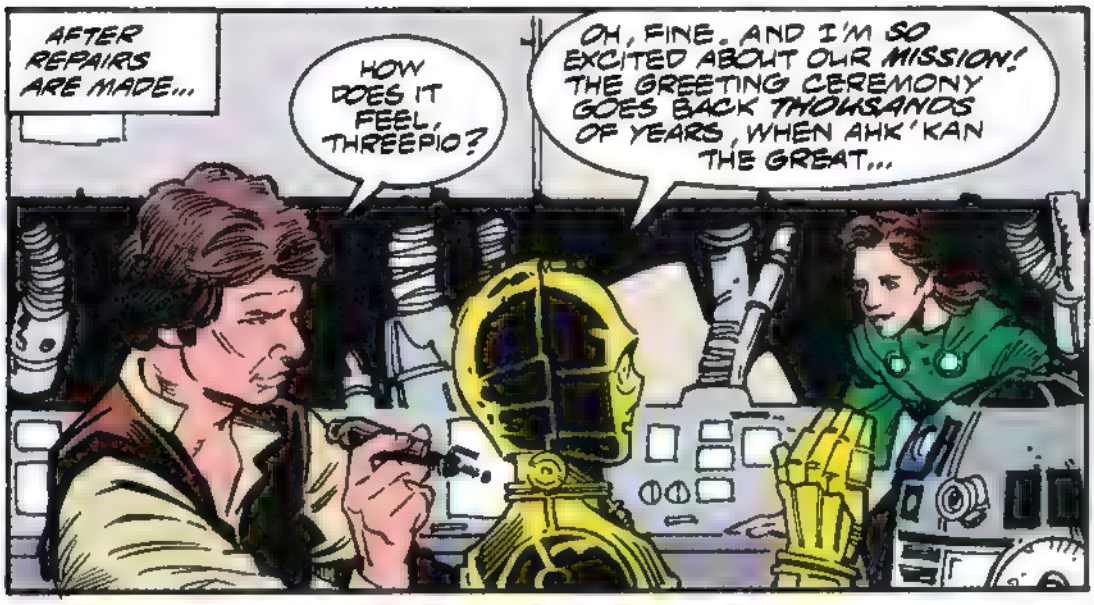
IN THE NAME OF THE EMPIRE, PREPARE TO BE BOARDED!
LET THREEPIO RESPOND!

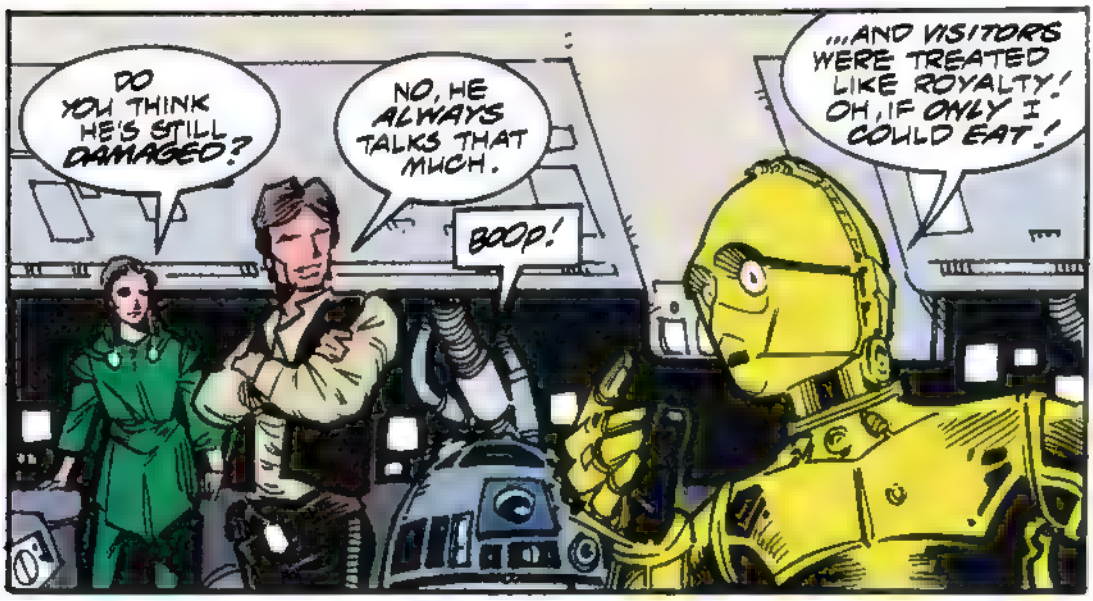
ARE YOU CRAZY?
NO, HE IS!

PREPARE TO BE BOARDED OR BE DESTROYED!
OH, VERY WELL, SIR... WE'D LIKE NOTHING MORE THAN THAT!


EXCUSE ME?
I SAID WE'RE LOOKING FORWARD TO TORTURE AND HORRIBLE DEATH...
...COME ON OVER!
IT'S WORKING! THEY'VE HESITATED!

WE'VE ESCAPED!
ON TO YAG'DHUL!


AFTER REPAIRS ARE MADE...
HOW DOES IT FEEL, THREEPIO?
OH, FINE. AND I'M SO EXCITED ABOUT OUR MISSION! THE GREETING CEREMONY GOES BACK THOUSANDS OF YEARS, WHEN AHK'KAN THE GREAT...


DO YOU THINK HE'S STILL DAMAGED?
NO, HE ALWAYS TALKS THAT MUCH.
BOOP!
...AND VISITORS WERE TREATED LIKE ROYALTY! OH, IF ONLY I COULD EAT!

THE END

STAR WARS
THE GAMBLER'S QUEST!

BY ROBERT RATH

HERE'S THE STORY OF HOW I GOT INTO JABBA'S PALACE TO HELP RESCUE MY OLD BUDDY, *HAN SOLO.*

WHOA!

GETTING *INTO* THE PALACE WAS THE *EASY* PART. *STAYING ALIVE* WAS A HUGE *GAMBLE!*

TURNS OUT JABBA HAS A *COMPETITION* TO SELECT THE GUARDS WHO WILL PROTECT HIM.

I USED SOME *CONNECTIONS* TO GET A *TRYOUT.*

RRRGARRR

OOFF! MADE IT—

I HAD TO TAKE *"THE LEAP OF DOOM"* OVER THE *RANCOR* PIT.

KRAK!

—BARELY!

AS IF THIS WASN'T HARD *ENOUGH,* WHAT ARE THE *ODDS* THE *REFEREE* IN THIS DEADLY *GAME* WOULD BE—

—BOBA FETT!

GOOD JUMP.

YOU'RE *LUCKIER* THAN *MOST* WHO TRIED IT.

NOT ONLY DID I HAVE TO STAY *ALIVE*, I HAD TO MAKE SURE *FETT* DIDN'T FIND OUT MY *IDENTITY!*

NOW TO THE *NEXT* CHALLENGE.

THERE'S *MORE?*

JABBA MUST KNOW ONLY THE *BEST* PROTECT HIM.

MY *NEXT* TASK WAS TO PLAY HOLOCHESS WITH THE PALACE *CHAMP.*

CHECKMATE!

HE *LOOKED* AN AWFUL LOT LIKE *CHEWIE*—

RRRRRRRR

HEY! T WAS A FAIR MOVE!

—AND NOW I *KNOW* WHAT HAN MEANT WHEN HE SAID TO *ALWAYS* LET THE WOOKIEE *WIN!*

THEN, I HAD TO *STEAL* THE HELMET FROM A *SLEEPING* GAMORREAN GUARD!

ZZZZ SNORK ZZZZ

I'D *RATHER* TRY TO *CHEAT* A DEVARONIAN IN A GAME OF SABACC!

GOTTA TAKE T SLOWLY—!

ZZZZZZZZZZZZZZ

NOW WE MUST TRAVEL TO THE *JUNDLAND WASTES* FOR YOUR *FINAL* CHALLENGE.

FINAL CHALLENGE?

YOU MEAN I'M NOT DONE *YET?*

YOU MUST TEST YOUR SKILLS IN THE *KRAYT DRAGON'S* LAIR.

I SHOULDN'T HAVE *ASKED.*

DO YOU THINK IT'S EASY? WHY DON'T YOU GIVE IT A TRY!
THE TEST WAS CALLED "DUEL WITH THE DRAGON," AND IT TOOK ALL THE SKILL —AND LUCK—I HAD!
THE OBJECT WAS TO STEAL THE THREE EGGS FROM THE NEST OF THE SLEEPING KRAYT DRAGON!
I COULDN'T FOLLOW THE SAME PATH TWICE FROM START TO FINISH.
AND, I HAD TO COLLECT THE EGGS WITHOUT TAKING A PATH THAT WOULD MAKE ME BUMP INTO THE DRAGON AND WAKE HER UP!
FINIS

BACK IN THE PALACE, I *DELIVERED* ON THE BET—

AH, *JABBA* WILL BE MOST *PLEASED!*

THE MASTER *LOVES* EGGS IN THE MORNING!

I'M *HAPPY* TO SERVE HIS *HUTTNESS.*

LATER, I WAS BROUGHT BEFORE *JABBA* ALONG WITH THE TWO *OTHER* FINALISTS.

YOU HAVE ALL SHOWN GREAT SKILL AND COURAGE — TWO TRAITS I REQUIRE OF A GUARD

THANK YOU, MASTER JABBA.

IT IS MY PRIVILEGE *AND* HONOR TO SERVE YOUR *SUPREME* LORDSHIP.

I ALSO WANT RESPECT!

TWO OF YOU HAVE FAILED!

ANY *GOOD* GAMBLER *KNOWS* THERE MIGHT BE ONE LAST *BLUFF.*

MY TWO COMPANIONS *DIDN'T* SHOW THE PROPER *RESPECT*—

—AND *CASHED* IN THEIR *CHIPS* TO THE *RANCOR!*

RRGARR

SO HERE I *AM*, KEEPING AN EYE ON *HAN.*

AND I FIGURE, OLD BUDDY, IF I CAN *SURVIVE* BECOMING ONE OF JABBA'S GUARDS, *RESCUING YOU* SHOULD BE *EASY.*

WE JUST NEED A LITTLE *LUCK* AND SOME *HELP* FROM OUR *FRIENDS...*

THE END!

STAR WARS
Droids

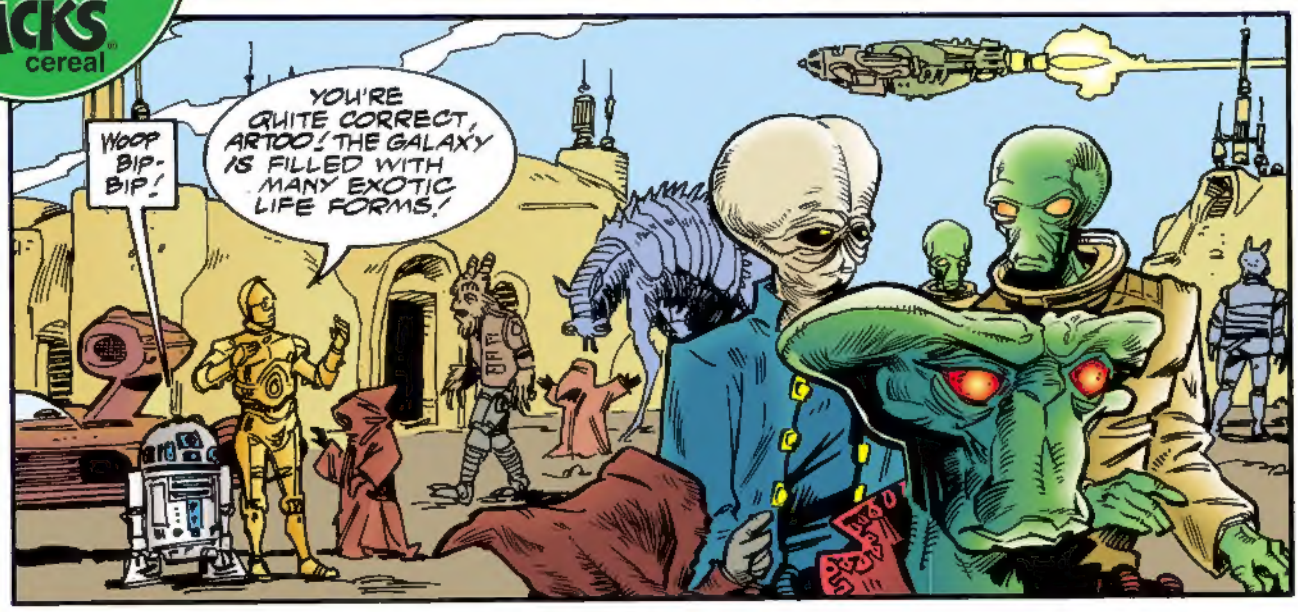
script by Ryder Windham
art, colors, and lettering by Bill Hughes

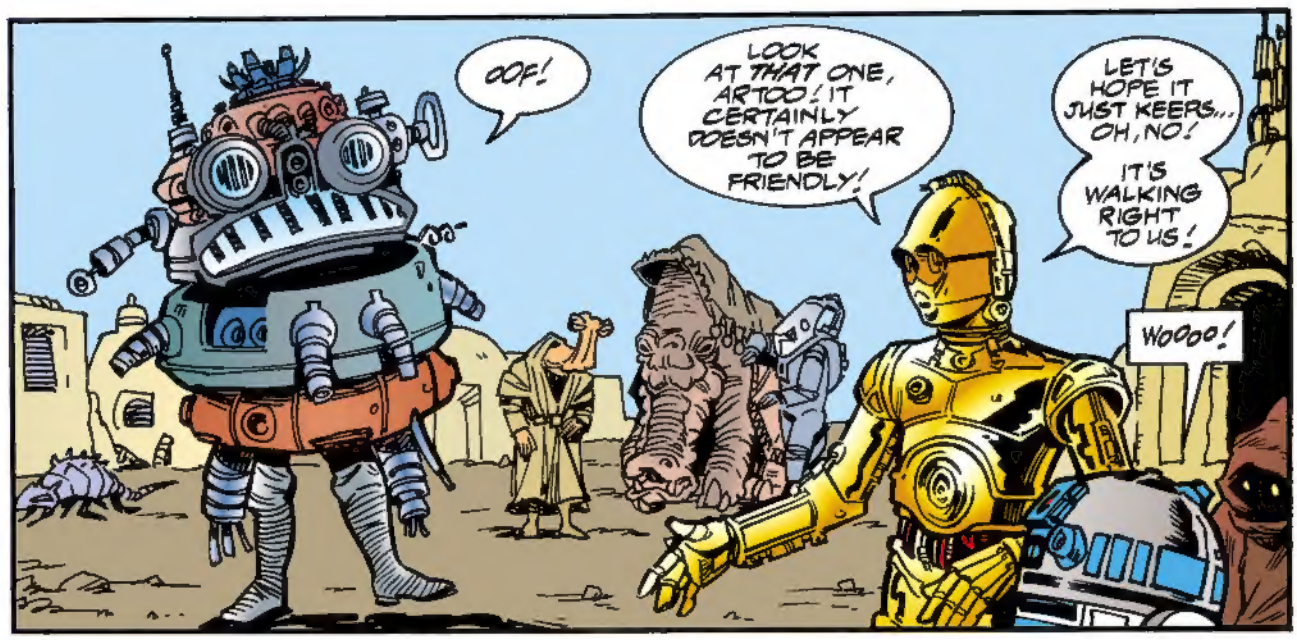
Kellogg's APPLE JACKS cereal

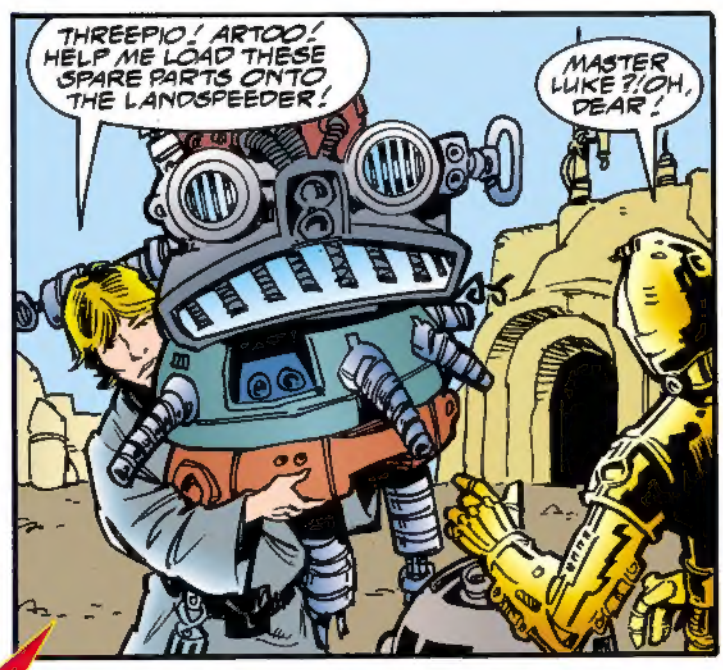
Presents

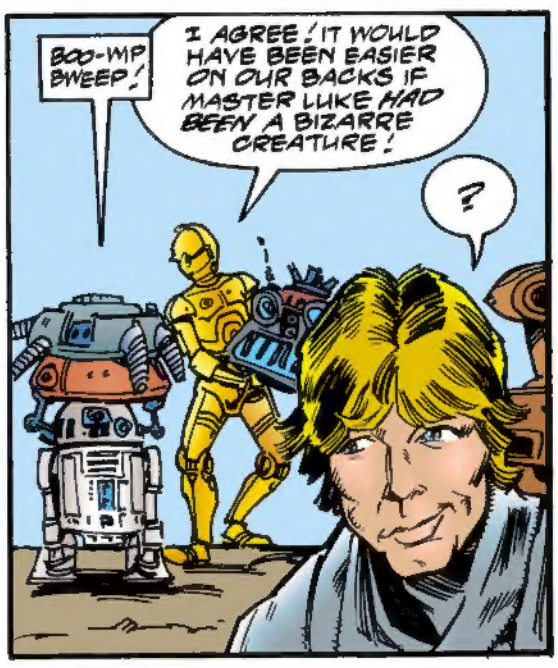
STAR WARS DROIDS COMIC STRIP

DARK HORSE COMICS




OOF!
LOOK AT THAT ONE, ARTOO! IT CERTAINLY DOESN'T APPEAR TO BE FRIENDLY!
LET'S HOPE IT JUST KEERS... OH, NO!
IT'S WALKING RIGHT TO US!
WOOOO!





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Omnibus: Tales of the Jedi—5,000–3,986 BSW4

Knights of the Old Republic—3,964–3,963 BSW4

The Old Republic—3653, 3678 BSW4

Knight Errant—1,032 BSW4

Jedi vs. Sith—1,000 BSW4

Omnibus: Rise of the Sith—33 BSW4

Episode I: The Phantom Menace—32 BSW4

Omnibus: Emissaries and Assassins—32 BSW4

Omnibus: Quinlan Vos—Jedi in Darkness—31–30 BSW4

Omnibus: Menace Revealed—31–22 BSW4

Honor and Duty—22 BSW4

Blood Ties—22 BSW4

Episode II: Attack of the Clones—22 BSW4

Clone Wars—22–19 BSW4

Clone Wars Adventures—22–19 BSW4

General Grievous—22–19 BSW4

Episode III: Revenge of the Sith—19 BSW4

Dark Times—19 BSW4

Omnibus: Droids—5.5 BSW4

Omnibus: Boba Fett—3 BSW4–10 ASW4

Omnibus: At War with the Empire—1 BSW4

Episode IV: A New Hope—SW4

Classic Star Wars—0–3 ASW4

Omnibus: A Long Time Ago . . . —0–4 ASW4

Empire—0 ASW4

Omnibus: The Other Sons of Tatooine—0 ASW4

Omnibus: Early Victories—0–3 ASW4

Jabba the Hutt: The Art of the Deal—1 ASW4

Episode V: The Empire Strikes Back—3 ASW4

Omnibus: Shadows of the Empire—3.5–4.5 ASW4

Episode VI: Return of the Jedi—4 ASW4

Omnibus: X-Wing Rogue Squadron—4–5 ASW4

Heir to the Empire—9 ASW4

Dark Force Rising—9 ASW4

The Last Command—9 ASW4

Dark Empire—10 ASW4

Crimson Empire—11 ASW4

Jedi Academy: Leviathan—12 ASW4

Union—19 ASW4

Chewbacca—25 ASW4

Invasion—25 ASW4

Legacy—130–137 ASW4

Old Republic Era
25,000 – 1000 years before
Star Wars: A New Hope

Rise of the Empire Era
1000 – 0 years before
Star Wars: A New Hope

Rebellion Era
0 – 5 years after
Star Wars: A New Hope

New Republic Era
5 – 25 years after
Star Wars: A New Hope

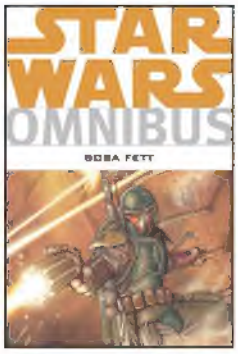
New Jedi Order Era
25+ years after
Star Wars: A New Hope

Legacy Era
130+ years after
Star Wars: A New Hope

Infinities
Does not apply to timeline

Sergio Aragones Stomps Star Wars
Star Wars Tales
Infinities
Tag and Bink
Star Wars Visionaries

BSW4 = before *Episode IV: A New Hope*. ASW4 = after *Episode IV: A New Hope*.



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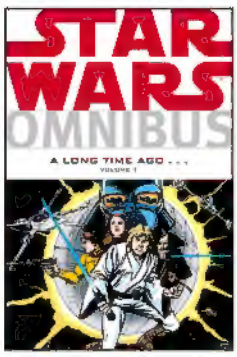

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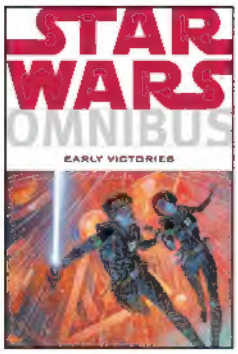

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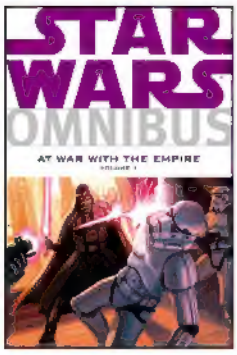

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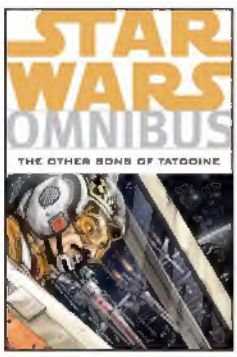

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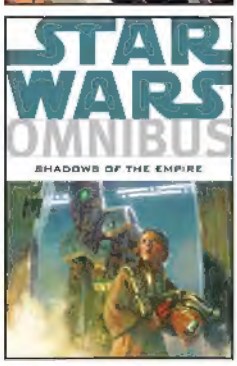

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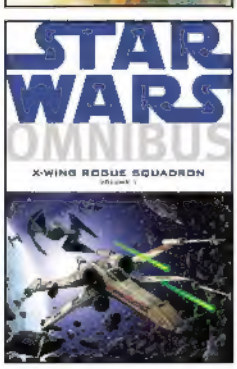

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